THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY

European Front

How susceptible is monarchy to the infection of Fascism? In this question is bound up the future of royalty on the European continent.

Monarchy lost its key positions on the Continent in World War I when the powerful Hohenzollern and Hapsburg thrones crumbled. This war will further reduce the number of surviving dynasties — for one of the notable characteristics of the struggle is the deep revolt of the peoples against royal regimes tarred with Fascist association and compromised by Fascist sympathies.

Agitation against monarchy is not rampant in Northwestern Europe. King Haakon of *Norway*, like the prisoner-king of *Denmark*, has been identified throughout his reign with a policy liberal in inspiration and democratic in purpose.

Nor does the House of Orange face much uncertainty in the *Netherlands*. Every group of the Dutch underground agrees that swift restoration of the royal government is the course best calculated to ensure speedy reconstruction of Holland. This attitude is the result, largely, of the wisdom of Queen Wilhelmina, who has encouraged discussion of reforms tending to broaden democratic processes at home.

Abolition of the dynasty in *Belgium* does not appear likely, despite the Allies' distrust of King Leopold and some disaffection among patriot groups. The King's incarceration by the Germans will create sympathy for him among his own people.

The stability of royal regimes along the Atlantic seaboard of Europe is not found inland. Russia's pledge to allow *Rumania* to go her own way as an independent state after the war is no guarantee to the German-supported throne of that nation. It is unlikely that the roles played by the fugitive Carol, and by his incompetent son at Bucharest, will endear either one to the disillusioned Rumanian people.

The status of royalty in *Bulgaria* is even worse. There the throne is directly compromised by its link, through the marriage of the late King Boris to an Italian princess, with the Fascist regime of Mussolini's Italy. The regency under Prince Cyril has continued to play ball with the Axis despite the overwhelming pro-Allied sentiment of the people.

The sore spots

Royal dynasts in Southern Europe on the side of the Allies are in almost as bad state as their relatives among the satellites of the Axis. In every instance, the cleavage between the people and the throne originates in the Fascist leanings of royalty and its supporting class.

King George of *Greece*, already compromised by his sponsoring of dictatorship by a minority government under the late General Metaxas, has not improved his position since he and his Cabinet set up shop at Cairo. In spite of the disasters which have involved his dynasty for a generation because of his stubborn hankering for absolutism, George II continues to disregard the voice and spirit of his people.

Protected by British policy and censorship, George II persistently intrigues at Cairo to patch up a successor to the small, ruthless power bloc he helped to devise in 1936. That despotism destroyed the Greek constitution, suppressed municipal government, inaugurated a murderous Fascist police terror, and went to the fantastic extreme of banning the works of classical Greek dramatists, historians, and philosophers, including Plato. Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address" is banned from Greek schools as "subversive."

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One consequence of the policies pursued by the Greek government-in-exile has been civil war in Greece among guerrillas who earlier had been united against the invaders. Another is the split among Greeks in exile in Egypt. A third, lately in evidence, is the mutiny of the Greek Army and Navy brought on by the King's effort to displace competent officers and replace them with stooges.

The imprisonment in the Sudan, because of their liberal views, of nearly two hundred Greek officers who proved their patriotic loyalty in the Italian war has not improved prospects for the return of King George to his throne. The new Cabinet, with its broader base, may restore the unity essential for full Grecian participation in the war; but restoration of the King is unlikely unless he is imposed upon Greece by British policy. In that case, a new Pandora's box of troubles will be opened.

The future of King Peter of *Yugoslavia* is also in question. The revolt of the Yugoslavs in 1941 against the "appeasement deal" rigged by the Regent, Prince Paul, with Hitler was a spontaneous explosion of patriotism. On the surge of that public protest young Peter was swept to the throne.

But the compromised officials who had led the nation so far toward disaster then executed an adroit about-face and took posts in the boy king's Cabinet-in-exile. Thus Peter became the prisoner of policies stemming from the Serbian reaction. The political break between the exiled royal government, whose military commander is General Mikhailovitch, and Tito Broz and his Partisans is deep and wide. To the former, Tito's movement represents a threat to Serbian ascendancy and to the throne itself.

To the Partisans, the King's group typifies forces responsible for the wrecking of Yugoslavia's peace between wars, and a Fascist preference which almost cost Yugoslavia her soul. Again the struggle is between spokesmen for yesterday and champions of tomorrow; between cliques unmistakably sympathetic with repression and Fascism, and the masses, who want to be done with the old round of Balkan dynastic politics with its everlasting attendant intervention of Great Power influences.

Britain, whose position in the Mediterranean is now unchallenged, shows little sympathy with popular movements against thrones in that area. Mr. Churchill's support of King George of Greece, like his carefully maneuvered backing of King Peter of Yugoslavia, fits into a pattern of British policy.

Whether this policy will succeed in *Italy* in the long run is open to question. Thus far it has conspicuously failed to rescue King Victor Emmanuel from his dilemma: he has been forced to pledge "retirement" when Rome is liberated, naming Prince Umberto as his "lieutenant." But Umberto is even less popular in Italy than the former royal partner of Mussolini. The dynastic issue is merely postponed. No settlement of the question will be possible until the industrialized and politically energetic North has its say.

Russia's supply lines

The spirit of Hitler's Eastern forces is sagging. The attempts by the Wehrmacht to throw the Red Army off balance, and to destroy its springboards for the great offensive, show that the Nazis have lost heavily, in terms of morale, during months of retreat and defeat. At Narva, where quantities of armor and swarms of troops were thrown into an assault calculated to disable the Russian First Baltic Army's offensive plans, the effort ended in dismal failure. The same weakness appears in the attempt of the Germans to checkmate Marshal Zhukov's gathering strength in Eastern Poland and the Carpathians.

The Wehrmacht will need more morale than it can muster in the massive struggles now getting under way along the eastern front. Quarrels between Wehrmacht generals and the Party generals of the Elite Guard do not improve the situation.

Supply lines provide the Nazis with some advantage. These shorten as the Wehrmacht backs toward the inner Nazi citadel. Russia's lines of supply are enormously long and every mile of advance extends them farther. But the German supply system experiences a hazard from which Russia is immune: swarms of Latvian, Estonian, Lithuanian, Polish, and Ruthenian guerrillas harry the German rear.

In Poland and the Carpathians these patriot forces have already established contact with the Red Army. The Russians are performing prodigies of reconstruction on their feeder lines to the front. Demolitions expected by German engineers to delay the Russian armies' advance as much as three months are being repaired in as many weeks.

Russia's supply system is free of harassment from the German Luftwaffe also. The Nazis simply have not the bombers. This aspect of the war in the East will bear watching. It suggests that a revolution in air power is in the making on that front, comparable with the change brought about by the gigantic dimensions of British and American air power in the West.

Russia's heavy-bomber production has been expanding rapidly since midwinter. Her light-bomber output is swelling faster. Bombing raids in force highlight the new Russian offensive from the Baltic to the Danube. The Russian air arm achieved close coördination with sea and land power at Sevastopol and at

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Odessa. This is something new. It may presage amphibious assault on the Rumanian coast below Germany's anchor position there.

Meantime, Russia is not waiting for the end of the war to tackle problems of reconstruction. Her industrial sinews multiply at an amazing rate. Reports show a 12 per cent increase in factory food production during the first third of the present year over the last third of 1943; a rise of 34 per cent in pig iron output, 38 per cent in steel smelting, 36 per cent in rolled steel, 39 per cent in coke enterprises, 19 per cent in volume of iron ore mined. Gigantic new plants in Central Russia are now in full production. Stalingrad's foundries are once again turning out weapons of war.

Turkey on the tightrope

The tightrope performance of the wily Turks is not yet ended. Consummate diplomatists, the Turks waited until Russian capture of Odessa and clearance of the Crimea threatened all cargo carriers in the eastern waters of the Black Sea. Then Ankara began to reconsider Allied demands that Turkish chrome shipments to Germany be halted.

Half a dozen heavy Allied bombing raids on the alternative rail route through Sofia and Bucharest clinched the matter. None of these realities was permitted to appear in the announcement that shipments of chrome to Germany have stopped. Making virtue of necessity is an old Turkish custom.

But the Turks are not actually aboard yet. Resumption of staff discussions with the British provides further opportunity for delay. Germany ponders the possibility that there may be a last-minute renewal of the war in the Eastern Aegean as Russia rips through the Galati gap.

The air blockade on German-garrisoned isles in the Aegean is tightening, but Hitler shows no sign yet of withdrawing from them. He cannot risk it unless he is ready to concede the British Ninth and Tenth Armies in the Middle East an open route to Salonika — which would spell his finish in the Balkans in short order. Turkey's role in the Balkan war is tangled with Russian Balkan policy as well as with British intentions. Should Bulgaria be pried out of the fight, the Turks will jump for their bandwagon seat with alacrity.

Spring on the Riviera

The showdown in Western Europe will revitalize operations at the other end of the Mediterranean. Germany's problem all this year is to guess "where and when." The only certainty is renewal of the Allied offensive in Southern Italy. With the reconstituted French Army ready and plenty of American supplements in North Africa, events cast these shadows over the Western Mediterranean: —

Across the Adriatic. Allied naval and air power coördinates more and more with Marshal Tito Broz's Partisans. One by one the islands off the Dalmatian coast have been snatched from the Germans. These control possible landing areas.

A special treaty negotiated between Marshal Tito and the Badoglio regime in Italy wipes out all Italian claims to both the islands and the Dalmatian coast itself, and *makes provision against problems which would normally rise only after an invasion operation.* General Mikhailovitch's hasty effort to set up a popular government with a reform program, to compete with the one already devised by the Partisans, suggests that he too expects a sudden change in the tempo of the Balkan war.

Northern Italy. Allied concentrations on Sardinia and Corsica can move easily by sea. Blows at German-controlled shipping along the Ligurian Sea and an insistent air attack on Genoa and other coastal cities there look very much like a softening-up assault. A drive into Northern Italy in force is feasible. It would disrupt Germany's Italian arrangements completely, threaten every division in the center and south of the peninsula, resolve the long debate about Rome by forcing the Germans to evacuate that city or face isolation and capture, and might be expected to multiply Rundstedt's difficulties in protecting Southern France.

France. Undoubtedly the eager French Army would prefer to go to the southern coast of France. The redoubling of air blows in Northern Italy was matched by similar treatment of Marseilles, Toulon, and the French Riviera. The German High Command itself is firmly convinced that an assault on the French Mediterranean coast is in the cards. British and American statements, apropos of the latest agreement wrung from Francisco Franco on the question of Spanish trade, say openly that Spain will be "isolated" from the Nazis shortly.

WHAT TO WATCH

1. The progress of the general underground revolt in Western Europe — one of the invasion's most important aids.

2. Moves indicating a possible German retreat from Southern Italy.

3. Marshal Zhukov's First Ukrainian Army, which appears to be assigned to the stiffest job in the East.

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THE
ATLANTIC REPORT
ON THE WORLD TODAY

The Pacific War

JAPAN may be able to achieve a measure of success on the mainland of Asia for some time to come. But she is in process of steady retreat in the Central and Southwest Pacific. If the application of superior land forces to the land war in Asia must await the release of our armies and matériel from Europe, it is also true that Japan cannot now break through the circle which has been drawn tight around her. It is all too often forgotten that the reduction of Japan to a defensive position was a condition for the European invasion.

The stages in which Japan was reduced to the defensive are well described in Admiral King's report to the late Secretary of the Navy. This document, so rich in American history, puts the story in four stages. The defensive stage lasted from Pearl Harbor to the Battle of the Coral Sea. The defensive-offensive brought us up to the Battle of Midway, "the first decisive defeat suffered by the Japanese Navy in 450 years." The offensive-defensive stage, beginning with the landings in the Solomons, took us through the fight for Guadalcanal and the desperate sea engagement which revolved around that action. Then came the general offensive on the entire Pacific front.

It is a story of brains as much as of courage, of carefully calculated risks and brilliant offensive actions. Toward the end of what the Navy calls the Battle of Guadalcanal there was a period in which the destroyer *Meade* exercised "complete control in the area, all by herself." This is in the best traditions of the Navy. We have always had confidence in our power to produce: the King Report gives us confidence in our ability to direct and use our production.

The most tragic mistake the Japanese ever made was in misunderstanding the nature and resources of American democracy. A navy is as great as the industrial system behind it. There is a sense, therefore, in which the King Report is not complete without a companion volume on the story of production. This is not told in detail, although its major outlines are sketched in. We take it for granted that we have the industrial resources and the skilled manpower to turn out everything from battleships to officers. The Japanese apparently did not think there was much basis for our easy confidence.

Hop, skip, and jump

We have the greater confidence in our ability to maintain the initiative now that we know the story of our long and bitter struggle to achieve it. The Japanese, who are predicting a great American naval offensive by July 1, and who have told their people that island hopping has given place to island jumping, recognize the great strategic change that has come over the war. There is no reason why that picture should change again.

It is dangerous, however, to concentrate our attention entirely on naval warfare. The temptation, when the going is good, is to measure our effort in terms of positions occupied. But this is a war in which technological developments have produced "triphibious" operations, and social developments have produced a many-sided conflict of ideas. Success in mastering the one does not necessarily mean success in mastering the other.

A true picture of the state of our war against Japan is a composite of the purely military situation of ourselves and our allies as well as of the state of mind, the political and social attitudes, of friends and foes. Looked at in this way, the success of our Pacific offensive may be somewhat misleading. So far, we have advanced either across empty ocean wastes or along the coasts of islands whose inhabitants have never

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taken any independent part in world affairs. The Pacific offensive has not yet raised the same sort of problems as did the North African invasion.

The Japanese thrusts into India and their campaigns in China clearly began as more than a desperate effort to feed the home population with easily won triumphs. They are an effort to break through the chain at its weakest link. The Japanese are attempting to consume our slowly developed offensive power in China by every means they have at their command. Their blows are shrewdly calculated to wrest from us the initiative on the mainland. They are bound to succeed to some extent. By the time we reach the shores of China, the Japanese will have made it extremely difficult for the Chinese to meet us. They are striking on the one front, the land front, where they still enjoy numerical and material superiority.

China bears the brunt

It is in China, therefore, that the Japanese have their one remaining chance to delay their ultimate defeat. China must unfortunately continue to bear much of the brunt of the battle. In China alone do the Japanese still have scope for political maneuvering.

What can we expect in China? From the Japanese we can expect every effort to take the fullest advantage of the differences between the National Government and the Communists, the weakest spot in the Allied political position in Asia; hence, the importance to us of Chinese unity. We can also expect continued efforts to turn the Chinese against both British and Americans. We shall both be accused of indifference toward the fate of China. To a blockaded people with no great maritime tradition, our concentration on naval strategy will be used against us as evidence of that indifference.

In the face of all this we can count on the National Government of China, whatever the fortunes of war, remaining faithful to the Allied cause. But we must steel ourselves to the possibility of serious deterioration in the Chinese political scene.

Current discussion of China's internal affairs has the disadvantage of providing the Japanese with plenty of propaganda material. All American criticism of China is faithfully broadcast by Tokyo. This is not an argument for censorship. The more democratic is the relationship between China and ourselves, the less will be the effect of Tokyo's exploitation of American comment.

No one could wish to quarrel with the reaction of China's great newspaper, the *Ta Kung Pao*, which commented on the critical attitude of American and British public opinion: "We wish to tell this to our allies: without China's resistance Japan could never be conquered; and after the war, without China's coöperation there can be no peace in the Far East."

The thesis is substantially correct but not entirely to the point. Any one of the Great Allies could say the same thing. Surely the point is that the American people are not accustomed to refraining from public discussion of their own shortcomings, and they feel a vital interest in securing an accurate picture of the war effort of their allies. Because that picture has been difficult to obtain, doubt and suspicion are bound to grow. The only specific for this situation is the truth.

China the stabilizer

China is of great importance to our future security in Asia, where we have responsibilities much greater than those in Europe. China is important to us in our relations with both the Soviet Union and Great Britain. Depending upon her political development and internal stability, she can become either the stabilizer or the hotbox of Asia.

The difficulty for Americans in forming a true picture of China's present condition is in estimating where the effects of the Japanese occupation and the blockade come to an end and where the results of political mishandling and mistaken policies begin. It is hard to deny the devastating consequences for China of the Japanese occupation. Our military leaders have already made, and are acting upon, their estimate of China's role in the war. They have obviously not assumed a great military potential even if they have been willing to go along with increasing political recognition.

British and American policies towards China are related to such estimates because they are bound to differ. It is to the British interest to have a stable China; it is to our interest to have a strong and prosperous China. The British may well be tempted to see in India, now decades ahead of China in industrial development, the provider of cheap consumers' goods for the Southeastern Asia and Indonesian bloc. China would be a natural competitor; and while it would not be British policy to obstruct, it would not be a primary British interest to develop Chinese economy. To us, however, a poor China would be a poor market and an unstable center of gravity for our policy. Hence, the intense curiosity of the American public about Chinese affairs.

Japanese cheap labor

There is another way of looking at our Pacific war. What effect is it having upon the Japanese and the lands they occupy? The layman can point to many of Japan's self-advertised difficulties and still draw some measure of comfort, however much he discounts them. The loss of shipping through our sea and air

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action continues to complicate Japan's economic problems. Loss of ships means loss of manpower, of valuable cargoes and raw materials.

The whole war effort revolves more and more around the question of manpower. The cheap labor which in peacetime could pass as an asset, in wartime becomes a liability. Cheap labor may take the place of machines; it is much more difficult for machines to free cheap labor. The Japanese war machine is tied not only to an industrial economy drawing heavily on cheap, decentralized labor, but also to a farm economy in which human capital is the chief investment. We are getting reports of rumblings among the Japanese peasantry, historically the main group from which protests against the arbitrary acts of the government have arisen.

Peasant revolts have been many, but only on rare occasions have they been more than local and spontaneous in character. Unable to solve manpower problems by cutting too heavily into the rural section of the population, because human beings, not machines, are still the prime movers in Japanese agriculture, the government has put more and more burdens upon the peasants.

These burdens appear to have been too heavy, for now the government is offering generous subsidies for rice, and special bonuses for farmers who exceed the quota. While they were formerly compelled to surrender to the government everything they produced above the immediate need for the family, — a poor incentive to production, — farmers are now allowed to keep everything they produce above the quota. The Japanese militarists must fear discontent among the farming population more than in any other section of the community, if only because of the effect it would have upon Army morale.

Honorable morale low

The morale of the Army, however, is also being affected by the general fortunes of war. There is increasing evidence that the isolation of thousands of troops is having its effect. It is now obvious to probably more than 100,000 Japanese that the Navy and Air Force cannot save them. Major General Rowell's story of Japanese prisoners not attempting to escape from a stockade with the door left open would not have been believed a year ago. Nor was it likely a year ago that a newly captured Japanese prisoner would request the use of a public address system to tell his companions of the good treatment he was receiving. Perhaps because the tide of battle has turned in our favor we find it easier to believe what so many have previously denied: that the Japanese are human.

The Japanese government is also firmly convinced, with very good reason, of the inevitability of air raids over metropolitan Japan. It is even rumored that the capital might be moved to Hsinking, the present capital of the puppet state of Manchukuo. Certainly the Japanese militarists are put in a position where they must assist our own propaganda because they cannot avoid warning their people when they train them for the coming raids.

Asia listens

There is mounting evidence that American propaganda is heard and disseminated in Japan. Japanese publications openly discuss the matter. The gendarmerie is particularly alarmed at its inability to stop the dissemination of Allied news among all classes in Japan. Our propaganda is apparently so widely known and discussed in Japan that the authorities feel it useless to conceal it. Magazines, therefore, quote our propaganda in order to pull it to pieces, but in the process cannot avoid giving it even wider circulation.

What is known in Japan is perhaps even more widely known in Occupied Asia. Chinese report that there is widespread listening to American and British stations in Occupied China. We know that the American version of the war is disseminated throughout the Philippines not many hours after it is heard in the United States. We seem to be in touch with the peoples of Indo-China, the Netherlands East Indies, and even Burma and Malaya.

We do not know the strength or the political ambitions of those who are leading organized resistance in the vast confines of the Japanese Empire. But that there is resistance is certain. The Dutch are publishing more and more evidence of resistance to the Japanese in the Netherlands East Indies. Some of the stories from Hollandia give good reasons for it. But the best evidence of all comes from the Japanese themselves, who are continually describing the annihilation of guerrilla forces they had claimed to have destroyed over and over again.

What are the Japanese going to do about it? If they are true to form they will appeal to occupied lands for all-out support of the Japanese in their sacred war and redouble their promises of good treatment and political independence. At the same time they will redouble their demands, increase the harshness of their treatment, and belie by their actions the softness of their words.

We are already at a stage in the Pacific war comparable to the period in the European war following the conquest of Sicily and the beginning of the German retreat in Russia. We no longer have to persuade our friends or our potential friends that we are going to defeat Japan. We do have to persuade them why it is to their advantage that we should win.

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY

Latin America

THE attempt to jimmy the presidential succession in the little Central American country of El Salvador had a bloody aftermath. A revolution broke out on Palm Sunday, barely a month after President Maximiliano Hernández Martínez had had his term extended until 1950 by a hand-picked Congress. Even the elite corps of the Army split over the perpetuation of Hernández Martínez, — a dictator since 1931, — so that in the capital city of San Salvador, Lend-Lease tanks and bombing planes staged the most modern battle yet seen in Central American history.

The Hernández Martínez forces regained the capital shortly, and, with the grim Indian discipline of Salvadoran tradition, liquidated the leaders of the revolt by the firing squad. In the actual fighting, civilian and military casualties apparently ran into the hundreds. Walkouts and the threat of a general strike followed. President-dictator Hernández Martínez tendered his resignation on May ninth "in the interests of restoring order in the republic."

The little republics, whose coffee and banana *finca* owners and controlling groups generally have been living in dread of agrarian uprisings on the pattern of Mexican radicalism, are watching events closely. They don't propose to let this war's aftermath catch them with any leftist agitations on their hands.

Argentina rides high

Meanwhile, deeper in Latin America, the struggle to get set for the readjustments of peace involves somewhat higher political stakes. Argentine thinking and acting in terms of the post-war world go far toward explaining the Argentine revolution and its complex of domestic and foreign policies.

The Argentine leaders of the present government want to assure themselves during a world readjustment period — which they expect to be disorderly — of three things:

1. Argentina's freedom from control by any Hemisphere organization in which a strong power like the United States might have a prevailing influence.

2. Dominance over a bloc of South American states sufficient to prevent control from being exercised by a group of Hemisphere powers or the United States.

3. Rigid control over domestic politics, so that these aggressive foreign policies can be carried out without partisan opposition or constitutional hazards, and so that the Argentine people can be insulated from social disturbances or radical social developments anywhere else in the world.

The military leaders who overthrew the conservative administration of President Ramón Castillo last June struck precisely because they did not believe that a constitutional government could carry out the stern business of preparing such defenses for the peace emergency; and they were perfectly confident that militarists could.

Since then, in spite of international quarrels over methods and personalities, the revolutionists have pursued their aims with effective consistency and certainly with enough success to give them a right to feel encouraged. They have even weathered a virtual breach in relations with the United States since General Edelmiro Farrell's succession to the presidency in February, and have survived in spite of the scowl of our State Department.

They have partially overcome the loss of Lend-Lease armament shipments by expanding their own war production industries, and have increased the size of the Army by at least two divisions. They have

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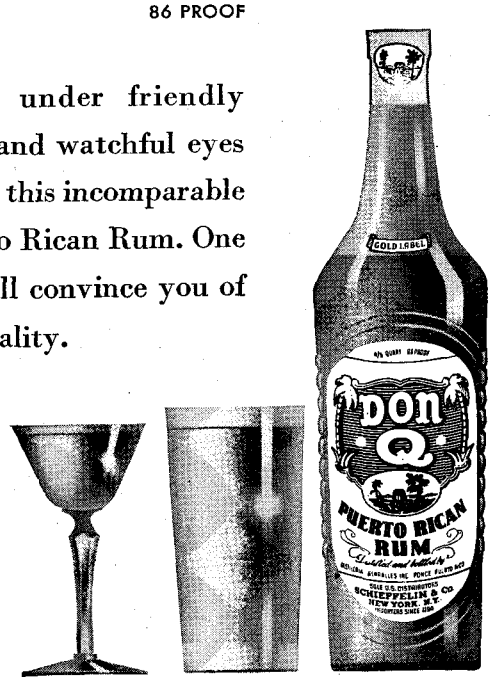

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practically destroyed the democratic liberties of the Argentine people without so far causing any serious threat of popular revolution.

Until the regime meets up with some counter-force which is strong enough to strike at it, we must conclude that the militarists will go on in the task of entrenching themselves against the dangers of peace.

La Prensa scandal

Their outstanding recent exploit has been the five days' suspension, late in April, of the great Buenos Aires newspaper, *La Prensa*. Because of its political influence and its enormous financial resources, *La Prensa* had been able to maintain a fairly critical attitude toward the government, both on foreign and on domestic issues, long after most of the Argentine newspapers — *La Prensa's* old rival, *La Nación*, excepted — had been transformed into government stooges.

The government seized on a mere routine criticism of the management of Buenos Aires municipal hospitals as cause for the suspension. *La Prensa's* editors were ordered to print the official answer to the charges about the hospitals with the same display in the paper, and to agree to indulge only in "constructive" criticism in the future — or the suspension would become permanent.

For most of the five days, apparently, *La Prensa's* editors wrestled with the problem: Should they go out of business for the duration of the junta's regime, as a sign to the world and the Argentine people of the type of Fascism that is in control of things; or should they resume publication, and so force the government either to tolerate their broader criticisms or to shut them up for their dislike of generals as dictators?

La Prensa quite obviously made the second choice. It appeared on May Day, when its five days' ordeal by silence was over, with the government's reply to the hospital charges occupying five times the space the subject had called for originally — a tribute, no doubt, to the generals' infatuation with rhetoric. But the editorials had the old touch of bitter distaste for the dictatorship.

Plainly, *La Prensa* is going to go down, if the "colonels" dare extinguish it, with its true colors flying. If *La Prensa* can continue to snipe from the rear and play upon popular resentments toward the dictatorship, the internal control which the colonels consider necessary to their foreign program and their domestic discipline can hardly be realized. In the field of press freedom, merely the first round is over. The knockout blow, from whichever side it comes, is still to be delivered.

Argentina calls the tune

Meanwhile, two other at least partial successes should be chalked up to the Argentine Fascisti in their foreign relations. Their collaborating government in

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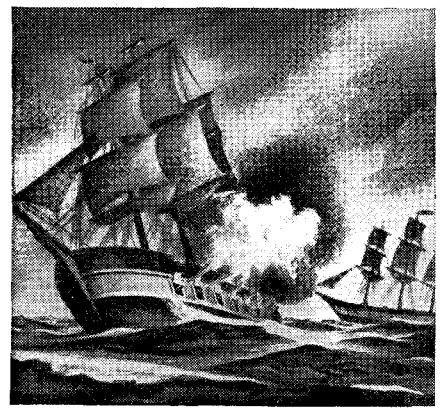
What our Navy's best-kept secret means in wartime



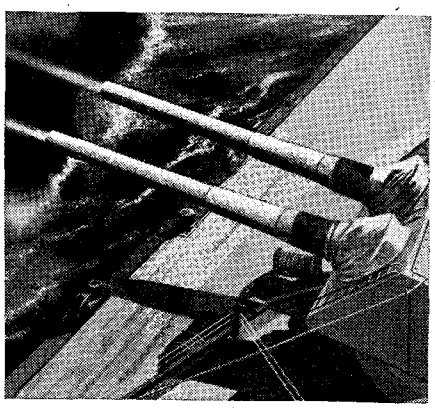
WHEN THE BATTLESHIP *Maryland* put to sea one day in the mid 1920's, few people knew that she was on her way to test a new and secret device.

This device was an electro-mechanical sighting and computing instrument . . . an incredibly nimble, accurate, and tireless "metal brain." The *Maryland's* tests were successful, and the U. S. Navy had solved one of the toughest problems of naval warfare.

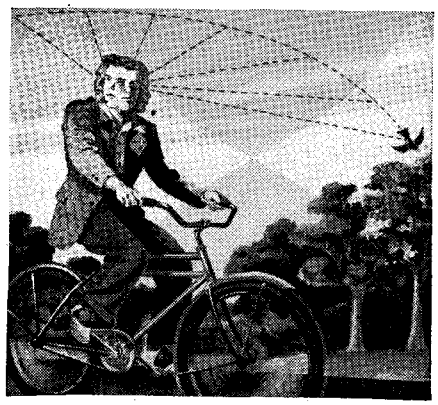
For the first time in history, the gunners of a rolling, pitching ship were able consistently to hit a target regardless of the erratic motion of their own ship or the motion of the target.

The device that made this possible involves many inventions. Its development, (and subsequent improvement), resulted in the U. S. Navy's becoming the fastest, straightest-shooting navy in the world. Other navies have known for years that this device exists, but its design, still a secret, has never been successfully imitated or duplicated.

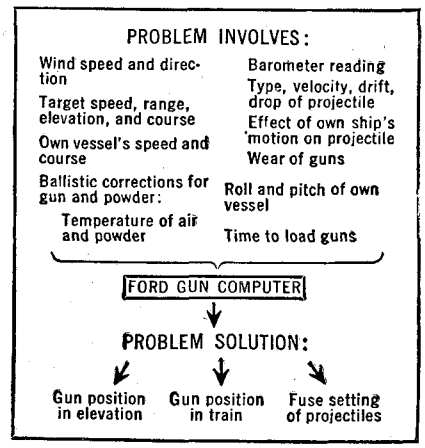
1. In the days of "wooden ships and iron men," a gunner squinted along his gun, took aim, and trusted to luck and intuition. His ship's roll and pitch would cause his gun's muzzle to weave about in erratic patterns. Unless he fired the instant his ship was on an even keel, his shot would fly wild. As warships improved and gun ranges increased, the problem of accurate firing also increased.



2. In 1924, the Navy brought this problem to Ford Instrument Company, specialists in producing gun computing equipment. Ford worked with Naval engineers to develop the equipment which furnishes complete data for continuous, accurate firing under all conditions of wind, weather, and water. It enables gunners to hit a bombing plane which has traveled 4 miles *after* the shell left the ship's gun!



3. To understand how this gun-fire control system keeps guns trained on a target, imagine yourself riding a bicycle. If, while riding along, you focus your eyes on a flying bird and then roll your head from side to side, nod it up and down . . . no matter how you move, your eyes stay fixed on the moving bird. That's what happens when U.S. Naval guns are trained on a moving target from a violently tossing ship.



4. Increasing speeds of ships and planes, and greater gun ranges, have caused continuous improvement of the Computer which today automatically solves the problems outlined above. However, even though the Computer works marvels, its operation depends on trained and skilled Navy personnel. It is a credit to our *Navy* that the equipment and personnel were ready when the need arose.

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5. Information about the course of their own ship comes to the gunners from the Sperry Gyro-Compass. The power that moves the guns into position and holds them there is furnished by hydraulic mechanisms developed and produced by Vickers, Inc., also a division of Sperry Corporation.

★ ★ ★

Like nearly all Sperry precision instruments used in this war, the Ford Computer, the Sperry Gyro-Compass, and the Vickers Hydraulic Gun Drives were ready long before the war came. Our Armed Forces had foreseen the need for such instruments, and had worked with Sperry Corporation to develop them. Today, they are working hand in hand to constantly improve Sperry instruments.

When Victory comes, Sperry will continue to co-operate with our Armed Services. We shall also apply to peacetime pursuits the technical skill and knowledge gained in more than 30 years.

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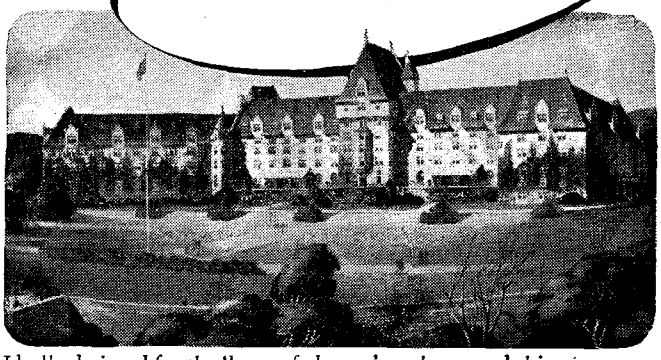

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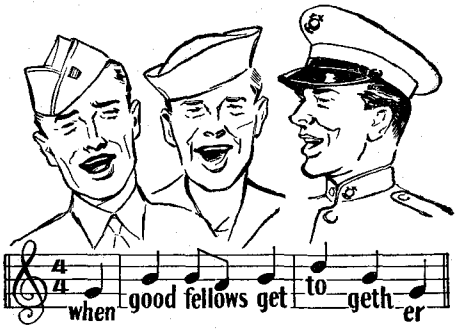

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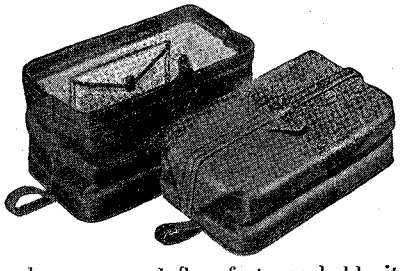

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LATIN AMERICA *(continued)*

Bolivia, after a brief strike in the tin mines late in April, managed to discover evidences of a "dangerous" revolutionary plot in the republic, which enabled it to exile a group of its favorite enemies.

Certain other Argentine methods have been spreading lately to Chile. The highly unusual step was taken this spring of suspending the important Santiago newspaper *La Opinión* for a series of violent criticisms of President Ríos's administration. The high police officials entrusted with enforcing the order were not satisfied with carrying out their routine duties. The crew which they brought along with them to serve the legal papers, in the best early Nazi style and to the scandal of the Chilean press, including *La Opinión's* opponents, thoroughly smashed the newspaper's typographical equipment and its presses.

Within a month, President Ríos risked a scandal of even more exciting proportions by flouting the rigid political discipline of one of Chile's traditional political parties. The Radicals, a vital element in the president's election two years ago and the party to which he personally belonged, broke with Ríos over domestic issues during the winter. They eventually demanded that five of their representatives in the Cabinet resign within a given period or be expelled from the party. When the resignations were filed at the dead-line late in April, President Ríos refused to accept them, and the formal expulsions followed.

These developments have had two effects, suggestive of the trend of new troubles in the southern part of Latin America. Without the support of their former party associates, the Radical leaders can hardly expect to remain in the Cabinet. But in their places President Ríos is now expected to appoint a new set of ministers, predominantly generals. Slowly, under the pressure of its fancied needs to face the post-war world securely, Chile appears to be going the Argentine way.

What are we doing about it?

In Washington, on the other hand, few defenses seem to be contemplated against these stratagems and their successes — at least on the scale on which Argentina is building defenses against the influence of Washington and Pan-Americanism.

The resignation of Laurence Duggan, recently promoted to Director of the Office of American Republican Affairs, removes the last top man in the State Department who has made overall expertness in the Latin American picture into a professional career.

At this moment, when so many of the Latin American republics are jumping the gun on the United States in their preparations against post-war democratic adjustments, and jumping it chiefly in ways which are hardly consistent with the aims the democracies conceive themselves as fighting for, the State Department looks weaker on matters of Hemisphere policy than it has looked during the decade since the Good Neighbor policy was invented.

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY

Washington

THE campaign undertaken by the military authorities to get National Service enacted before the invasion starts is doomed to fail. Both morale and production are in good shape on the eve of the death grapple with Hitler. Only if the Germans succeed in bogging down the invasion is there a chance of a successful effort to push a law through. National Service has degenerated into a fighting phrase, with all business organizations, labor unions, and farmer groups against it.

If the issue were to be forced, it would rock the country at a time when the country should be kept steady. President Roosevelt had such a prospect in mind when, in reply to a delegation which had urged him to press for enactment, he reputedly said that he could not possibly add National Service to his existing burdens. And certainly these are many and heavy enough.

The case for National Service has suffered from its advocates. The military men tried to dragoon the support of businessmen in a way that left businessmen even more stubborn in their opposition. Statements reiterating their stand came out of the very parleys which the military had called for the purpose of winning business support. It is the industrialists' considered opinion that, in the present temper of labor and the farmers, production would suffer. The opinion, coming from such a source, is certainly entitled to respect.

Statements to the contrary notwithstanding, there is no overall difficulty about war production. This fact is shown by the figures of men engaged in making war material. The peak of employment was attained last November. Since then there has been a gradual falling off, the result of cutbacks in military orders. It is estimated that at the present rate the layoffs will be up a million by the year's end. Such a situation certainly indicates no crisis in production. What bothers the military men is the existence of particular bottlenecks. But surely these can be remedied by machinery that already exists.

The businessmen's testimony was countered by a statement on the extremist side signed by Messrs. Stimson, Knox, and Land. The military complained about the "alarming" rate of factory labor turnover. But it is necessary to examine the word "turnover" before subscribing to their point of view. Turnover is a composite of the layoff and the quit rate. Layoffs, to be sure, have gone up, but the quit rate has gone down, and men have been laid off as the result of military cutbacks. Turnover in these circumstances is involuntary.

As for the quit rate, this, though declining, is certainly not satisfactory (and absenteeism is most unsatisfactory). The military men say that out of every 1000 workers employed in February, 65 quit. The War Manpower Commission says the figure is 45, though even this figure is too high. But the quit rate cannot all be charged against labor, since the incidence of the draft and necessary shifts in employment both go into the quit rate. The sum is that the military themselves were unduly alarmist.

A new job after Hitler

Around Washington there has been a shortening of the estimates of the time it will take to polish off Japan after Hitler has been disposed of. The war in the Pacific is expected to be predominantly a naval-air war; and if it is, there should be no shortage of men to fill the needs of our forces.

What the military are afraid of is the sharp increase of voluntary quitting after Hitler's armistice. Such

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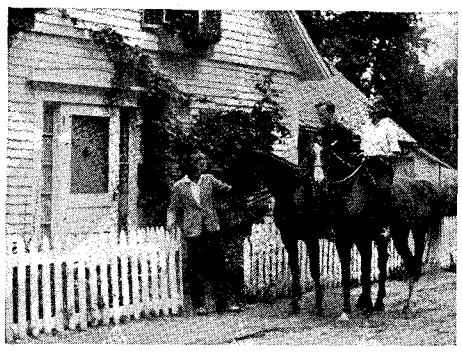

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WASHINGTON *(continued)*

a fear is mentioned every time National Service is spoken of in military circles. Without a doubt the men in the factories will begin looking around for peacetime employment as soon as Hitler is licked.

This natural reaction can be regulated — for controls will remain in being: the War Production Board will still have control over the allocation of materials, the Office of Price Administration over prices, the War Manpower Commission over employment, and the Office of War Mobilization over general economic activity.

Soldier versus civilian

Perhaps the major argument in favor of National Service is that it will equate the obligation of the fighting forces with the home front. This argument is entitled to respect. Secretary Stimson talks about the schism between military and civilian. Those who have talked to men back from the fronts know that he does not exaggerate. A bridge between the home and fighting fronts is badly needed. National Service, of course, would be the best bridge material, though it might not be sufficient at this late hour.

Did the President miss the bus after Pearl Harbor? If he had then applied the theory of total war, he would have proposed National Service, not to mention a really stiff tax program. And the country, stirred to the depths as seldom before in history, would have responded in the first and full flush of enthusiasm and patriotism. At the eleventh hour it cannot be done.

There ought to be among the fighting forces more understanding of what the home front has accomplished. If they don't know the facts, Stalin does; it was to American production that he raised his glass at Teheran. It would have been well to publicize this episode everywhere. The way that our resources and our industrial genius have been mobilized in this war is a miracle that cannot be sufficiently related.

Our matériel — in general, of course, not in all items — cannot be excelled in weight and quality. There was truth as well as modesty in the comment of a Pacific aviator who was asked why we are so superior to the Japanese in the air. His brief reply was, "Our engines." The achievement has been soft-pedaled because of the military fear of slowdowns and the military anxiety over particular bottlenecks. A bottleneck in even a tiny item can slow down a whole program.

The final manpower demands of the military were provoked by two new factors: (1) the speeding up of induction arising out of the inter-Allied decision to push up the ante of the American manpower contribution to invasion; (2) the realization that in the original military plans there was not a sufficient allowance of infantry.

Mr. Churchill says America and Britain will breach Hitler's fortress on a 50-50 basis. That will be in the first attacks. The subsequent support will come

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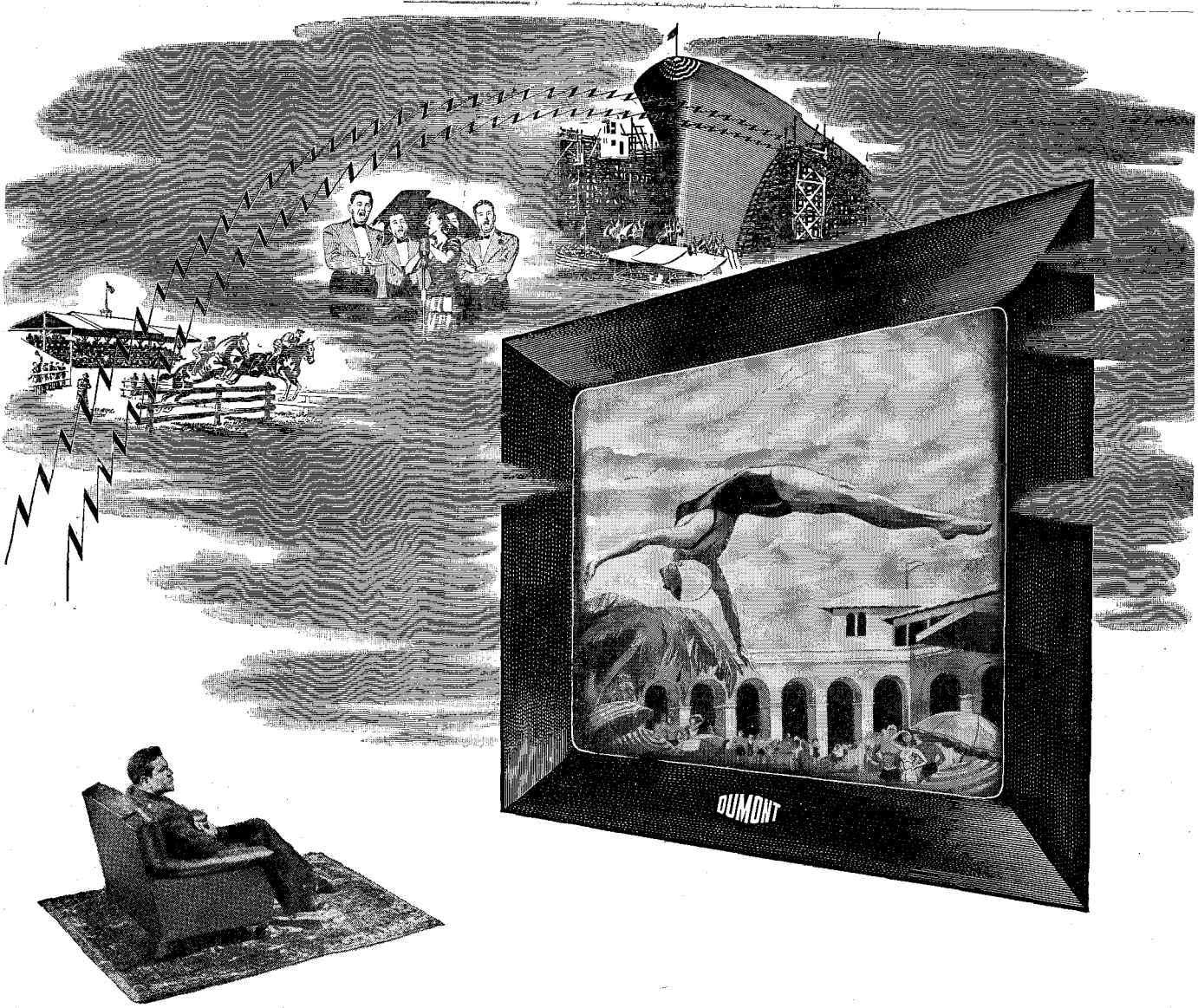

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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

mainly from America. The quotas have been fixed and no misunderstanding between Washington and London remains.

Some differences had to be ironed out even after Teheran. The British wished to give the air weapon a more extended test, and there was great anxiety on our side to open the second front, for political as well as military reasons. The need to keep to our schedule with Stalin is a paramount consideration in Washington. Never far from military minds is the desire to do nothing that might prejudice the prospect that one of these days Stalin will fight the Japanese. And the first requisite to gain this decision is clearly a second front on time.

Why we failed to be forehanded about the infantry must be left to the historian. Was there a fault in the War Department's arithmetic? At any rate, the men had to be found, and found quickly.

Two decisions followed: (1) a decision to induct men under 26, regardless of occupation; (2) the axing of the Army Specialized Training Program.

Both of these events produced a swift reaction in the public mind. For the toning down of the under-26 decision, credit must be given to Manpower Chief McNutt. Mr. McNutt has had his just share of criticism as an administrator. But in this case he deserves credit for going to bat in keeping induction selective. It would have been the height of foolishness to put all men under 26 in uniform. Already there are many cases of young men who should have been left in key jobs vital to the war effort, let alone vital to community service after the war.

"College foxholes"

The axing of the ASTP left the country with a problem as serious as that of the colleges. The ASTP was a Presidential idea. It had two objects: first, in modern war brain as well as brawn must be mobilized; and second, we must see that essential professions are maintained for post-war community service. Accordingly, uniformed eighteen-year-olds of intellectual promise were sent to the colleges for higher education. Training these specialists had kept two hundred colleges busy.

Results even as reported from the fronts have been held to justify the experiment as a war measure. All of a sudden, however, it was virtually abandoned. It is said that these "college foxholes" were never popular with the ground forces, and when the demand for infantry was fully realized, there was no difficulty in bringing the War Department hierarchy around to the ground forces' point of view.

Some of the work will be salvaged by a subsequent decision to enroll seventeen-year-olds for college training until they are of draft age. In some cases they may be allowed to finish their courses, but for all practical purposes the program is dead, though the university presidents are not fully persuaded yet that

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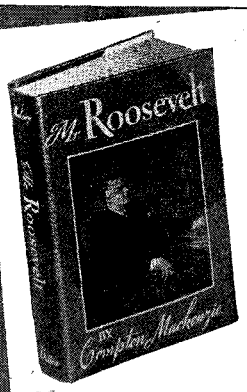

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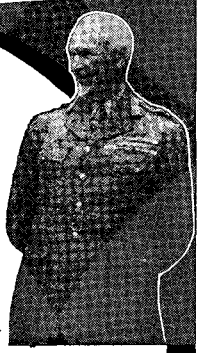

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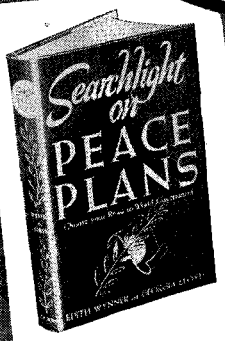

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E. P. DUTTON

WASHINGTON *(continued)*

hope of resuscitation has vanished. They have issued a powerful statement calling for review. They contrast the care with which the British, who were as prodigal of their young talent in the last war as we are in this, have safeguarded and utilized their young, brilliant experts.

Two results are predicted in case remedial measures are rejected: (1) a very serious dearth of trained chemists, physicists, engineers, bacteriologists, and biologists; (2) a gap in standards of technological education which may not be closed for a whole generation. The Army so far remains stubborn, and the whisper is going the rounds in military circles that the college curriculum was boneheaded. The obvious retort is that it was established in deference to the requirements given the colleges by the War Department itself.

Is Dewey clear?

The pattern of the Presidential race is gradually appearing. Governor Dewey, with the retirement of Wendell Willkie and General MacArthur, is held to have no competition for the Republican nomination. All the mystery now relates to the Democratic nomination. Will the President run again? The doubts in Washington are mounting, with Mrs. Roosevelt thought to be adding her persuasion that the President take time out to look after his health.

Whatever the outcome, the lines of the Dewey campaign are clear. He has more or less adopted the foreign affairs policy of Wendell Willkie. Maladministration will be the leading Republican charge in connection with foreign as well as domestic affairs. Already the New Yorker has tilted with Secretary Hull on censorship.

But chiefly the emphasis of the Dewey campaign will be on the youth versus age issue. It will be said that the Roosevelt administration is tired as well as old. As to age, F.D.R. certainly has the oldest Cabinet in American history. Before the death of Secretary Knox, it had five septuagenarians. A Washington paper recently dug up, by way of contrast, the ages of the Republic's first Cabinet. Here they are: Thomas Jefferson, 46; Alexander Hamilton, 32; Henry Knox, 39; Samuel Osgood, 41; Edward Randolph, 36. A telling contrast.

THE MOOD OF THE CAPITAL

The mood of the capital was affected for the better by General Omar Bradley's reaction from the doleful invasion forecasts. Confidence is reposed in full measure in General Eisenhower. Beyond the war, the wonder grows whether we are not slipping into a *sauve qui peut* attitude on the part of the great powers. However, Secretary Hull and a Senate group have started work on a blueprint of world organization. Meanwhile most of the non-war activity in Washington, as in the other Allied capitals, is concerned with a struggle for position when the war is over.

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ATLANTIC Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Careers and Homes

Sir:

Why must Aimee Buchanan in "The Lady Likes Business," in the April *Atlantic*, assume that a career is necessarily a paid job? I submit that it is primarily a state of mind, and furthermore that trying to bring up a family can be the most creative and rewarding, as well as the most demanding, career open to any woman not a genius.

What is a career anyway? Apparently it is the chief end of Man. Yet is it not the primary purpose of any human life to discover as early as possible what values are of lasting worth and thereafter to devote oneself to supporting them? Suppose Truth and Beauty to be such values. Is there any place so fruitful as family life in which to discover, test, and work for them? For instance, many of us allege that Beauty is close to our hearts. It is easy but meaningless to demonstrate our devotion by going to art shows. But when the war came and the maid went we were given a chance to test and prove our allegiance every day, since order and cleanliness are essential aspects of Beauty. Do we care enough to provide them with our own time and strength, or are they worth while only if they can be bought with one's husband's money? And how about Truth? Shall we pursue it solely by attending lectures? Or are we ready to grapple with education at 7.30 A.M. when Johnny asks: "Mother, does God have to drink milk? . . . Well, what do you mean, He *can't?*"

A secondary purpose in life is, presumably, learning how to live. The home offers great scope for this. A mother's chief opportunity is not that she can "be the prime mover" in anyone's life — God forbid — but that if she is to keep up with her job at all, she must go on learning every hour she is awake. In regard to mere efficiency, for instance, mothers are in a strategic spot. Every week they must work overtime to meet family needs. In order to save any time or energy for a life of their own, they must learn to be time-and-motion experts. If mothers can get through the years when the children are young without losing the power of independent action, or their sense of humor, or the courage to keep on trying, have they not learned something about how to work and how to live? Mothers are bound to be discontented and lonely if they do not realize that they need another job after the children leave home. But why take that as a criticism of the job itself?

The kinds of work for which a middle-aged mother is best fitted are those in which the quality of mental and of spiritual training is of more value than the quantity of technical experience and the number of paper diplomas. But in any art — writing, painting, music, for example — she has two great advantages. She cannot produce much until she is old enough to have outgrown the immature work she might regret. And whatever she does achieve during the flurried years must be vital to her. (If all artists had to overcome this obstacle race with time, there would be less second-rate art kicking around.) These gains may outweigh the inevitable loss in technique — which any mother above the subsistence level will keep to a minimum by stealing time from the family schedule. But even if mothers do not go in for a professional career after their children grow up, they need not suffer from unemployment while cities and factories present such critical problems of housekeeping, and while social agencies stand in urgent need of just the abilities that mothers have to acquire.

Whatever she chooses to do afterward, a woman who has brought up her own family has had a chance at the one job on earth that no one else could do as well as she. How many men or women can honestly say as much about any other career?

MRS. PAUL PIGORS
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

While Aimee Buchanan has given a convincing account of her own success and satisfaction in her career, her few illustrations of the home woman convey an erroneous impression of the large company of women who by their vision and faithful service in the home field make the foundation of our republic.

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To People who want to write *but can't get started*

Do you have that constant urge to write but the fear that a beginner hasn't a chance? Then listen to what the editor of Liberty said on this subject:

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From the home emerge ideals of brotherhood and peaceful living; on the home converges the country's activity to produce everything from coal to grain, from clothes to art. The daily work of the home woman "demands that she read and learn every day"; the home woman in middle life, when her children have gone forth to their own choice of work, is led by her interest in their attainments into larger fields of study and thought, that she may keep pace with the next generation — and the next. Indeed she may even lead them!

The true type of home woman keeps up with the advancing times, guiding, inspiring, encouraging her husband, children, friends, a power for good in her community. Thus the years grow richer, making a "pathway to eternal youth" with the best always "yet to be."

In fairness to Miss Buchanan I will add that the career woman who succeeds in her chosen sphere of action is a magnificent factor in our civic life. She had the background of a home and a mother!

MRS. STUART CLOSE
Brooklyn, N. Y.

In Behalf of Spooks

Sir:

Why not give the spooks themselves a break?

To an old psychic researcher, Jean Burton's article, "The Wizard from Connecticut," in the April *Atlantic*, is a romance without hero or love story. For at best Home was only a medium, his patrons only lookers-on, the raps and levitations only stunts.

But if Home's prominence was the gift of spooks; if spooks produced the stunts that amazed his patrons — why center attention on medium, stunts, and audience, and ignore the responsible source of it all, the *spooks?* Aren't they, and the methods of their operations, and their purpose in promoting such matters, at least equally deserving of attention?

I wish that a good writer like Jean Burton would write a sequel to this article, and that a widely esteemed magazine like yours would publish it, giving the spooks the courtesy of a hearing. They are far more active today than they were three quarters of a century ago in Home's time, and they are saying things that I feel pretty sure your readers would find both entertaining and instructive.

S. ROWLAND MORGAN
Philadelphia, Penn.

Basic English

Sir:

Rose Macaulay's article, "Against Basic English," in the April *Atlantic*, is a sound for sore ears. Her defense of the English language is important and heartening. So long as there is a Rose Macaulay to speak with the tongues of men and of angels (or should we say with the tongues of male persons and of beings with wings?) we may thank God that English will not go to the dogs.

I feel sure that your readers will not let Miss Macaulay's voice be that of one crying in the wilderness, or, to go Basic, a voice making a sad noise in bitter, wide earth.

MRS. WILLIAM E. PUTNAM
Milton, Mass.

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• • •

When Americans really buckle down to do a job, they generally get results that surprise everybody — including themselves!

Last year's gardens are a good example. Some 20 *million families* tilled about 4 *million acres* of ground and harvested 8 *million tons* of food. They whittled down the country's total food bill by at least $1,250,000,000 — *an average of $62.50 a family.*

Though our national diet was limited, think how much worse it would have been without this home-grown help! And for 1944, the need is even greater. Reserve stocks must be replaced. Our armed forces and the peoples of freed lands call for more food.

But if the need is greater, so is the *opportunity.* Seeds, tools and fertilizer are more plentiful. Experience gained last year will make this year's gardens more productive. *And Uncle Sam expects several million more families to learn the satisfaction of growing and eating their own food.*

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Sir:

The best answer to the almost bitter outburst of Rose Macaulay protesting against Basic English is the simple way in which, writing only in Basic, the shortcomings of her attack may be made clear. And so, as a writer using only Basic, I will make the attempt to put her in her place.

The only certain test of a system of teaching is a comparison of how far a person would get with it and how far he would get with some other system in a given unit of time. A normally bright person, with a good memory, having no knowledge of English, but giving all his time to learning Basic for one week, would be reading and writing it. Where would he be with any other system? Only far enough to be ready to give it up?

Miss Macaulay says she has been reading Dr. Richards's new book with care. All I am able to say about that is that she was reading outside the book to come to the decision: "The scheme . . . is clear: they want the thing taught in English schools." She did not get the point of points. Anyone who has a knowledge of English also has a complete knowledge of Basic. The book *Basic English and Its Uses* is not a work book in any sense. Had she had *The Basic Words*, by C. K. Ogden, Seventh Printing, 1943, no doubt she would not have given way to so many overdressed, overbalanced, overpowering overstatements.

Miss Macaulay has made no attempt to make use of Basic for the purposes for which it is offered to experts in English. Nobody ever made the suggestion to her, or to any other person having a working knowledge of English, that she or he undertake learning the system for talking purposes. But writing in Basic is different. It is in writing that true help may be given to those first learning English by the Basic system. Till more writing is done in Basic, there will be nothing interesting for these new readers. But it may be that Miss Macaulay's interest is not in helping anybody.

Miss Macaulay makes a bad slip in her statement that the Basic Dictionary says that an "angel" is "a being with wings." This is quite wrong. What the Basic Dictionary, Ogden, 1942, gives is: "angel n. (Sp. in Christian religion) higher being, servant of Higher Power, gen. pictured as winged; anyone very good, kind or beautiful; bit of old English gold money." To Miss Macaulay an "angel" is a "subordinate superhuman being in monotheistic religions." I put the question to anyone if the idea of gold and its use for backing a play for a beautiful being who may be very good does not more clearly give the suggestion of the "Broadway angel." Anybody having experience with any other sort of "angel" may make his protest, and I will take this back.

Words are so interesting themselves that sometimes the thoughts become mixed up and one is not able to see "the woods for the trees." Understatement is the better form of error when one has a simple idea. It is my feeling that Miss Macaulay was only making an attempt to be the "satirist and keen-witted critic" which the "editor" said she was, and that she did not put her heart into her writing.

ERASTUS S. ALLEN
Cincinnati, Ohio

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THE
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87th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

MARK TWAIN, BUSINESS MAN

Letters and Memoirs

Edited by SAMUEL CHARLES WEBSTER

As a boy in Hannibal, Missouri, Sam Clemens had a love of deviltry that often landed him in hot water. He was also a tall talker. These two attributes — his cussedness and his storytelling — are among the strongest impressions of those who knew him when he was young.

When Sam began his training as a river pilot, he made his home with his sister, Pamela Clemens Moffett, in St. Louis. Pamela's daughter Annie was five years old at the time. She promptly fell in love with her uncle Sam, and her recollections of him then and throughout the rest of his life are a treasure-trove from which the *Atlantic* will draw in this and subsequent issues. When Annie grew up she married Charles L. Webster, who for many years was to be Mark Twain's publisher, man of business, and close friend. Annie's recollections, the hundreds of Mark Twain letters to her husband, and the earlier Clemens family letters which she inherited have been skillfully edited for the *Atlantic* by her son, Samuel Charles Webster. None of this correspondence has been published before. In later installments we shall see the middle-aged Mark Twain, as extravagant a business man as ever lived. — The Editor

Mark Twain was over seventy when he dictated to Albert Bigelow Paine an account of his experiences as a publisher. This was supposed to be the first true autobiography ever written. But once Mark Twain started talking, his imagination took him in hand and no facts were allowed to cloud the document. He never reread it and he did not want it referred to again.

In this account, published in 1940 as a chapter of *Mark Twain in Eruption*, he attributes the failure of Charles L. Webster & Company entirely to my father, Charles L. Webster. Fortunately I have an almost day to day record of the activities of that publishing house, one of the foremost in America, up to the time my father retired; a record in Mark Twain's own letters — some four hundred and fifty of them. Mark Twain's self-portrait, drawn twenty years later, pictured him as a troubled Milquetoast dominated by an incompetent tyrant. The letters he wrote at the time make him seem much more like a dynamo happily unloading surplus electricity on the helpless head of a man he had already overcharged.

On my mother's side the Mark Twain connection started, according to him, with her birthday, and according to her, three days later. He claimed she was born on July 4, whereas she and the family Bible and her mother said it was July 1. He said he had to stop for a Fourth of July parade when he was on his way to see his new niece. And as for the Bible, he never did consider it a trustworthy record of any scientific or historical event.

My mother, Annie Moffett Webster, who is now nearly ninety-two, was the daughter of his sister Pamela (pronounced Pa-*me*-la); she grew up in St. Louis in the same house with him and was devoted to him. He was like an elder brother to her. She is

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the only person living who remembers him as a young man.

A brief summary of Sam Clemens's early life will explain the family relationship. He was born in Florida, Missouri, on November 30, 1835, but grew up in Hannibal about thirty miles away. He was born in Florida because the family made a last-minute change of plans, according to a story his mother told Annie, her granddaughter. They had intended to settle in St. Louis at the end of their long journey from Tennessee, but when they got there they were horrified to hear that a Negro boy had recently been lynched by burning. Moreover, there was cholera in the city. So they moved on to Florida, where their relatives, John Quarles and his wife, were already settled. The wife was Patsy, the adored younger sister of Jane Lampton Clemens, Mark Twain's mother.

If they had settled in St. Louis, Uncle Sam's background would have been quite different, and *Huckleberry Finn* might never have been written. The poor Negro boy had an influence on American literature.

John Marshall Clemens, father of Mark Twain, came originally from Virginia. When he was twenty-five John Clemens married Jane Lampton, who was in a hurry to get away from her stepmother. She had never known any form of restraint and did not like it. All through her life she put stepmothers in the same category as Yankees.

John Clemens was always hard up. He was elected justice of the peace in Hannibal, but his judgeship paid more in honor than in salary, and very little in either, and the Tennessee lands that he had banked on most of his life could not be turned into cash even at a low price. Yet from letters of the time, we find him spending his money on learning the principles of grammar from a "course of twenty oral lectures" and sending on the information to his oldest son, Orion, who was learning the printing trade in St. Louis. No doubt Sam, who was nine years old, was getting the same information at first hand from his father. Though Mark Twain got his humor, his temperament, and his red hair from the Lamptons, his accuracy in workmanship came from his father. His accuracy in facts he never got from anybody.

The Tennessee land that Mark Twain was to make famous is the subject of a letter written by John Clemens. This land consisted of 75,000 acres of virgin soil which unfortunately remained virgin for a good many years, although it had everything. John Clemens had paid nearly a cent an acre for this land many years before, and the letter shows that he was asking twenty, which would have been a good profit even for those days. Mark Twain in *The Gilded Age* gives the impression that the family was always hanging on to the land. It was the other way around; the land was hanging on to them. They were always trying to get rid of it. Here is the record of one attempt: —

HANNIBAL, MO. 10*th Sept.* 1846.

MESSRS. BUFFUM & CO.
112 BROADWAY NEW YORK

Gentlemen —

Messrs. Meredith & McCullough have placed in my hands your letter to them of Augt. 24th 1846, in which you make certain propositions for the sale of my Tennessee lands.

Although the terms you propose are not so favourable as I hoped to obtain — yet, being persuaded that they are proposed in a spirit of candour and fairness, as the best that in your opinion can be afforded — and impelled, as I am, by circumstances to resort to the avails of those lands rather than continue to hold them an indefinite length of time — I have concluded to accede to those terms.

Your propositions are so plain and direct that I have no fear of misapprehending them, or that we shall ever disagree as to their import; but, that you may be assured of a perfect agreement in our understanding of them, I will here state, substantially, the terms proposed in your letter, as I understand them, and to which I agree, *to wit.*

That you are to have the exclusive sale of my Tennessee lands for two years on the terms proposed. — That you will be at the expense of agencies and advertising as in your letter mentioned; and will make sales as speedily and advantageously as possible.

That you shall not sell any of the lands for less than twenty cents per acre. — That I shall receive first five cents per acre of the purchase money, and secondly I shall receive one half of what you sell for, over and above five cents per acre — so that I shall get at the least twelve & half cents per acre — and for lands sold at fifty cents per acre, I shall get twenty-seven & half cents per acre, &c.

That you shall be entitled to half the amount received over and above five cents per acre — and, that as you make sales of the land I shall execute to the purchasers Warrantee deeds. — This is the substance, as I understand it, of all that is material in your propositions. But if this statement is, in any particular, defective, we may still recur to the letter — for I mean to accede to the terms therein stated.

Should you at any time desire any further in-

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formation that it may be in my power to give respecting the lands, it shall be promptly furnished.

Yours very respectfully

JOHN M. CLEMENS

P. S. Messrs Meredith & McCullough will not henceforth be considered as having anything to do with this matter — as I could not afford to divide with them what I shall get, and they do not expect it. J.M.C.

2

JUDGE CLEMENS died in March of the following year, when Sam was eleven years old. After that Sam convinced his mother that school was not for him. No doubt she could see that though school was developing his ingenuity, it was not accomplishing its main purpose. He spent most of his time making visionary plans for getting even with his teachers.

Jane Clemens was a strong-minded woman, and experimental. If school did not work she would try something else. So she apprenticed him to a printer. He came home to meals when he was hungry or homesick.

The other Clemens children had taken school in an amenable spirit. Except for Sam, they were a tractable family. Orion (pronounced *O*-rion) was the oldest son. It was unusual to name a child for the constellation under which he was born, but not an unheard-of practice. We can be pretty certain that the idea was his mother's. To the end of her days anything mystical interested her, and when she was an old lady in Fredonia, New York, there was nothing she enjoyed more than the visits from her physician, Dr. Brown, who was a Spiritualist. Jane Clemens always answered his questions about her ailments as fast as possible so that she would have time to hear the latest news from the spirit world.

Ten years older than Sam, Orion exasperated Sam throughout his life in spite of, or because of, the bond of affection between them. Pamela, my grandmother, came next, eight years older than Sam — old enough to remember something of the life in remote Tennessee before the family moved to Missouri. What she remembered most vividly was a fascinating aspect of school life that most of us never experienced — the strange grunting that rose through the floor from the pigs that sought shelter underneath the seat of learning.

Two other children, Margaret and Benjamin, died during Sam's childhood, the latter when Sam was old enough to feel the loss keenly. Sam came after Benjamin, and after Sam came Henry. Sam was named for his grandfather, and probably also his uncle. His middle name, Langhorne, according to family tradition, came from a friend of his father who had been most kind to him in Virginia.

For the first three years of Sam Clemens's life he was probably the spoiled darling of the household. Then along came Henry. Sam was advanced to the ranks and became of secondary importance. It was when Sam was four years old, and Henry eleven months, that the well-known incident of Sam's accidental abandonment occurred. The family left Hannibal to pay a visit at John Quarles's farm at Florida. Jane Clemens took the baby and the older children, and Judge Clemens was to have taken Sam. Through a misunderstanding Sam was left behind in the Hannibal house and not rescued till dusk, crying and hungry, after having been alone all day. Psychoanalysts might feel that this experience of abandonment would leave a deep mark in the unconscious of a supplanted baby. They might find significance in the fact that Sam's great affection for his gentle younger brother went along with a desire to jibe at him.

For the three years following the death of Judge Clemens, Sam continued to learn the printing business. Orion worked at a printing plant in St. Louis, sending the family three dollars weekly, and Pamela gave piano and guitar lessons. Mr. Paine says: "It was a hard task for the girl, for she was timid and not over-strong; but she was resolute and patient and won success. Pamela Clemens was a noble character and deserves a fuller history than can be afforded in this work."

The letter to Orion that follows is written partly by Pamela and partly by her mother. Sam, coming back from the printing house for an evening at home, must often have seen the picture of Pamela and her scholars that Jane Clemens describes. I think he used this memory when he wrote *The Mysterious Stranger*.

HANNIBAL *Jan.* 29, 1850

MY DEAR BROTHER [Orion]

We received a few days since your letter enclosing $300 [$3.00?] for which accept our thanks and assurances that it will not be at all in our way. I suppose you have not been attacked with the yellow fever, that by the way is raging so here that it is feared it will carry off nearly half the inhabitants, if it does [not] indeed depopulate the town. In consequence of it many of our best citizens intend starting to California so soon as they can make preparations, among whom are Charles Bowes Mr. Moss Mr. Shoots Mr. Melon and others too numerous to mention. Nearly all those who went from

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here last spring have written back that they are making large fortunes in California. . . .

(The letter is continued by Pamela's mother.)

January the 30th 1850

DEAR SON

The last Journal of Mr. Buchannan to day the next one will be Rayman and Buckhannan they have put it down to $1.00 pr year weekly. I have not heard much said about it. I have heard nothing favourable about it. Sam says little Joe told him his mother said she would rather have Orion than Sam Rayman. I think about the time you come up they will be through and you can get it your own way. Now I don't want you to have it. I think if you could get some of the printers in St. Louis that are doing well to buy the of [i.e., "office"] and give you an intrust, let you come up and take charge of the office, get some old person to assist a little in editing merely to have their name. Robert Buchannan will have the office in his hands and I think will be sick of his bargin by that time. If you could have a partner in St. Louis to help you, I could board the hands and you could have Henry. Sam says he can't leave Ament, he intends to make him pay wages and you would want him to wait, he can't credit any. . . .

Since I commenced writing an invitation came for Pamela to spend the evening out but she is in the dining room giving Margaret Blesser a lesson on the Guitar, Sarah Fuqua and I are in the parlour, Sarah is practicing and I writing. . . .

Tomorrow evening the music scollars meet again. Margaret Saxton Sarah Fuqua and Mary Buckhannan all play dewets, the scollars are improving very fast. When you come I think they will play well. . . .

J. CLEMENS

The more I try to analyze Jane Clemens the more dazed I get. There is a tendency in her letters to leave the sentences sliding off into space, to omit essential words, and to let the letters fall where they will. She never seemed to look over a letter and correct it. Once, about twenty-five years after this period, in a letter to Uncle Sam, she meant to say "Kiss Susy for me" and instead wrote "Kill Susy for me." She told Pamela what a funny mistake she had made. "But you didn't send it, did you?" asked Pamela, naturally shocked. "Oh, yes," her mother answered calmly, "Sam will understand what I meant."

Sam's answer came promptly. He wrote: "I said to Livy 'It is a hard thing to ask of loving parents, but Ma is getting old and her slightest whim must be our law'; so I called in Downey, and Livy and I held the child with the tears streaming down our faces while he sawed her head off." His mother's reaction to that letter was outraged indignation at the method by which the child had been dispatched. "Sawed her head off!" she kept saying. "*Sawed* her head off!"

3

ORION secured ownership of the *Hannibal Journal* and Sam and Henry went to work for him. But Orion never seemed to be able to make things go, and in 1853 when Sam was seventeen he broke away and went forth to see the world. He made for the World's Fair which was being held in New York; then he went to Philadelphia and got a job as a printer on the *Philadelphia Inquirer*. Like most travelers, he found that foreign parts had been both over- and under-estimated. He liked Philadelphia and the Philadelphians "amazingly," but he had this to say in a letter home: —

"I always thought the eastern people were patterns of uprightness, but I never saw so many whiskey-swilling, God-despising heathens as I find in this part of the country. I believe I am the only person in the Inquirer office that does not drink. One young fellow makes $18 for a few weeks and gets on a grand 'bender' and spends every cent of it."

After he left Philadelphia, Sam went back to New York for a brief visit and then returned to Missouri. Orion had married Mollie Stotts in 1854 and with his mother and brother Henry had moved to Keokuk, Mollie's home, where he had opened a shop for commercial printing. Sam worked for Orion for five dollars a week and board. Why he accepted these ruinous wages I can't guess. Maybe he thought it was his duty to help Orion out.

Sam could be noble, but he didn't enjoy a sense of virtue as much as he hated frustration. He stuck it out in Keokuk for a year, but Orion's business methods irked him, as usual, and the urge to move on grew stronger as he approached his twenty-first birthday. South America at this time was being played up as a promised land, offering the combination of adventure and wealth that always ignited Sam Clemens. On August 5, 1856, he wrote to his brother Henry what his mother later called a "scolding letter." At this time Annie, Pamela's four-year-old daughter, was visiting her Keokuk relatives, who had a new baby of their own. This was not just the atmosphere to suit an adventurous young man of twenty.

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My dear Brother:

Annie is well. Got your letter postmarked 5th about two hours ago — came d——d quick (to be a little profane). . . . I can start to New York and go to South America! (This reminds me that Annie *is* well). Although Orion talks grandly about furnishing me with fifty or a hundred dollars in six weeks, I am not such an ass as to think he will retain the same opinion such an eternity of time — in all probability he will be *entirely* out of the notion by that time. Though I don't like to attribute selfish motives to him, you could see yourself that his object in favoring my wishes was that I might take all the hell of pioneering in a foreign land, and then when everything was placed on a firm basis, and beyond all risk, he could follow himself. But you would soon discover, when the time arrived, that he couldn't leave Mollie and that "love of a baby". With these facts before my eyes, (I must not forget to say that Annie is *well*) I could not depend upon Orion for ten dollars. So I have "feelers" out in several directions, and have already asked for a hundred dollars from one source (keep it to yourself). . . .

. . . Emma Graham has gone home and Bettie Barrett has gone up the country. I may as well remark that *Annie is well.* I spent Sunday afternoon up there and brought away a big bouquet of Ete's d——d stinking flowers. (I mean no disrespect to her or her taste.) Any single one of the lot smells worse than a Sevastopol "stink-pot". Between you and I, I believe that the secret of Ma's willingness to allow me to go to South America lies in the fact that she is afraid I am going to get married! Success to the hallucination. . . .

Write soon.

Your brother,
Sam

P.S. I will just add that Annie *is* well.

To earn the money to take him to South America, Sam went to Cincinnati and spent the winter of 1856–1857 working as a printer. There he associated with a Scotchman named Macfarlane, a vast reader and a philosopher. Nothing else is known about him, but he left his mark on Sam.

In April Sam started out for South America, by way of New Orleans, on the steamer *Paul Jones.* Fate was one of the passengers. His old love of the river came back to him, and before he reached New Orleans he had struck up a bargain with the veteran pilot, Horace Bixby, to take him on as a cub pilot and teach him the river for five hundred dollars — one hundred down and the rest after he had begun to draw pay.

There was only one member of the family at that time who could produce a hundred dollars; so when he reached St. Louis on his maiden trip Sam went at once to his brother-in-law, William A. Moffett, a well-to-do produce merchant, and borrowed the money.

Says my mother: "One of my earliest recollections is the stir caused by the announcement that Uncle Sam had decided to become a pilot. It seemed to me as if everyone was running up and down stairs and sitting on the steps to talk over the news. Piloting in those days was a dramatic and well-paid profession, and in a river town it was a great honor to have a pilot in the family."

The Moffetts decided to move into a larger house so that Sam, and presently his brother Henry, as well as their mother, could live with them. It seemed to Annie, a child just short of five years old, as if they moved instantly, but there must have been some interval of preparation. She has a vivid memory of moving to the new house on Locust Street, a few blocks away, because as she was walking between her uncle Sam and her grandmother, carrying what she probably considered the family's most valuable possession, the current cat, the cat very naturally added to the excitement by getting away, and Annie recaptured it by the tail. Her uncle Sam was delighted by the whole performance.

4

By August Sam seems to have been up the river as far as Keokuk, and again as far as Cairo, below St. Louis. There are no family letters of the river period, probably because Sam would usually reach home as soon as a letter. But we have a letter to Belle Stotts, sister of Orion's wife. The reason it is among our family letters is that after Orion's death Mollie sent on to us all the letters that Sam had sent to Orion, and included this one to her sister. When Albert Bigelow Paine was compiling Mark Twain's letters we let him use all the family letters, and they constitute most of the material in the early part of his book. This one seems to have been overlooked — or perhaps Mr. Paine was wary of including it. Almost any time Uncle Sam mentioned any female in a letter, Mr. Paine would duck.

The Ella Creel referred to in the letter was a cousin. Colonel William Casey of Kentucky had three daughters: Jane Paxton, Polly Creel, and Peggy Lampton — the second name in each case being the husband's name. Peggy Lampton was the mother of Jane Lampton Clemens. Ella Creel's mother was a first cousin of Mark Twain's mother.

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CAIRO, Saturday, *Aug.* 11 [1857]

DEAR BELLE:

*Con*found me if I wouldn't *eat up* half a dozen of you small girls if I just had the merest shadow of a chance this morning. Here I am, now about 3 weeks out from Keokuk, and 2 from St. Louis, and yet I have not heard a word from you — and may not possibly, for 2 or 3 more weeks, as we shall go no further up the river at present, but turn back from here and go to New Orleans.

Just *go on*, though — *go on*. I have had a pleasant trip, and there is consolation in that. I quarreled with the mate, and "made it up" with him; and I quarreled with him again, and made it up again; and quarreled and "made up" the third time — and I have got the shell of half a watermelon by me now, ready to drop on his head as soon as he comes out of the "Texas," — which will produce quarrel No. 4, if I have made my calculations properly.

Yes, and I have disobeyed the Captain's orders over and over again, which produced a "state of feeling" in his breast, much to my satisfaction — (bless your soul I always keep the *law* on my side, you see, when the Chief Officer is concerned,) and I am ready now to quarrel with anybody in the world that can't whip me. Ah me, I feel as strong as a yoke of oxen this morning, and nothing could afford me greater pleasure than a pitched battle with you three girls. It *can't be*, though. However, *I'll* "fix" the mate when *he* comes out.

Belle, you ought to see the letter I wrote last night for a friend of mine. He is fearfully love-sick and he feared he should die, if he didn't "pour out his soul" (*he* said — "*stomach*," I should say,) in an epistolary form to the "being," (Ella Creel knows what *that* word means) who has entrapped his virgin affections. Poor devil — he said "Make the letter sweet — fill it *full* of love," *and* I did, as sure as you live. But if the dose don't turn the young lady inside out she must certainly be endowed with the stomach of an ostrich.

But did you girls see the Aurora Borealis last night (Friday?) It was very beautiful, but it did not last long. I reckon you girls had been home from choir-meeting about an hour when I saw it — or perhaps you were out on the bluff — Somebody remarked "Snag ahead!" and I lost the finest part of the sight.

Now, Belle, can't you write to me *right away*, to "Care of Eclipse Wharf Boat, Memphis, Tenn?" *Of course* you can, if you will. I sent you 2 pieces of instrumental music and a song to Ella Creel from Vicksburgh — did they arrive safely?

Oh, confound Cairo.

Good-bye my dear

SAM

For the next four years Sam's home was the Moffett house in St. Louis. As far as Annie was concerned, he would appear unexpectedly and leave in the same way without warning. His arrival was a big moment. He always brought her some kind of present. She especially remembers a white Canton flannel rabbit with pink eyes, and a book about a mouse that lived in a cake — he ate a hole for himself and moved in. The memory of that book has never faded.

"In 1858 or '59," my mother recalls, "a traveling portrait painter named Brady came to St. Louis and our whole family was painted. There are six portraits — my grandmother, mother, father, Uncle Sam, Uncle Henry, and myself. It was after Uncle Henry's death in the explosion of the river boat *Pennsylvania*, and his portrait was copied from a daguerreotype. I can remember Grandma curling my hair when I was to sit for my portrait. I also remember that the portraits cost fifty dollars apiece. The portrait of Uncle Sam is not now in the collection. Aunt Mollie, Uncle Orion's wife, gave it to the Keokuk library a good many years later. My grandmother was only fifty-five at this time, but her portrait looks older because of the cap she is wearing.

"Uncle Sam at this time was a young man of about twenty-four. He wore sideburns and had chestnut hair, I should have said, though some call it red. It was very curly. My grandmother said that as a boy he would soak his hair in a tub of water and plaster it down to try to make it straight.

"I was very fond of Uncle Sam," she says, "but I did not think he was the genius of the family. I remember when I was about eight I thought he needed a little religious instruction, and started to tell him the story of Moses. Uncle Sam was strangely obtuse, and finally I went to my father and said, 'Papa, Uncle Orion has good sense and Mama has good sense, but I don't think Uncle Sam has good sense. I told him the story of Moses and the bullrushes and he said he knew Moses very well, that he kept a secondhand store on Market Street. I tried very hard to explain that it wasn't the Moses I meant, but he just *couldn't* understand.'

"When I think of Uncle Sam during those early years it is always as a singer. He would sit at the piano and play and sing by the hour, the same song over and over: —

There was an old horse
And his name was Jerusalem.
He went to Jerusalem,
He came from Jerusalem.
Ain't I glad I'm out of the wilderness!
Oh! Bang!

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"He seems to have been flattered by my appreciation of this effort because he began to call me 'Old Horse.' It was 'Old Horse, get me that book' or 'Old Horse, run up to my room for a paper.'

"As I grew a little older it must have struck me that to be called 'Old Horse' even by Uncle Sam was not suitable. My cousin, Jenny Clemens, Uncle Orion's daughter, who was visiting us, had also been insulted by our uncle. He had taken to calling her 'trundle bed trash,' a current term for the extra children who had to sleep in little trundle beds. Jenny and I sat on the steps of our house and invented what has now come to be known as a sit-down strike. We resolved to run no more errands for Uncle Sam until he stopped calling us by these names. I do not remember how the strike was adjusted. He probably knew how to make us forget our resolutions.

"I remember being taken to a lecture on mesmerism, and trying out my own mesmeric powers on Uncle Sam afterwards. He proved an extraordinary subject. No sooner had I made passes in front of him than he went into a rigid trance, under which he did just what I told him to, and made the most astonishing remarks. I boasted about my powers, but had no success with other members of the family or the children in the neighborhood.

"In later years I asked Grandma if she noticed any difference between Sam and the other children. She said yes — when he had gone anywhere, if only downtown, when he came home all the children would gather around to hear what he had to tell. He knew even then how to make things interesting. She also said that when she saw a crowd running she didn't ask what was the matter, but 'What has Sam done now?'

"When Sam was about three he was distressed because he had 'no tail bebind [behind].' He said, 'The dog has a tail bebind, the cat has a tail bebind, and I haven't any tail bebind at all at all.' His uncle (I think it was his uncle Hannibal) made a tail of paper and pinned it on his little dress and he went around very proud and happy."

According to Mark Twain his mother had the gift of telling a joke with a straight face, but my mother thinks that very often she didn't see the joke herself. My mother writes: "Once in her old age when she had gone back to visit Kentucky she heard two men behind her in the train discussing whether Mark Twain was born in Hannibal. She asked the man who was with her to tell them that he was born in Florida. One of the men was unconvinced. That was too much for Grandma. She turned around and said, 'I'm his mother. I ought to know. I was there!'"

5

On account of the paper shortage we skip Uncle Sam's reaction to the Civil War, which was so emotional and so full of contradictions that it dazed my mother, a child of nine. It leaves me dazed, too. The war forced Uncle Sam to leave the river, and he went West with Orion, who had been appointed Secretary of the Territory of Nevada. Sam immediately came down with the gold fever.

It was a nervous time for him. Rich veins were being discovered on all sides. Men would come in one day without a cent, and the next be rolling in riches — or rolling, anyway. Naturally Sam caught fire. He was not a gambler in the strict sense of the word. He didn't bet on races, play cards for large stakes, or even play the market to any extent. But he enjoyed taking chances where adventure was involved. And he tried to reinforce optimism with judgment. In one of his letters to Orion he wrote: "I have 75 feet in a *spur* of the 'Antelope', which promises nothing save that it is an offshoot from a *good family* — and I am aristocrat enough to attach some importance to that sort of thing."

Orion of course caught the craze, and Sam appointed himself Orion's financial adviser. Uncle Sam had gone to Nevada as Orion's secretary, but somewhere along the road the roles seem to have changed around. The following letter doesn't quite show the restraint of a man writing to his boss: —

ESMERALDA, *May* 17. [1862]

MY DEAR BRO:

. . . Yes, I have received the $100 — much obliged. Stand by, now, for we shall let a contract on the Flyaway to-morrow, which will cost about $200 — sink a shaft 25 feet deep.

No, let the Humboldt ground alone, but keep yourself posted about the rise of property in Dayton, so that you may know what you are about when you start in to sell those lots. And post yourself about Carson property, too — so that you can sell your town lot for all it is worth. The cards are the Flyaway and the Monitor — and we will stake the whole pile on them. If they win, we are all right — if they lose, I am busted. . . .

Never send anything by that d——d stage again, that can come by MAIL, as I have said before. The pkg. envelopes cost me 50 cents. . . .

I hope Barstow will leave the "S.L.C." off my Gate City letters, in case he publishes them. Put my Enterprise letters in the scrap book — but send no extracts from them *East*. . . .

Remember me cordially to Capt. Nye, and ask

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the old cuss how "Bill" is. If I wasn't so glad to hear that the "old man" is back again, and if I hadn't been swearing so much to-day that I am about run out, I would give him a dose of slang just because I am at a safe distance and can do so with impunity. He be d——d *anyhow* — just for a starter.

Ask Tom to give my dear love to Miss P. — she with the long curls, out there under the hill.

Yr. Bro.

SAM.

The reason he wanted to leave the "S.L.C." off his letters to the Keokuk paper was to avoid repercussions from home. "Ma and Pamela seem to be down on my last to the *Gate City*," he had written to Orion several weeks earlier.

Orion may have been difficult to work with, but he does seem to have had some practical ideas. In May, Sam had written him: "Do you own in those water powers? If so — well, I recollect you *do* — it is bully. Isn't confiscating *ten miles* of one of God Almighty's rivers coming it rather strong perhaps? The more the better, though, if the thing can be stood." For a minute here Uncle Sam was letting his conscience get the better of him. But scruples over water power were unheard of at this time. He wavered, but he didn't waver long.

In the middle of the first page of a letter Uncle Sam wrote to his family from Nevada in May, 1862, is a tiny flake of gold. In a postscript to the letter he wrote: "'Prospect' from 'M.H.' ledge sticking to piece of yellow paper in the middle of this page." This gold has always stuck to the letter. It is a symbol of the fabulous riches Uncle Sam dreamed of when he was down with the gold fever.

His failure as a miner did not shake Sam's confidence in his own judgment. Years later his letters from Europe show that he still had that same buoyant self-confidence. Why he always picked the losers I haven't been quite able to make out. The only money he ever made was from writing and lecturing and the large profits of Charles L. Webster & Company, which he promptly lost.

When he worked for other people, Mark Twain made good at everything he undertook. He was a good printer, a good pilot, and a good newspaperman. He might have made a good President. But making both ends meet was not his line. When he tried to run a newspaper in Buffalo, he says himself he lost $20,000 in one year.[1]

Jane Clemens's wish — expressed in a letter dated October 12, 1862 — that Sam would give up gold mining and go into newspaper work had been granted even before she wrote the letter. He had already accepted an offer from the *Virginia City* [Nevada] *Enterprise*.

Reporters on the *Enterprise* were real people who were allowed to express their opinions and let out their emotions. They were more like our columnists today. They would pitch into their fellow reporters, write up absurd hoaxes seriously, and have a good time generally. This was just up Sam's alley. His side line in reporting became getting rid of grudges that bothered him. Very soon an official named Sewell, a coroner at Humboldt, was incautious enough to incur Sam's wrath by withholding news from the reporters in an officious and irritating manner. Sam got back at him by inventing the story of the petrified man, which was copied in other newspapers and spread all over the country.

The petrified man was supposed to be a prehistoric man whose body had been found in a cave. Sam wrote him up as a great discovery, and only a careful reading of the text would show that the petrified man was found in a sitting posture, thumbing his nose. Sewell, he reported, was holding an inquest over the deceased to try to find out how he had died, and whether anybody could be held accountable. The "Hon. Secretary" to whom he tells the story is of course Orion.

VIRGINIA CITY, N.T., *Oct.* 21, 1862.

TO THE HON. THE SEC'Y. AND DEPUTY SEC. N.T.

. . . Did you see that squib of mine headed "Petrified Man?" It is an unmitigated lie, made from whole cloth. I got it up to worry Sewell. Every day, I send him some California paper containing it; moreover, I am getting things so arranged that he will soon begin to receive letters from all parts of the country, purporting to come from scientific men, asking for further information concerning the wonderful stone man. If I had plenty of time, I would worry the life out of the poor cuss. [remainder missing]

6

UNCLE Sam would go to a good deal of trouble to teach anyone a lesson. As a small boy in Hannibal, when he had to stop something he wanted to do to escort some young lady callers home, he went out of his way to lead them through the Jimson weeds, which was very unpleasant going. In Nevada he went to considerable pains to cure his mother of the habit of writing on any sheets of paper that happened to be handy. She had no particular feeling for uniformity. In a letter from Virginia

[1] I don't believe it. S. C. W.

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City he wrote: "Ma, write on *whole* letter sheets. Is paper scarce in St. Louis?" To reinforce his orders he sent her a letter composed of papers of every size, color, and shape, including wrapping paper, the scraps all jumbled together and stuffed into an envelope. She spent several indignant hours sorting it out.

But the mere joy of teasing his mother was enough, even without a reform motive. Another time a letter came marked in each corner "Private," "Strictly Confidential," and so on. The family were all on edge to hear what it was about, but Grandma Clemens refused even to open it in their presence. She marched upstairs to read it — but in a minute she was down again, blazing with wrath. It was written in Chinese.

The Chinese letter has disappeared, but a postscript to one of his Western letters reads: "Beck Jolly will read Ma's Chinese letter for her." This was probably a further hoax. Beck Jolly was the pilot of the river boat *John J. Roe*.

His mother could always be trusted to rise to the bait. Once she said to Sam: "What do you think Annie said? She thought goobers grew on trees!" (Goobers are peanuts.) He responded at once, "Isn't that silly? Everyone knows they grow on bushes." "Bushes!" she cried. "Why — of course they don't grow on bushes!" — and she was off, with Sam adding just enough argument to keep the fire blazing.

Mark Twain's Virginia City days were among his happiest. He was leading an easy life, doing just the work he enjoyed, a friend of everybody in town, or an enemy. But occasionally he would get a little irritated when some other vagabond struck it rich, as the next letter shows: —

VIRGINIA, *Feb.* 16, 1853.

MY DR MOTHER & SISTER:

I suppose I ought to write, but I hardly know what to write about. I am not in a very good humor, to-night. I wanted to rush down and take some comfort for a few days, in San Francisco, but there is no one here, now, to take my place. They let me go, about the first of the month, to stay twenty-four hours in Carson, and I staid a week. Perhaps they haven't much confidence in me now. If they have, I am proud to say it is misplaced. I am very well satisfied here. They pay me six dollars a day, and I make 50 per cent profit by only doing three dollars' worth of work. . . .

Well, I have no news to report, unless it will interest you to know that they "struck it rich" in the "Burnside" ledge last night. The stock was worth ten dollars a foot this morning. It sells at a hundred to-night. I don't own in it, Madam, though I might have owned several hundred feet of it yesterday, you know, & I assume I would, if I had known they were going to "strike it." None of us are prophets, though. However, I take an absorbing delight in the stock market. I love to watch the prices go up. My time will come after a while, & then I'll rob somebody. I pick up a foot or two occasionally for lying about somebody's mine. I shall sell out one of these days, when I catch a susceptible emigrant. If Orion writes you a crazy letter about the "Emma Gold & Silver Mining Company," pay no attention to it. It is rich, but he owns very little stock in it. If he gets an eighth share in the adjoining company though let him blow. It will be all right. He may never get it, however.

What do you show my letters for? Can't you let me tell a lie occasionally to keep my hand in for the public, without exposing me? . . .

Uncle Sam brought back some nice-looking stock in various gold and silver mines. I remember taking some of the revenue stamps off them in later years, so they were not a total loss.

From Virginia City Uncle Sam went to California as a reporter on the *San Francisco Call*. Here he got the California fever, which is harder to get rid of than the gold fever. But San Francisco was a much larger town than Virginia City. In Virginia City, where everybody knew everybody else, he could give his writing a personal touch that was not possible in San Francisco. From being a local celebrity he dropped to a place of secondary importance. However, when *The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County* was published in 1865, he became known all over the country.

In one of its chapters he gives a dissertation on the perfect letter and uses one from my mother as a good example. She tells him that her cat has had more kittens than Lottie's and she named one after Uncle Sam but she thinks it's going to die, that she gave Miss Doosenberry one of his pictures but she said she didn't want it, and similar pieces of news. He said it was the only letter he ever got from the States that had any information in it. My mother thinks he doctored it a little, but Aunt Mollie told her she really did write him some such letter.

After a while he drifted away from the *Call*, and the *Sacramento Union* sent him on a trip to the Sandwich Islands. In a letter of May 4, 1866, published in the *Letters*, he tells how a spirited colt "let out with his left" [in the *Letters* the word "leg" is inserted!] and kicked him across a ten-acre lot when he was all ready to take a girl to a party. The unpublished part of the letter goes on: —

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. . . If I hadn't had a considerable weakness for her she might have gone to the devil under the circumstances, but as it was, I went after her. I got even with the colt; it was a very rough road, but I got there at 5 minutes past 5, & then had to quit, my leg hurt me so. She was ready and her horse was saddled, but we didn't go. But I had a jolly time — played cribbage nearly all night.

If I were worth even $5,000 I would try to marry that plantation — but as it is, I resign myself to a long & useful bachelordom as cheerfully as I may.

I had a pleasant time of it at Ulupalakua Plantation. It is 3,000 feet above the level of the sea (in plain sight from here, 25 miles;) two pretty & accomplished girls in the family & the plantation yields an income of $60,000 a year — chance for some enterprising scrub. . . .

Yrs aff'y
SAM

7

THE next two pieces of unpublished matter from letters of the period require a little background of family history to make them clear. Fate began to twist the thread back in Hannibal days. My mother writes in her family story: "One Hannibal story that both my mother and grandmother told me many times was of an election for mayor. One of the candidates furnished free whiskey, and practically every man in town was drunk. Something in the whiskey made them all very silly. Uncle Orion came home and the family were all gathered around. He was very foolish. Sam would exclaim, 'Why Orion! Why *Orion!*' He enjoyed it at first, but after a while he said, 'Orion, don't be such a fool.'"

I do not know what they put in whiskey in those days, but the "something in the whiskey" which my mother says affected Orion also affected the family fortunes. The next day Orion went out and signed the pledge, and with his natural conscientiousness he took it seriously. It was the pledge that ruined the family. At one time Orion refused to sell the Tennessee land to some winegrowers, and this fine-edged piece of scrupulousness was to Sam like soap to Old Faithful. From Honolulu, on May 22, 1866, he wrote to Orion's wife, Mollie: —

. . . It is Orion's duty to attend to that land, & after shutting me out of my attempt to sell it (for which I shall never entirely forgive him,) if he lets it be sold for taxes, all his religion will not wipe out the sin. It is no use to quote Scripture to me, Mollie, — I am in poverty & exile now because of Orion's religious scruples. Religion & poverty cannot go together. I am satisfied Orion will eventually save himself, but in doing it he will damn the balance of the family. I want no such religion. He has got a duty to perform by us — will he perform it?

I have crept into the old subject again, & opened the old sore afresh that cankers within me. It has got into many letters to you & I have burned them. But it is no use disguising it — I always feel bitter & malignant when I think of Ma & Pamela grieving at our absence & the land going to the dogs when I could have sold it & been at home now, instead of drifting about the outskirts of the world, battling for bread. If I were in the east, now, I could stop the publication of a piratical book which has stolen some of my sketches. . . .

Yr Bro
SAM

Shortly afterward, on June 21, he mentions the subject in a letter to the family. His mother was still the Supreme Court. He begins his letter: "I expect I have made Orion mad, but I don't care a cent. He wrote me to go home and sell the Tenn. land & I wrote him to go to thunder and take care of it himself. I *tried* to sell it once and he broke up the trade. . . ."

Perhaps if the Clemens family had sold the Tennessee land for a large sum Uncle Sam would have sidetracked his writing. The moral lesson to be drawn from this whole episode is confused. Was the family fortune made because there was "something" in the whiskey?

The Tennessee land finally drifted away somehow. Perhaps there was a flood. My mother remembers getting $250 from it for a quitclaim deed. I think I remember signing some papers about it myself. I know Uncle Sam wouldn't allow it to be mentioned after a while. Anyway, the family has always been careful since then to see that there is no water or other foreign substance in the whiskey.

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KHAKI JUSTICE

by LOYAL G. COMPTON

1

EVEN before they don uniform, most soldiers realize that two of their civilian prerogatives — being able to walk off a job and to talk back to the boss — will be transformed into the military crimes of desertion and disrespect to an officer. They learn of other rules a few days after their arrival at induction camp, where an officer is required to read and explain to them the forty-three punitive Articles of War. He makes no pretense, however, of explaining in detail the actual operations of the court-martial system, about which civilians know little more than that it exists.

The rudiments of military justice are contained in the Army's only indispensable legal volume. This is the 352-page *Manual for Courts-Martial, U. S. Army, 1928*, containing the 122 Articles of War, their interpretation, rules of evidence and procedure, and a table of maximum punishments.

The foundation for military law is laid down in these Articles of War, which we inherited from Gustavus Adolphus, via the British. The Articles of War for the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard are similar to those of the Army, while the various feminine counterparts — the WAC, the WAVES, the Marine Corps Women's Reserve, and the SPARS — are governed by rules patterned after those of the parent organizations. Offenses covered by these regulations, in addition to the purely military indiscretions, include those which are crimes by common-law standards and, if committed by civilians, would be punished by civil courts. The uniformed miscreant, however, has no recourse to civil courts; he forfeits that Constitutional franchise and other civil liberties when he takes the oath of induction.

The Constitution gives dominion to courts-martial. Article I, Section 8, empowers Congress "to make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces," and the Fifth Amendment provides that "no person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury, except in cases arising in the land or naval forces. . . ." The Supreme Court has recognized their judicial power and authority.

The Articles of War provide for three types of courts-martial — summary, special, and general. The summary court, which tries the mildest offenses, is composed of only one officer. It can impose sentences of confinement not in excess of one month, or restriction to certain limits (such as post boundaries) for not more than three months, or forfeiture of not more than two-thirds of one month's pay. Next in the hierarchy is the special court, composed of not fewer than three officers. It can adjudge confinement not in excess of three months, or forfeiture of not more than two-thirds pay for a period not in excess of six months.

The highest tribunal is the general court, having within its jurisdiction all the more serious offenses triable by military courts. It is composed of not fewer than five officers — usually seven or eight — and its power to impose sentence, within the table of maximum punishments and provisions of the articles, is unlimited.

Members of courts-martial and the officers assigned as trial judge advocate (the prosecutor, who sometimes occupies the anomalous position of adviser to the court) and the defense counsel, for the most part, are officers of the line branches. Officers of the Judge Advocate General's Department, all of whom are trained lawyers, generally perform their functions outside the courtroom, but if such an officer is available he usually is detailed as "law member" of the court. If a J.A.G. officer is not available, the trial may be conducted by men whose knowledge of law, in the civilian sense, has been gained from the *Manual for Courts-Martial.*

A staff member of the *New York Herald Tribune*, LOYAL G. COMPTON has made a careful inquiry into what court-martial has meant to the officers and enlisted men of our army. How just is khaki justice?

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Sixty pages of the *Manual* are devoted to forms for the guidance of the court.

While an accused soldier does well to coöperate with the officer or officers assigned to defend him, he is not bound to accept such counsel. He may choose his own counsel from among officers in his unit, or, if he is fortunate enough to have the money, he may retain a civilian lawyer. Military defense counsel is under oath to exert every effort in behalf of the accused, but Army officers admit that such counsel, if he is lackadaisical or incompetent, may damage his client's case. Yet a bombastic trial lawyer, unfamiliar with reserved court-martial procedure, probably would do worse.

As an illustration of court-martial routine, consider the case of a soldier who has been apprehended after desertion. In wartime this offense customarily is tried by a general court. After charges are preferred under oath by an accuser — usually the company commander — it is obligatory that the charges be investigated "with impartiality" by another officer. The Army views this practice as roughly equivalent to a grand jury investigation in civil procedure.

The investigating officer may recommend either trial or dismissal of the charges. If he recommends trial, the officer with authority to convene general courts-martial for the command must then refer the case to his staff judge advocate for advice. If the staff J.A. is of the opinion that the charges are in proper form and the evidence presented at the investigation sufficient to warrant trial, the commander convenes the court and the accused goes on trial. If the accused is found innocent, the matter is closed. If he is found guilty, the court fixes sentence.

Before the sentence becomes effective, however, it must be approved by the "reviewing authority"; that is, by the commander who appointed the court (or his successor), and then only after he has consulted with his staff J.A. as to the legality of the finding and the justness of the sentence. Critics of military courts insist, on this point, that too much is left to the discretion of the staff J.A., and that the final result is simply a reflection of his will and judgment. It is like pouring water down a funnel, say the critics: how can the staff J.A. be expected to report evidence he himself sifted?

The Army rebuttal is that the deserter's case does not end with sentencing. His trial record, like those of all general courts-martial, is forwarded to the Judge Advocate General's Department in Washington. Two officers in the Military Justice Division of the office examine the record for flaws, and if they find none prejudicial to the rights of the accused, the court's decision stands. On the other hand, if they should entertain doubt as to the legal sufficiency of the finding and sentence, or if the case involves a grave crime, it is checked by a three-man board of review. This board, after viewing the case abstractly, may toss it out, reduce the sentence, or affirm the court's decision. In any event, the action of the board is tantamount to a Supreme Court decision, and may be altered only by the J.A.G., the Under Secretary of War, the Secretary of War, or the President.

Bail and habeas corpus, *per se*, are alien to the khaki code. At the time charges are preferred against a soldier, whether enlisted man, noncom, or commissioned officer, the commander decides whether his liberty shall be restrained pending trial. He may be placed in "confinement" — that is, the guardhouse; he may be placed in "arrest," a moral restraint not to go beyond certain limits; or he may be left at liberty. Although it is to the advantage of the accused that he must be brought to trial within thirteen days after arrest or confinement, he will, even though convicted unfairly, be treated as guilty for as long as it requires higher authority to perceive the injustice.

2

Unfortunately, the general public displays lethargic interest in courts-martial until some peculiarly sensational case crops up. The press may have access to any court-martial unless excluded for cause by the presiding officer; but actually, in either peacetime or wartime, the press seldom gets an inkling of a trial in which it might be interested. A case in point occurred in December, 1917, when seventeen Negro soldiers were hanged *simultaneously* at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, for engaging in a riot against civilian policemen. Although this was news of considerable magnitude, the public did not learn of it until after the war. It is quite possible that the press, in failing to pry into such cases, is guilty of a gross lack of enterprise, but it is also true that the Army conceals the facts.

A trial record is available to the press only if the accused, who by Army law must be supplied with a copy, wishes to release it; the J.A.G.'s office holds that its transcripts are not privileged, although those of civil courts are. This attitude subjects the J.A.G.'s office to the same criticism that may be leveled at all departmental rulings, as opposed to judicial findings: rarely is the public told who analyzes the facts and reaches the conclusions that go out in the name of the responsible head of the department.

Consider the unsavory episode of Colonel William

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T. Colman. This thirty-nine-year-old commander of Selfridge Field, Michigan, in drunken irresponsibility and without provocation, shot and wounded his Negro chauffeur, Private Willie McRea, of Morven, North Carolina. The following day, May 6, 1943, he was relieved of his command. On September 14, eight colonels and a lieutenant colonel sitting on a general court convicted Colonel Colman of "careless use of firearms" and four counts of drunkenness, but acquitted him of other charges, including misappropriation of government property and using his influence to obtain the illegal transfer of soldiers to his base.

The sentence was the pay-off. The court ordered Colonel Colman reduced in rank to a captaincy, placed at the foot of the Captains list, and withheld from promotion for three years. An outraged public, mindful that a civilian in a similar situation would be punished by something more than loss of face, deluged the War Department with telegrams of protest and demands that Colman be cashiered. Finally, on November 9, the press associations reported without amplification that the War Department (not Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson or any other individual) had announced that Colman was being "retired."

Another case which served to give the court-martial system a black eye in public esteem was that of Private John Hubinyak, a twenty-six-year-old coal miner from Central City, Pennsylvania. As a draftee in the summer of 1941 at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, Private Hubinyak was sentenced to ten years in prison on insubordination charges. The sentence was condemned on the floor of Congress, and eventually Under Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson, acting on recommendation of an unidentified board of review, reduced the sentence to three years.

In a recent discussion of the Hubinyak case, an Army officer pointed out that the public must bear in mind that "many soldiers would be glad to remain in prison during the war to avoid fighting. . . . The sentence must be for a longer period than the war is likely to last if it is to be a punishment and a deterrent." To this should be added the words of Major General Allen W. Gullion, who as Judge Advocate General in September, 1941, told the American Bar Association: —

"But should we go to war there will be instances where severe sentences may be adjudged for purely military offenses. . . . If such sentences after review and final action still seem severe I trust the country will realize that in the considered judgment of humane and sympathetic men the sentences were measured by the damage to military discipline and efficiency and to the safety of the country, and were regarded as necessary."

In the same address General Gullion elucidated the Army's theory that punishment should be imposed as a deterrent, rather than as retribution or with an eye to reformation. Various ideological blocs, notably organized labor, have found it difficult to accept this theory. For instance, there was the case of Sergeant Alton I. Levy, of the Bronx, formerly an organizer for the A. F. of L. International Ladies' Garment Workers Union. Convicted on August 16, 1943, at the Lincoln (Nebraska) Army Air Base on charges that he had spread slanderous rumors about the company commander and the latter's wife, Sergeant Levy was sentenced to reduction to private, confinement at hard labor for four months, and forfeiture of $18 a month for the same period. Labor and allied groups rallied to Levy's defense, charging that he had been convicted on debatable evidence and that it was his protests against alleged Jim Crow restrictions on the post which actually brought about his trial.

Demands for the name of Levy's accuser remain unanswered by the War Department, leading some of Levy's more vehement champions to wonder aloud if it is not true that many rank-and-file soldiers are quietly "railroaded" because they have no outside organizations on which to call for succor. This suggestion, naturally, brings indignant denials from the War Department, which insists that in the vast majority of cases the accused receives punishment which is deserved.

On the heels of the Levy case, which commanded relatively little attention from the press, came one that hit the front pages, and was facetiously dubbed *l'affaire Patton*. Lieutenant General George S. Patton, Jr., beyond all question, struck a hospitalized and shell-shocked soldier (perhaps two) during the campaign in Sicily. The spectacle took place in an evacuation hospital at Sant' Agata di Militello, commanded by a colonel identified thus far only as a resident of General Patton's home town. It was this colonel, according to one account, who restrained the nurse who would have leaped upon the impetuous general. Whether this colonel made an official report of the incident is not certain. One newspaper correspondent, checking with General Dwight D. Eisenhower, was told that General Eisenhower knew of Patton's rash act and had "taken the hide off him." Another correspondent wrote that Eisenhower had not heard of the episode until newsmen called it to his attention.

It is hard to judge to what extent the strategy of the Mediterranean campaign made necessary the suppression of the story and dictated the disposi-

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tion of the case. We are told that General Patton apologized to the soldier, to those who witnessed the cuffing, and to the entire Seventh Army. But there is the inescapable fact that General Patton's service record is without blemish because official channels apparently were by-passed.

3

Those who believe General Patton should have been court-martialed will be surprised to learn that in not one of the forty-three punitive Articles of War is it specifically made an offense for an officer to assault a subordinate. It is true, of course, that he could have been made to answer to A. W. 95, which decrees that "any officer or cadet who is convicted of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman shall be dismissed from the service."

A. W. 95 has been interpreted to cover many things, such as failure to pay debts, moral turpitude, opening another's letters without authorization, cruel treatment of soldiers, and non-support of family. This was the article invoked in 1926 against the late Brigadier General William (Billy) Mitchell of the Army Air Service, as the Army Air Force was known before its tremendous expansion. The court held that General Mitchell's blunt-spoken championship of air power, contrary to General Staff policy in those halcyon pre-Pearl Harbor days, constituted conduct unbecoming to an officer, and ordered him suspended from the service for five years. No equivocator, Mitchell promptly resigned. (General Douglas MacArthur, who was later to cry out futilely for more planes on Bataan, was a member of that court.)

The trial judge advocate in the proceedings against General Mitchell was the officer who later became Judge Advocate General, Major General Gullion. General Gullion, a native of Kentucky, held the position from December, 1937, to December, 1941, when President Roosevelt nominated him Provost Marshal General. He was succeeded by the present Judge Advocate General, Major General Myron C. Cramer, of Tacoma, Washington. General Cramer, who was born in Connecticut in 1881 and was graduated from Harvard Law School in 1907, had served as an assistant professor of law at the United States Military Academy, as staff judge advocate of the Philippine Department, and as chief of the Contracts Section of the J.A.G.'s office.

Perhaps the most dramatic military trial since General Cramer took office was that of the eight Nazi saboteurs who were landed on the East Coast from U-boats in the summer of 1942. General Cramer and Attorney General Francis Biddle prosecuted Hitler's agents before a military commission of seven generals (a military commission differs principally from a court-martial in that it ordinarily is formed to try civilians), with the result that six of the defendants were electrocuted, one received a sentence of life imprisonment, and one got thirty years. They were defended by two United States Army officers, Colonels Cassius M. Dowell and Kenneth Royall.

For good reason, this trial was conducted behind guarded doors, and Secretary Stimson ordained that the trial record be sealed until after victory. There can be no legitimate excuse, however, for star-chamber proceedings at the proposed court-martial of Major General Walter C. Short and Rear Admiral Husband E. Kimmel on formal charges of dereliction of duty in the Pearl Harbor catastrophe. Indeed, they have indicated that they want the full story laid before the public; but just when the trial will be held is a matter of conjecture. Washington observers believe that it may be postponed for many additional months, if not until after the war.

Undoubtedly, the tales which will be told by soldiers after the war will bring the court-martial system under close scrutiny by the public. This was true when troops returned from World War I with yarns of incredibly harsh punishments imposed by courts-martial. Many were probably fictitious, but others were corroborated by Brigadier General Samuel T. Ansell, now retired, who had been Acting Judge Advocate General during part of the war. In February, 1919, testifying before the Senate Military Affairs Committee, General Ansell branded the system as "gross, terrible injustice."

He cited such examples as that of the soldier who went absent without leave for five months to remain at the bedside of his dying father. The day after his father's funeral the soldier reported back for duty. He was tried and sentenced to death. In another instance, a private was sentenced to forty years' imprisonment for smoking at his post. On his own authority, without the knowledge of Secretary of War Newton D. Baker, General Ansell had reduced or set aside such Gilbert and Sullivan conceptions of justice.

Many Army officers, particularly those who had returned to civil life, joined in the barrage of criticism from press and pulpit. The uproar subsided only after Congress, in 1920, enacted several amendments to the Articles of War as recommended by a special War Department board of investigation. Of greatest significance was the creation of A. W. 50½, setting up the system of automatic review.

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While this helped to quiet those persons who demanded the establishment of a civilian court of appeals to which an accused soldier could petition for redress, some critics still believe such a civilian court is desirable.

Members of the Judge Advocate General's Department, who are distinguishable by their crossed pen-and-sword insignia, hail A. W. 37 as the most intelligent piece of legislation to be found in any criminal code. Under this article, the proceedings of a court-martial may not be held invalid on the ground of improper evidence or rejection of evidence or for any error in pleading or procedure unless the reviewing authority finds that "the error complained of has injuriously affected the substantial rights of an accused." This, say the members of the Department, allows reason and common sense to prevail over the fine technicalities often resorted to by lawyers and judges in criminal courts.

An unorthodox procedure, by civilian gauge, occurs when members of a court-martial retire to discuss findings and sentence. Unanimity is required for conviction only on a charge for which the death penalty is mandatory, and there is but one such — spying. For all other convictions a two-thirds vote is sufficient, while any vote less than this is a finding of not guilty. In sentencing, a unanimous vote is required only in imposing a death penalty; concurrence of three fourths is required for imprisonment for life or for more than ten years, and two thirds for any other sentence.

The voting is by secret ballot, and each officer is under oath not to disclose his vote. This scheme, according to the Army, insures against the traditional deference to rank. It is fraternal knowledge, however, that it is the junior officer, not the veteran, who is most inclined to "throw the book" at the culprit.

Obviously there is less protection for the accused under the fractional vote than for a civilian before a trial jury whose twelve members must concur for conviction. But, on reflection, it will be seen that the two-thirds vote is as fair to the innocent as to the guilty. It also has the advantage of eliminating that frequent phenomenon of civil trials, the hung jury, by which criminals who patently are guilty escape punishment. The Army has an axiom: "A guilty man dreads facing a court-martial, but the innocent man would rather face it than a civilian court."

4

Study of the *Manual for Courts-Martial* shows that maximum punishments in the Army for crimes denounced by the United States Criminal Code correspond generally with the maxima in that code. Punishment for purely military derelictions is another matter. Since the office of the Judge Advocate General has no statistics on the average punishments for military offenses, the only guide is the table of maximum punishments, of which some provisions have been suspended by the President.

In peacetime, a deserter who gave himself up after an absence of more than sixty days was liable to dishonorable discharge and confinement at hard labor for a year, during which time he would forfeit all pay. Now A. W. 58 is in effect without limitation, and it provides: "Any person subject to military law who deserts or attempts to desert the service of the United States shall, if the offense be committed in time of war, suffer death or such other punishment as a court-martial may direct. . . ."

If a soldier was absent without leave for less than sixty days in peacetime, his punishment was limited to confinement at hard labor for three days, plus suspension of two days' pay, for each day or fraction thereof that he was absent. This limitation has been suspended by the President, and A. W. 61, which covers A.W.O.L.'s, provides that they "shall be punished as a court-martial may direct."

For willfully disobeying or assaulting his superior officer a soldier may be executed. In the language of A. W. 64: "Any person subject to military law who, on any pretense whatsoever, strikes his superior officer or draws or lifts up any weapon or offers any violence against him, being in the execution of his office, or willfully disobeys any lawful command of his superior officer, shall suffer death or such other punishment as a court-martial may direct." In peacetime the "ceiling" punishment for willful disobedience was dishonorable discharge, forfeiture of all pay, and confinement at hard labor for five years.

Army statutes also provide that the death penalty may be imposed for failure to suppress mutiny and, if the crimes fall within Army jurisdiction, for murder and rape — the supreme penalty being discretionary at all times. At its discretion in time of war, the Army may exact the death penalty for such other military misdeeds as improper use of the countersign, forcing a safeguard, and being found drunk or asleep on post. Presidential confirmation of all death sentences is mandatory today, as opposed to the Civil War era when Abraham Lincoln heeded a mother's plea and intervened to save her son from the firing squad.

Political campaigns would be dull but on a higher plane if politicians were restricted by A. W. 62, which prohibits any person subject to military law from

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uttering contemptuous or disrespectful words against the President, the Vice President, the Secretary of War, and members of Congress. Since the Army is not entirely devoid of humor, this article is probably invoked less than any other. At the other extreme, the article which probably is called into play most often (excepting those covering desertion and A.W.O.L.) is A. W. 96. It covers "all disorders and neglects to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, all conduct of a nature to bring discredit upon the military service, and all crimes or offenses not capital." Under this catch-all, soldiers have been punished for abusing an animal, gambling, lending money at usurious rates of interest, having a dirty rifle, and such conduct as may be classified under "committing a nuisance."

If the offense is of a strictly military type, a court-martial is the only tribunal empowered to try the accused, but in many cases the crime is punishable under the laws of the land, whether it occurred on or off a military reservation. In event of the latter, civilian authorities may exercise jurisdiction only if they can gain the consent of the military.

Concerning jurisdiction, there was the case of Private George Schubert Knapp, of St. Paul, Minnesota, who was hanged in March, 1943, at the Leon Springs (Texas) Military Reservation for the slaying of eight-year-old Lucy Maynard, of Bastrop, Texas. Knapp had been convicted by a military court, although the crime occurred off the post. Had the military court acquitted him, Knapp could not have been tried by civil authorities because the principle that no one may be placed in double jeopardy is mutually respected by military and civil courts. For this reason a court-martial is held immediately if a sentry in performance of his duty shoots a civilian, and an insignificant penalty is imposed. This protects the sentry from any possible vindictive action on the part of civil authorities.

One of the most interesting controversies over jurisdiction came to light in February of this year. In United States District Court in Columbus, Ohio, Judge Mell G. Underwood ruled that merchant seamen serving on vessels operated as a part of an Army supply line are subject to military jurisdiction. He gave the decision in denying a writ of habeas corpus to Jacob N. Berue, of Philadelphia, a merchant seaman confined in the Federal reformatory at Chillicothe, Ohio. Berue had been sentenced to seven years at hard labor (later cut to two years) by an Army court-martial at Casablanca, Algiers, on a charge of striking the civilian master of his ship. The circumstances, Judge Underwood decided, placed the case under military law rather than maritime law. The National Maritime Union announced that it would appeal, to prevent "about 150,000 merchant seamen from finding themselves in the Army without knowing they were in the Army."

State attorneys usually are amazed to learn of the high percentage of convictions by courts-martial. In 1940, for instance, there were 1851 general courts-martial with only 75 acquittals. Critics cite such statistics in support of the "funneling" charge, but the Army extols them as evidence of the efficiency of the preliminary investigation in eliminating the innocent. Of the 1776 convicted by general courts in 1940, 1684 received sentences of confinement averaging 12.88 months. In the same year there were 4406 special courts-martial, with 4185 convictions, and 10,134 summary courts-martial, with 9993 convictions. Of the seventeen officers tried that year, two were found not guilty.

In the decade preceding the peacetime draft there was an encouraging decline in the rate of courts-martial. Honors for this decline must be bestowed upon General Gullion. Disregarding precedent, he constantly reminded company commanders that they, by relying upon A. W. 104 providing for summary discipline, could control their men without preferring charges, except in rare cases. Ready resort to courts-martial, he stressed, "too often means laziness or inefficiency on the part of the company commander."

General Cramer, no less liberal than General Gullion, has demonstrated that he, too, has no qualms about departing from the "spit and polish" tradition. Last year, enlarging upon practices at the disciplinary barracks such as those at Fort Leavenworth and Alcatraz, General Cramer caused "rehabilitation centers" to be set up in each of the nine Service Commands. At these centers training programs combining hard work and modern psychological methods have been substituted for the usual penal procedures.

The Army avowedly will continue dealing out commensurate sentences for capital and major crimes. But any soldier convicted of insubordination, going A.W.O.L., desertion, sleeping on post, or other military breaches, if there are extenuating circumstances, will receive an opportunity to clear his record at a rehabilitation center.

This 1944 application of khaki justice — by which the Army already has reclaimed thousands of men who otherwise would be languishing in stockades — should prove that oft-expressed commentary of battle-wise veterans: "The bad boy on the post often makes the fightingest soldier at the front."

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PRISONER IN GERMANY

by CAPTAIN ROBIN CAMPBELL, D.S.O.

1

One of the odd things about being taken prisoner of war is that nobody to whom it happens ever seems to have imagined the possibility. When I was wounded in a raid behind the enemy lines in Cyrenaica in November, 1941, it suddenly became obvious to me that I should have to be left behind when the others withdrew and that I must fall into the hands of the Germans. My first thought was, "But this can't be happening to *me*." After this first wild recoil I was able to examine my situation more calmly. I had quite expected to be killed and I was only wounded in the leg. I was flooded by a sense of relief. There was nothing more I could do and I began to feel almost serene (perhaps the morphia I had taken helped) and only slightly apprehensive about what the Germans would do to me.

After three months of illness and the amputation of my damaged leg, the relief at being alive was reinforced by the joy of convalescence, and even now, after two years, I still feel it sometimes.

I spent a year in various hospitals and then was sent to a prison camp for British officers in Thuringia, Central Germany. Looking back, I discover that I soon adopted a double perspective for living in captivity: looking at my life from a vantage point in the future outside prison, and dealing with every actual problem of avoiding discomfort in prison only as and when it arose. For a prisoner wounded in such a way that he knows he cannot escape, this way of living from day to day and hour to hour avoids fret and worry about the immediate future. He knows — or rather trusts — that one day he will emerge again into freedom, but there is nothing he can do to bring that day any nearer. He need have no anxieties except about such questions as the amount of straw in his mattress and how to make one tin of condensed milk last a week.

Once he is inside the barbed-wire perimeter of a prison camp, the prisoner finds that he has left most of the anxieties and responsibilities of ordinary life on the outside. For one thing there is no money. The Germans issue special paper currency for prisoners of war; but since there is nothing to buy, it represents nothing. Some prisoners used it to bet with, but I could never find any satisfaction in winning a sheaf of paper. But with some people acquisitiveness must be something more than a habit, for there are prisoners of war who never lose it. They exercise their miserly propensities by hoarding such rarities as razor blades, lavatory paper, and matches. Numerous cardboard boxes full of more or less useful possessions accrete round these people. Every now and again they do produce with the air of a conjurer the very thing that is needed. The improvident avoid the strain of packing and unpacking numerous cardboard boxes (the usual form of prisoners' luggage) when moving camp. And since your baggage is searched for contraband both on departure and arrival, you usually have to pack three times for one journey.

Another great simplification of existence is that food and clothes are free. No amount of effort will secure a man more than his share of either — at least no ordinary effort, and success is not admired. Supplies of both food and clothes are supplemented by rare parcels from home, but the Red Cross rules that no prisoner may have more than a certain number. The food supplied in the Red Cross parcels is wholesome though monotonous, and so not particularly appetizing; not that this matters, because the quantity is such that the appetite never needs stimulating. It is seldom that you finish a meal without the sensation that you could easily begin all over again. This, I have always been told, is the sign of a healthy diet and I certainly found it so.

Captain Robin Campbell, D.S.O., was severely wounded in the Commando raid on Rommel's headquarters in 1941. Taken prisoner by the Germans, he spent some months in the military hospitals in Greece while his "damaged leg" was healing. Thence he was transported to the prison camps in Germany where he felt, rather than saw, the turning tide of war. His account was written in England this spring after he had been exchanged.

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Sometimes after a breakfast at nine o'clock of two slices of German black bread with margarine and jam and a large mug of English tea with sugar and condensed milk, I became so hungry by one o'clock that I found it difficult to concentrate on whatever I was doing, but usually there would be a hunk of bread to gnaw.

Prisoners from the campaign in France told me that in the first months before the Red Cross food began to arrive, they were so weak from hunger that it cost them a real effort and several rests to climb two flights of stairs. I am unusually greedy and before being captured I had been in the habit of giving a great deal of attention to food, but after four months I could eat almost anything and I became much more interested in quantity than quality. I was only occasionally tortured by day-dreams of oysters and lobster Newburg.

As to clothes, most of us, whatever our previous habits, came to regard them as only necessary coverings. There were a few persistent dandies who regularly appeared in uniforms with glittering buttons and lustrous shoes and who wore hats. They were regarded as harmless eccentrics. Not that the rest of us were very squalid, for there was an unexpressed feeling that it would be a very bad show not to shave punctually every day in spite of the fact that razor blades were extremely scarce (one blade had to do for six weeks or two months) and we had hot water only once a fortnight. Most prisoners just continued to wear a suit of battledress until it wore out, and then applied to the English camp store for a new one, which they were given after a sort of means test.

By far the most unpleasant discomfort of a prison camp is the total lack of privacy. I shared a bed-sitting room about twenty feet square with fifteen other prisoners. We slept in double-decker beds which were ranged round the walls to leave space for two tables and some twelve kitchen chairs. I never grew accustomed to the gravelly hardness of those beds, which had loose wooden boards where springs should have been and on top a palliasse meagerly stuffed with straw. The longest period I was ever alone in this room was eighteen minutes. There was a small room used as a library where I used to go and read in the mornings; if you did not get there early enough there was no room to sit down. Even here the silence was broken by people coming to change their books at midday. To become adapted to this lack of solitude it was necessary to develop a kind of reptilian insensitiveness — like crocodiles in their tank at the Zoo, which walk over each other without either appearing to notice the other.

When sixteen people live in the same room together for a year or more the evasions and other polite subterfuges of ordinary life naturally become impossible. Every word you speak to one of the fifteen is probably in the hearing of the other fourteen or some of them, so that you cannot assume different personalities with different people. Nor can you hope to dissemble with success your opinion on any subject. The only hope for comfortable relationships in these circumstances is candor softened by imaginative understanding. Although every person in the room more or less knows the opinion of every other person on any subject, there is plenty of discussion, which rather easily becomes abusive argument. Prisoners are thrown together more by the random play of chance than by any stringently selective principle, and so their views are extremely diverse. (I was surprised that so many of them were agreed that politics were a dirty racket and all politicians hypocrites on the make.) Apart from occasional acrimony, good temper in argument is usual.

2

Living permanently surrounded by so many people with whom they are on terms of schoolboy superficial intimacy, I imagine that all prisoners at times feel intensely lonely and sick for home. Even the most insensitive have their days of black depression. It is the result, perhaps, of the sterility of an existence entirely deprived of the company of women and children (though I once heard an unashamed lecher declare that he missed dogs more than women). An exclusively male community seems to me to lack emotional drive and spontaneity. Many prisoners do become very firm friends, more usually because of shared experience than common tastes, but this kind of relationship seems more comforting than stimulating. It is accurately described by the phrase, "It is so nice to be with someone you don't have to talk to unless you feel like it."

In a tightly confined society which is compacted by the common aim of presenting a united front to the Germans, the derelictions of the individual are all on the social plane. Prisoners have found that the best, indeed only, way to treat the Germans is by an uncompromising insistence upon their rights under the Geneva Convention and by instant and persistent complaint to the Protecting Power (the Swiss who periodically visit the camp) if these rights are infringed. In my experience most Germans are constantly trying to put the relationship on another footing. The attitude and conduct of one type implies: "You are the prisoners of the *Herren-*

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volk and we shall treat you as we think proper without any of this nonsense about international agreements. We are knightly and magnanimous, not Bolsheviks, so we will not shoot you unless you do something to annoy us." Another type is constantly trying to insinuate a transaction into the relationship. He will say, in effect: "Look here, you and I are sensible fellows and we neither of us want trouble and unpleasantness. I will let you do or have whatever it may be if you will just give me your word as an officer that you will not try to escape." The concessions offered are commonly far short of the prisoners' rights laid down in the Geneva Convention. Every form of insidious tactic is used in the attempt to supplant the Convention as the basis of the relationship between prisoners and German camp authorities.

The commandant of a hospital where I was for a time one day declared that one Red Cross parcel of food a fortnight per prisoner was quite enough and that he did not propose to adhere to the rule of one parcel a week per prisoner laid down by the International Red Cross. He refused to allow the food store to be opened. The senior English doctor pointed out that the German commandant could not decide such things. His reply was: "On the contrary; I command this hospital and I intend to see that English prisoners are not better fed than German civilians." After a good deal of argument he proposed a compromise. The English doctor remained inflexible and filed a complaint.

After about a month, during which the prisoners were on short rations, he must have received orders from the German War Office, at the instances of the Swiss, to adhere to the agreed rate, for he announced with a great show of magnanimity that he had decided to issue one parcel a week to every prisoner. This arrogance has its useful side; commandants cannot abide the thought of their subordinates' stooping to swindle the English. Two German quartermasters caught stealing rations meant for British prisoners received the dreaded punishment of being sent to the eastern front.

It is easy to see that compromise with the German authorities is fatal and inflexibility essential. The lowest thing a prisoner can do in the opinion of his fellows is to betray the united front of inflexibility for his own comfort and advantage. All forms of selfishness are instantly detected and loudly denounced. Prisoners develop a hawk eye for "rackets," but appeasement is the deadliest crime.

The British have one enormous advantage over prisoners of other nationalities. They expect to be well treated. In spite of wartime propaganda about devilish Huns, they are genuinely astonished and indignant if they are not cared for as honored guests. This applies particularly to privates. Their standards of food, sanitation, and comfort are so high, and their astonishment and disgust when expected to put up with lower standards so unfeigned and unrancorous, that the Germans, unwilling to admit that their own standards are lower, are shamed into making improvements. It is quite impossible for the Germans to put across any *Herrenvolk* stuff in the face of the innocent arrogance of British soldiers, who are impenetrable to the idea of German superiority and simply think it uproariously funny. This baffles the Germans.

In spite of persistent efforts to propagandize British troops through the medium of a weekly newspaper called *The Camp*, I do not believe they have made any impression at all. *The Camp* has the usual three main lines of attack. First, the Germans are winning the war (the weekly summary of the war news is so flagrantly absurd that it defeats its end); the British should get together with the Germans, because, if the Allied powers win, Russia will be supreme in Europe and the United States will appropriate the Empire (variations on this theme are plugged weekly in an article, "The German Point of View," which is very "sane and moderate" in tone); the honest English workingman is being exploited by capitalist Jews. These views are sandwiched between articles on such subjects as German motorcycle engines and German football, English football and racing results, and chronicles of camp sports and concerts and other contributions written by the prisoners themselves. I suspect that hardly anybody who reads the paper reads "The German Point of View." If propaganda exerts its influence on the subconscious level of the mind, I suppose *The Camp* must have some influence, though I have never seen the slightest sign that it has.

3

I BELIEVE almost every prisoner would agree that the attitude of the Germans towards the war and towards us has altered considerably since 1940. I am told by those who were captured in that year that after the fall of France the Germans were boasting that the war would be decided in their favor in a few months and that they treated English prisoners atrociously. When I was captured in November, 1941, they were still full of confidence. Indeed they had grounds for confidence then. During the time I was in hospital in Athens we failed to destroy Rommel's forces in North Africa; we lost Singapore and the Russians were retreating.

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I had an exasperating conversation with a Stuka pilot who had broken his arm. He was full of bounce and rather condescending. He thought it foolish of us to have made war on Germany, and it was a pity they were going to have to hurt us. My argument about violated agreements failed to convince him because he would have it that the occupation of Prague had preceded the Munich Agreement.

I was exasperated, too, by the German women who visited the wards and brought cigarettes and picture papers to the German troops in the Athens hospital. They fussed about mournfully in their shabby, ill-fitting black clothes. After sympathizing over my amputated leg, one of these crows gloomily said to me one day: "I am sure you did not want this war any more than we did, but what can people like you and me do? It's the governments that decide these things, isn't it?" No amount of talk could have shown her her mistake. It is sad to reflect that so many good, kind, middle-aged and old women will have to suffer for their cow-like submission to German men. But I have no doubt that they would have thought Hitler perfectly splendid if he had won the war, and that they would have been the first to applaud in foolish wonder — even though in Athens, where these women were living, some five hundred Greeks were at that time dying of starvation daily.

The ebbing of German confidence in the result of the war was quite obvious after Stalingrad (for which they had a day of national mourning) and Tunisia, and was often reflected in their attitude towards prisoners. Guards became more accommodating and some even frankly conciliatory. I heard one guard say to a prisoner: "You won't forget how good I've always been to you English?" If they had an unpopular task to perform, such as making all prisoners get up in the middle of the night for a search, they would often excuse themselves by saying: "We are sorry, but we are only doing our duty by carrying out orders." Since obliteration bombing began, the civilians whom prisoners meet traveling in trains from one prison camp to another are perhaps a shade less ready to start conversations.

It was while traveling that I had the unforgettable experience of seeing a man literally foaming at the mouth with rage. He was a railway guard who had to hold up a train for a party of prisoners and their luggage. He shouted, he bellowed, and flecks of froth flew from his lips; he was pale and shaking. He must have been boiling up against his life for a long time. When he began to shout, the blank incomprehension and mild concern on the faces of the prisoners infuriated him still more. I do not believe I have ever seen a man so angry. To pretend not to understand is the most effective answer to shouting Germans unless they are in a shooting mood.

Prisoners of other nationalities (except Americans) probably have a harder time than the British. For one thing they get far less food. The Russians, for example, are underfed and many are worked to death. They are generally treated as a commodity much less valuable than cattle. I saw many who were doing hard manual labor up till a fortnight before their death from tuberculosis of the lungs. Wherever it is possible, British prisoners give them extra food and cigarettes. Most of those I saw seemed bewildered and childlike; at the first sign of friendliness they broke into happy smiles. In 1942, most of the French prisoners I saw seemed depressed, sloppy, and surly, and they displayed numerous photographs of Pétain in their sleeping quarters. But in the last year their spirits have risen and now they usually wave and shout friendly greetings to passing British prisoners. I met a French major, aged fifty-three and the father of twelve children, who had broken his arm trying to escape from his guards by jumping out of a train traveling twenty-five miles an hour.

4

German women do not always take advantage of the legal protection afforded by the Reich (which, by the way, is often referred to by British soldiers as "the Third and Last") against the amorous advances of working prisoners. Notices are prominently displayed in working camps warning prisoners that they are liable to ten years' imprisonment for speaking to a German woman without special permission. I met a Frenchman who had faked an illness to get into hospital to escape the attentions of a mother and her daughter at the farm where he worked. He explained that he had had an instant success with the daughter, but her mother had discovered the affair and, anxious to supplant her daughter, was blackmailing him by threatening to denounce him to the police. An English soldier told me that he had seen a woman being led through the main street of her village with a placard round her neck announcing: "I have been the whore of a prisoner while my husband was fighting at the eastern front."

Conditions in an officers' prison camp form the perfect background for reading and writing. Being deprived of many outlets for action, and freed from the mental and sensual distractions of normal life, the mind seems to need some load to grapple with

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if it is not to race like an engine with slipping clutch. Particular books are hard to get, and I found I could easily read and enjoy such formidably unreadable works as the life of Herbert Spencer in two volumes with a score of appendices. I found my mind worked more clearly and connectedly than ever before.

For people whose only form of expression is action, the narrow confinement and monotony are torment. We calculated that one unquiet spirit had walked at least 10,000 miles and worn out six pairs of boots since his capture, simply by pacing round and round the compound — a gravel space some fifty yards square. Many prisoners learned to play some musical instrument; one man constructed a model galleon out of toothbrush handles; a number played bridge or poker every evening of their lives; theatricals occupied a good bit of the time of others; many learned languages and worked for examinations.

5

On the whole I should say that captivity had a beneficial effect upon all but the most unteachable. Nobody has a job which occupies his whole energy; nobody can say: "I've finished my work and now I will go to the cinema, pay 2s. 4d. and be entertained, or I will put on my slippers and read a detective story or turn on the radio." Prison life is not divided into thought-tight compartments of work and play. If prisoners want entertainment they must work for it themselves. Most of them therefore find some activity which is neither completely one thing nor the other, but both at once. Their mental energy thus becomes spread over their whole waking life and it is virtually impossible in prison surroundings not to be led by this shift of perspective to some consideration of the bases on which your life and the lives of others rest. They learn to question these bases and to overhaul and sometimes to revise the values by which they have lived their lives. Those who do this seem to become more aware and more understanding.

The trouble is that imprisonment goes on too long. I fancy that many people would benefit by a year of enforced inactivity and freedom from small anxieties and distractions to examine the presuppositions and aims of their conduct and that of others. But unless these people are practiced mystics, the lack of novelty in time breeds a dreadful staleness. There are some unfortunate men who were captured in the first weeks of the war, and many who have been in prison camps since the summer of 1940, who are still there.

Returning to England is an overwhelming experience for one who has been a prisoner of war. It is a distinct shock to find that the world outside is no longer hostile, but eager to be kind and helpful. Solitude and the freedom to go and come and see whom you will are intoxicating. It is a form of convalescence in which all impressions are more vivid and the exercise of every faculty and appetite more deeply enjoyable. Returned prisoners are not the best people to ask about the changes in life at home, for they are concerned to recognize and greet all that has remained unchanged and familiar. The great contrast for prisoners is between England and Germany, for in Germany every civilian looks gloomy and hagridden. Even before the war they looked a bit like this, but I believe they have now lost confidence in the future and, though all that I was able to see of Germany convinced me that they are far from collapse, their morale is noticeably lower than at the end of 1941 when I was captured.

Many prisoners are passionately curious about post-war planning, and a copy of the Beveridge Report was a favorite in the camp. The best sorts of books to send to a prisoner are books on his special subject, books of permanent serious interest, and a sprinkling of contemporary novels. But I think that perhaps the best possible way to help prisoners of war is for their relatives to write to them regularly. It is most depressing to feel that your absence makes no difference. It is encouraging to be told occasionally that you are being missed. To receive a letter always lessens the feeling of being a forgotten, useless exile; it strengthens the ties with the life you would like to be sharing. I found that it was not so much the big events that I was glad to hear about as details about personalities.

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FROM THE HEAD OF ZEUS

by NOLAN MILLER

1

JOHN WELLS came in on the afternoon train, a day before the College opened. The day coach was crowded with students. He sat among them, anonymous, making a halfhearted attempt to read and an energetic, more successful effort to protect the Gladstone he had brought from home in Boston. About him surged the undergraduate mass, coagulative and peremptory. Outside his window passed the flat land of Ohio. The September browns were livened by faded greens and, in country back yards, spots of chrysanthemum yellow and red.

The thin, long-legged girl who called his name on the station platform at New Messina was ugly — yes, the *ugliest* child he had ever seen. And she had not a trace of the homeliness that is called "interesting." Her bones were big and conspicuous, the skin covering them dewy and pale. Her hair, horsy red, in coarse braids, was tied with blue ribbons. Her teeth wore a wet gold wire.

"How did you know who I was?" asked Wells.

The child hitched up her crumpled brown skirt, tucked in her shrunken sweater.

"I've got the car," she said, and picked up his bag. "Why, I looked up your picture in the office."

"In Dean Smith's office?"

"Well, I *had* to know what you looked like. Father said — Oh, maybe you don't know. Dean Smith is my father."

With careful recklessness, she backed the car. They whirled into the busy, faded main street of the town. "I'm Gretchen Smith."

"Aren't you pretty young to be driving a car?" asked Wells. The look she turned on him was so seriously mature, so faintly reproving, that it was he who felt childish.

"I'm thirteen," she said seriously. As though that would not be a fact sufficient, she added, "Mr. Howland — he's the mayor — gave me a special license."

She was a very grave child, Wells decided.

The Smith house was of a kind familiar to him, the comfortable, slightly worn, dusty, book-and-picture-crowded faculty residence that he had taken tea in, had had consultations and quiet, endless, literary parties in as a student — a bedroom upstairs, with a closed door, that was the professor's study, much of bare floors, a few good but worn Turkish rugs, flowered crash drapes, a sepia water stain in the tub, the tinkle of a catarrhal faucet in the washbasin. His room had two windows exchanging cool, garden-scented breezes through billowing curtains. In the back yard a moss-tinged tennis court, rather hummocky, and at the side of the garage, rows of tomato plants juggling ripening fruit.

"There are towels in the top bureau drawer, I think," said Gretchen. "Oh, here's Mother."

"Hello, Mr. Wells."

Mrs. Smith was older than he had expected — bobbed gray hair, short, stout but not awkward, sweetly placid, rather pretty. He liked her at once. Sensible and intelligent and unexcitable.

"There's a front room you might like better," she suggested.

"No, I like this — it's very nice."

"We'll move in a more comfortable chair. Anything you particularly like to eat? We'll have dinner in about an hour."

Dean Smith was a very pleasant man. Field, history. Hobby, archaeology. The College had given him a sabbatical two years before; the Smiths had taken the time in Mexico and he had enjoyed a fine winter, pottering around. There were serapes on the dining-room walls. Mrs. Smith was proud of the blue handmade glass.

"Have to show you the stuff I dug up," said

A native of Ohio, now teaching in the Detroit public schools, NOLAN MILLER last year was the recipient of one of the Avery Hopwood Awards at the University of Michigan.

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Smith graciously. "I gave it to our Museum." He had been at the College a long time. And now he was Dean. In a way, he and the College were of the same substance.

The meal was good, the coffee excellent.

"You're going to like it here," said Dean Smith.

Wells nodded, almost happily.

"What shall I call you?" asked Mrs. Smith. "Jack? Do your friends call you Jack?"

"Please."

The tips of Dean Smith's ears touched graying, reddish-brown hair. His brow was wide, unaged — he would be the kind of man who would talk rather than write, think rather than act; who would want a chair to rest in, not to ride, pleasures to enjoy, not to pursue.

"I call Mary 'Smitty,'" he said. "She hates it."

"My maiden name was Smith, too," she said.

Gretchen slipped away from the table. She was a huge eater and talked very little while eating. Wells was gratified to observe that he was able to ignore her.

Suddenly a wonderful thing happened.

The gaunt, old-fashioned grand piano that almost blocked the archway leading to the sunroom clearly and precisely began to speak Bach.

He could see Gretchen's back, board-straight, bone-strong, and her bare yellow elbows. The music rack was bare.

"Why," said John Wells, unable to reject amazement, — honest, intense amazement, — "it's a Bach Partita."

"Oh, do you play?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"Not like that, I don't. Why — will she play all of it?"

Mrs. Smith looked amused. "I'm afraid she will."

"But she's very good. Isn't she?"

Mrs. Smith nodded.

"Is she — She *studies* piano?"

"Just for herself — she picks out things. I don't think she'll take up music in a professional way, if that's what you mean."

"Well, she *could*, I think."

"Yes," said Mrs. Smith. "I know."

"B-but," John Wells stammered, "you don't seem to think it's unusual at all."

"It's not unusual for Gretchen, you see."

He noticed a grave air about Dean Smith. And perplexity. As though gravity, confused by words, could not find a voice.

"Gretchen," he said, not lowering his voice, "is a very unusual girl."

"Does Gretchen *know* she's so unusual?" Wells asked.

"Yes, she knows it. Or, rather, she's got used to it. We've tried to make her see it's normal for her. We finally had to let her quit school four or five years ago — high school. All the other kids resented her — made her feel uncomfortable. She hasn't any real girl friends now — just very small ones that she plays with, entertains. When she was small herself, it wasn't so bad. This year we're letting her enter college."

"They let her in?"

"With examinations." Mrs. Smith laughed. "I'm afraid Professor McCullough — he's in charge of admissions — I'm afraid he let Gretchen dazzle him."

2

Introduction to English Literature. 8.30, *M.W.F.*

First row, industrious in bare solitude, Miss Schafer with her stub of pencil, her block of pink notepaper. Wells's every word caught in the gray web of Schafer's trailing handwriting.

Second row — the C level. Was this always true? The mulish, unspeaking line of full, healthy faces, the cloddish brains, the round, firm flesh, concentrate of milk, lettuce, and mashed potatoes — how wide this C, how shallow.

Rows three and four, an assortment, vaguely like the bottom layer of chocolates in a candy box: Korman, one of the editors of the *Sentinel*, breezy in style and hasty — Wells was sure he'd covered only half of *The Old Wives' Tale* for his last weekly report. Parr, who slept, who sometimes groaned in his erect and bloodless sleep. Miss Wilkinson, bovine, cheerful, with a square hand question-marking the rear blackboard — "But Mr. Wells, what does he mean? Says here, 'Hold to the low lintel up.'" Levin, somber, meditative, hopeless, quick to catch a joke or pun.

The first meeting of the class after the sixth-week exams was ghastly. Wells probed brutally for reactions to the assignment in Wordsworth. "Now, Mr. Korman, what do you think Wordsworth was trying to say in *Tintern Abbey?*"

"Well — I wouldn't exactly say —"

"You've read it, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes, I read it. Well, Wordsworth's been to this Abbey before and it's very beautiful — and he thinks it's even more beautiful now —"

"Yes. Why?"

A passing fox-red glint in the glass square of the classroom door — the second time he had seen it. Wells, his ears still cocked to Korman, waited for a recurrence of the image. Palpably, a signaling, uncertain presence out in the hall. Finally, softly, the door opened.

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"Dr. Wells — I'm sorry — could I see you a moment?"

The twenty heads of the class turned, as with any interruption; the hum, the titter, the table arm of a chair creaking — *Tintern Abbey* was convulsively hurled to welcoming oblivion.

"Couldn't you have waited?" Wells pulled the door shut behind him.

Gretchen, crane-like, bent down to a knee and scratched it. Then she redistributed her books. "I'm in trouble, Jack. And I just couldn't come whanging into your class without explaining."

"*My* class? Are you coming into *this* class?"

Gretchen possessed a look of frigid composure — but the thaw was already advancing. "Old Hibbard kicked me out of English 2. Said I was wasting my time."

"That's not the usual thing —" Wells had to smile at the "old" Hibbard. Not five years older than himself.

"Oh, he took it up with Spence —" That was Miss Spence, Dean of Women. "She said I might as well begin literature."

Wells grinned. "So you suggested my class —"

"Don't get stuck on yourself," said Gretchen haughtily, then grinned. "No, *she* did. Really. It comes the same hour as the other."

"But what about all the back reading —"

"I've done it. I'm right up to date."

"How in the world — ?"

"Mary Jane Williams has been giving me assignments." Gretchen was suddenly all tinder — little sparks of happiness starred her braids, the bridge of freckles on her upper lip, the tight gold wire on her teeth. She opened the door, and left it open for him to follow, then seated herself, still shining, books, yellow elbows, skinny brown legs, at the center of the row of the comfortable C's beside Mary Jane Williams.

From that day on, the class was transformed — it became John Wells's hope for the day. He knew it as he lay his ten minutes past alarm time in bed each M.W.F. morning. He saw Gretchen at the breakfast table in the kitchen — in fact, she got breakfast for him because Mary Smith liked to sleep late. And she walked by his side down Hollister Avenue, under the trees that were growing bare, by the still green lawns where the frost made white the architectural shadows of the sleepy houses. They did not talk. She knew he liked his walk and his first cigarette and his silence.

Now the class was quick with life; Gretchen, always at the center, a convex mirror, broke them into two abiding camps — dumb with adoration or distorted by irritation. Since her first day, when she gave them a comprehensive, complete digest of Wordsworth's *Prelude* — which none of them had read because it was not in their text — the twenty remained dazed or angry. Who had set this "going on fourteen" carroty monster to plague their browsing souls? Not one could live the hour untouched.

And John Wells could feel himself being magnificent. He began to know a kind of delirium. That girl! He was a ruined dog. She — innocently or not — had robbed the nests, had given him the forbidden taste of eggs. She had made him find joy in teaching — a grave joy that would tease him the remainder of his life.

How had she learned to do this thing?

By weight of fact, he felt himself a hero. This was a "good" class because he had shifted, as if by gears, into the realm where men are "made" under the graceful influence of others.

And this was, secretly, the power, the only power, he had ever dreamed of — "and gladly teach."

"What about Wells?" he could fancy students saying, as they shopped for advice in the Gym on registration days to come. "Oh, take *him* — take any course you can get into. He's tops!" And, in after years, "Old Wells" — his pet gestures and phrases hoarded and fondled. "No snap, of course — and a hard marker — but, oh boy, did you *learn!*"

Fantastic! That little homely chit, Gretchen, had done this. But fear was, finally, the result of a result. For behind those eyes of hers — those terrible, terrible eyes — he began to discern the wall of immutable criticism; there was something there that, either blindly or with hands most sensitive, he knew he would never be able to touch.

3

It was ridiculous how, about the house, he tried to avoid seeing her, speaking to her, how much he was disturbed by her.

He was ashamed of himself. It was — ridiculous.

During the first winter months, when sifting, level snow made the Ohio landscape flatter then ever, he was in the habit of returning home from his office or the library to lie down in his room, turn on the bed-light, and read.

Usually, at this time of day, there was a great tick-ticking of Gretchen's typewriter behind the closed door of her room at the end of the hall. He was sorry not to hear her at the piano more frequently. "They're giving her too much work to do," he thought. "Just because she *can* do it — they —"

He felt guilty himself. "You ought to read so-

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and-so," he was always hinting. "I'd like to know what you think of him." She suggested extra papers. To get into conversation with her, even at the office, meant that a whole afternoon whirled by without his being aware of it. This *Wunderkind* — funny, he thought of her neither as a child nor as a woman. How *did* he think of her?

One late afternoon he knocked on her door. It was a cold, almost bare room. How depressing, the unpainted student's desk, so familiar in campus boardinghouses, the gooseneck reading lamp, its raw glare penetrating machine and paper, even the bones of her hands.

"Oh, sit down, Jack. Ashtray?"

"What *are* you writing, Gretchen?" Impossible to banter with her. His words seemed even a little harsh.

"I'm bothering you."

"Not at all." He meant it. Said it plainly as he could. In friendly fashion, he sat on her unmade bed.

"It's silly," said Gretchen, simply, turning to him, stuffing her hands between the woolen legs of her slacks. "But I'm trying to write the story of my life."

He was astonished.

"Why?" he asked.

"Well, so much has happened to me — recently. I want to get it all down. It may be good to read some day."

"You remember everything of your life, of course."

"Yes," she said. He believed her. "I remember all the dumb little things I used to do. But I'm more interested in the recent things. That part doesn't seem dumb."

He laughed. "Oh, it will. I guarantee it will."

She was very grave. She shook her head. "I'm not so sure. You know, being in love — it's very serious. Especially the first time. Maybe the first time is the only time."

She spoke so casually — she looked so abjectly human — that he was touched.

"Are you in love?" So he might have asked, "Going my way?"

"Yes," said Gretchen. "I'm in love with you."

"My God, Gretchen," he said.

"I thought you might know."

"Gretchen," he said nervously, "this is a lot of nonsense. You're too sensible —"

"Jack, you don't mind, do you? I *won't ever* embarrass you."

"Well, the very fact that you tell me! Women —" he was not conscious he thought "women" — "women never say such things."

"I *know*. And I think they're silly. If I had a toothache, I could discuss it with the dentist. If I'm in love, why can't I discuss it with — with the man I'm in love with? You must know more about it than I do. Haven't you ever been in love, Jack?"

"No," he said. It was the truth. "No, I've never been in love."

"Jack, you're afraid of women, aren't you?"

His essential, masculine fiber was bruised. "What an idea!"

"You're afraid of the wrong kind of women, I mean."

"What's this all about?"

"What are you waiting for, Jack? I want to know. What kind of woman are you looking for? Tell me."

"I want a woman who can cook, and sew, and scrub — and look beautiful when I want something beautiful to look at."

"I can cook," she said. "Any fool can learn how to —" Then her face took on that solid, square look of the owl, the owl, terrified and alone in its tree, the day breaking, the merciless day that powders the eyes. "Jack, you don't mind my being in love with you?"

"We'll be very discreet about it," and he patted her on the shoulder.

But in the classroom he was no longer afraid of her questions. Look as she might like the day-struck owl, the child not a woman, he knew what lay behind her ever staring eyes. And he knew that he was touched because her love had made her weak; that because of her love he could, if he liked, trample her to a smudge.

4

NICE Christmas, Jack?"

He was back, after his holiday. The winter afternoon was pale. He and the Smiths sat in the living room. The roast pork to be supper draped the air of the slightly untidy room. Dean Smith wore the dark-green house-coat Mary and Gretchen had persuaded Wells to buy at Brooks Brothers in Boston.

"It was nice," he told them. They seemed really interested. "Got to the symphony twice — God, how I had missed it."

"We ought to take Gretchen to Cleveland sometime," said Dean Smith. "She's heard the big orchestras only on the radio."

"Where *is* Gretchen?"

Mary Smith sighed. "Skiing — or trying to. That thickheaded uncle of mine — he lives in New Hampshire — sent her skis for Christmas. Now Gretchen's having quite a time."

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"It's good for her," said the Dean. "Doesn't ever get enough exercise — especially in winter."

"I can't imagine skiing in this kind of country," said Wells.

"Well, it can be done. Gretchen says it's the most fun she's ever had. They take the car out — take turns pulling each other around on the country roads. Seems Miss Beechy has skis too."

"Miss Beechy?" said Wells curiously. Miss Beechy was the young domestic science teacher at the College. He had taken her out once or twice — to the movies, to a dance, late in the fall, at Russell Point. Miss Beechy's permanent home was here with her family in New Messina.

"Yes," said Mary Smith, "Gretchen seems to have hooked herself a new friend. They've been palling around a lot lately."

"Good thing," said the Dean, one of his legs finding comfort over the arm of the sofa, "though I think we ought to have a quiet moment of pity for Miss Beechy."

"That's not being kind to Gretchen," said Mary. "Poor Gretchen. She can't help it."

"Before Gretchen was born," the Dean told John Wells, "we used to call her our 'experiment.' I guess we hardly realized what we were getting into — having any kind of child."

"It's lucky we were so old," said Mary Smith, comfortably, "or we might have gone right on, having a whole house full of Gretchens! When she was three, Gretchen criticized the arrangement of the furniture, and I knew what we were in for."

"Do you think Gretchen's unhappy — being so unusual?" Wells asked the question abruptly.

"No," said Mary Smith, positively, "she's too smart, too sensible to be unhappy. Dan and I have argued that point. Only the very dull or the very brilliant are really happy, I think. Personally, I look on Gretchen's isolation with horror. She hasn't a friend — she can't ever have an understanding friend. Never in this world."

"But she won't be put out by it a whit," said the Dean.

"What about Miss Beechy?"

Mary Smith smiled. "Oh, I think Gretchen's just studying Miss Beechy."

"As much as one would like to think," wrote Gretchen in her ugly, barely decipherable handwriting in her final examination bluebook, "that in all of Wordsworth's poems he is autobiographical, that his poems are revelations of the soul, that naked mind which rests eternally in each of us, one knows that here, in Wordsworth's lines, as in the lines of any other literary artist, great or small, profound or trifling, the 'inner man,' as we ourselves are conscious of it, is not, can not be disclosed."

In the quiet of his office, John Wells drew a deep breath. He continued reading.

"The 'literary mind' is a wary thing. It is too artful, too dissimulating, too aware of the beautiful — more aware of things that 'must be' than of 'things done.' By this I mean that the literary artist never, never can face Truth. Truth is too terrible — too ugly. The literary man's intelligence is great intelligence, but it must always be second-rate — though, apparently, for most of us, his kind of 'truth' is sufficient. Of pathetic necessity, we have to make it do. That which is the real Truth never reaches paper, never can be formed into words, written or spoken.

"Thus, when Wordsworth writes

> 'A slumber did my spirit seal;
> I had no human fears . . .'"

John Wells turned his face to the window, but he did not see through it. He was very tired. But because he was tired, he was determined to plow through all the bluebooks. And he read them all. Then he read Gretchen's bluebook again. Started at the beginning, and did not give up until he finished. He found one or two commas to put in — he marked out a capital letter or two. Then he gave her A.

It was seven o'clock. He had worked right through the dinner hour. Although he was still tired, he did not feel hungry.

The walk home in the freezing air put a stomach back into him, and a fine ringing warmth in his chest. It was cold, cold.

"Well, here you are," said Mary Smith. "Your dinner is in the oven. Say, there was a telephone call for you. Gretchen took it — and she's upstairs."

"It can wait," he said. "I'm hungry — really hungry."

After eating, he sat downstairs, racing through the newspaper. Then he remembered the call. He bounded upstairs.

"Hey, Gretchen — did you take a call for me?"

She came to the door in her baby-blue dressing gown — why was she so fond of that insipid color? Her lips were pale.

"Jack, the bluebook," she said painfully, "was it all right? I — I've been so worried about it."

"Goose! It's A, of course."

"Really? Really! Oh, I'm so glad — so glad. I tell you, it's the only thing I ever wanted — *wanted* —"

"Don't be sentimental." He felt a bit frightened

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of her again. He would have to be brutal. He lowered his voice, hoping she would lower hers. "Now what about this telephone call?"

"Look — come here a minute."

On her bed, laid flat, its silky sheen catching the gooseneck light, was a long dinner dress. A little cape, a bunch of feathers. Silver braid at the skirt hem. It was a beautiful rose color. Very fine.

She took it up gingerly and held it to her shoulders. "See — how does it look?"

"Why, wonderful — is it yours?"

"A friend gave it to me — it's an old one. Does it look so old?"

Grace Beechy! He remembered that dress. Senior Prom tonight. Lord, he'd almost forgotten it.

"Jack, that was Grace on the phone. She's very suddenly got a cold. She can't go to the Prom."

"Poor kid! Say! Is that on the level?"

"Of course it is. Don't you believe it?"

"Well, what are you doing with this dress? What kind of crazy idea have you got in your head? I'm glad I don't have to go out tonight — it's as cold as Greenland."

"You wouldn't go — not even stag?"

"Of course not. Look here, Gretchen. You're not being silly, are you?" He almost added, "At your age?" But, of course, that was ridiculous. There was no age for the ageless.

"Why," he continued, "that would be — a scandal! My taking a — taking you to a Prom. People —"

"Oh, I know."

"But you did think it, didn't you? You thought — you got ready for it, didn't you? You had one crazy moment when you —"

She laid down the dress.

"You're quite mistaken," she said. "Really you are. Isn't it a lovely dress? You aren't going. That's all there is to it. Some day I'm going — and that's all there is to it. And when it happens, I'm going to wear that dress."

He caught her chin in his hand.

"You really want to go?"

"Some day, of course."

He looked extremely gratified — a far happier look was on his face than any he had ever given her for her most brilliant recitation.

"You're getting some sensible ideas, these days."

"Grace Beechy —"

"Grace Beechy is giving you some *very* sensible thoughts," he said again, ironically.

"I'm learning quite a lot from her, I think."

"I hope you learn what to do when you find, some day, that she's taught you how to break your own heart."

"What do you mean?"

"You're going to be — planning things like this — you're going to be very miserable some day."

"Oh, I don't think I shall." She said it very solemnly.

He went outside. Such *damnable* sensibility. If this were intelligence, intelligence at the highest — what, then, was his? And *what* was he?

"I believe she's right," he said to himself. "I think she knows. She's smart enough even to know that — which includes everything, I guess."

5

The following September, when John Wells again rode the train from Cleveland to New Messina, he found the wheels clacked merrily; the miles disappeared as through a sieve. One or two heads nodded his way as he took a seat. Then several students came over to talk to him.

What did he think of the new pre-induction course? Was his Comparative Lit. course a two- or a three-hour? Any foreign language requirements? "Look at my hands," said Miss Wilkinson — the same Miss Wilkinson of the back row and the good-natured, naïve questions. "Look at 'em. Yes, sir, I've been pitching hay." Did Dr. Wells know for sure if the WACS were taking over *all* the dorms? See any good plays in New York, Dr. Wells?

It was Dr. Wells's opinion that there were no good plays in New York.

Dean Smith set the car horn squawking as Wells, bags in hand, moved from the crowd on the station platform.

"You didn't need to waste gas on me," Wells protested, but grinned.

"Looking *good*," the Dean told him, shaking his hand vigorously.

"I've been trying to keep in trim," said Wells. "You never know. I might get called any time now."

"How do you feel about the Army?" asked the Dean curiously.

"I don't — *feel*. I'll let my draft board have feelings."

"We're picking up Smitty at the Super Market," said the Dean. "There she is."

"Jack!" Mary Smith handed him her big sack of groceries, then kissed him.

"Here, here!" Smith said.

"I *love* making gossip," said Mary. "I always take any opportunity I can."

"How's my girl friend, Gretchen?"

"Wait till you see her. I think she's grown a foot!

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And filled out a little. She's had a wonderful summer. You remember that Tilton woman — the one who wears clothes made out of monk's cloth, and those terrible beads? Well, she came over, beginning of July, and begged Gretchen to go to camp. Mr. and Mrs. Tilton are counselors at this place on Lake Erie — she wanted Gretchen for nature study and stuff like that with the little Cleveland slum kids."

"So Gretchen went?"

"And had a marvelous time! Made friends with the Tilton boy — that's Roger. He's sixteen. And Roger — well, Roger's smitten on her. I believe he really is!"

Wells, despite himself, felt a grim look fastening on his face. But he tried to smile.

"And Roger?"

"A big, hulking, stoop-shouldered kid — but nice."

"What's Gretchen going to take at college this term?"

Dean Smith spoke. "Gretchen's not going to college this fall."

Wells sighed. "Maybe it's a good thing — she's already so advanced."

Mary smacked her hands together. "There! I told you, Dan, he'd see it. Jack, I want to kiss you again. Gretchen's thought it all out — but she wanted your opinion. You see, she's made up her mind she could just as well take a year at the high school."

"High school!"

"Roger," she said, "Roger *thinks* he might make the football team this year. So — So —"

6

It was too fine an evening to stay indoors. And it was not the kind of evening when one could read. And tomorrow there would be that familiar excitement, the lines of students waiting outside South Hall to see McCullough. The English majors coming down to the office for chats. The salute to the flag at noon outside Randall.

About ten o'clock the Dean said he'd like to walk down to Heim's and get some ice cream. Mary said she'd go with him. After they left, Gretchen came out and sat beside him in the porch swing. She had — for her — been spending her evening in a most amazing way: praying mantis at the telephone.

He could see the differences in her. A touch of lipstick. The gold band gone from her teeth. Cut with bangs, and long at the back, her hair did something for her face. It gave her a face and it gave her cheeks and it gave her eyes. She was still not pretty. But she was interesting. She was fourteen and she looked sixteen.

"Was all that — devotion to Roger?" Wells asked, jerking a thumb toward the telephone. He had had a large dose of Roger at the dinner table. And a larger dose of Roger which he had not been able to understand. "Yes, Rog." "No, Rog." "Oh, really, Rog? That's square!" "On the up and up, Rog?" All from the praying mantis, kicking off her loafers, sprawling on the living-room sofa.

"It was Roger twice," said Gretchen. "But it was also Peg Loomis and Sally Vanderkloot — and Sally's cousin from Norwalk. I don't know her yet."

"Well."

"We're all going over to the Reservoir tomorrow if Roger can get the car. And tomorrow morning Peg and I are going down to the Bon Ton and prowl. You should see Roger. He's only sixteen and he weighs almost one-seventy-five!"

They were silent a moment. Wells felt her stir uneasily.

"You think it's all — all right, don't you, Jack?"

"Yes," he said. "Of course, I'm disappointed that you're not coming into the Comparative Lit. class. I rather counted on that."

"I'm not ready for it," she said. "There's something I remember in John Stuart Mill's autobiography —"

This child! Quoting to him from Mill!

"He says that in his education some pleasures were enjoyed too soon. I — I don't want some pleasures too soon."

The swing chains began to creak.

"You've taught me a lot, Jack — do you know it?"

"Have I?"

"You have — you're the best teacher ever! Taught me things that can't be marked."

"Oh, but *you* can be marked."

She seemed amused. "What's my mark, Jack? Up to now?"

"A, of course." He had never given any grade so certainly.

"You must be very careful —" she said.

"What?"

"You must be very careful — when you meet Roger — not to let him know — not to let him know he's being marked."

"Of course not," he said.

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» The Maritime Unions are among the most powerful on the West Coast. And here is their credo for the future.

THE MARITIME UNIONS LOOK AHEAD

by RUSSELL BOOKHOUT

1

PEACE will bring many things to the maritime workers, but we do not expect it to bring monotony. The peace we want will be a period in which to continue our upward climb under democracy, and upward climbs are necessarily replete with stress and struggle. As Americans, we know that democratic freedom is ours and our children's to have and to hold — but only to have if we can hold it! We intend as American maritime workers to hold it for the betterment of ourselves, our industry, and our nation.

Recently periodicals have published opinions from industrialists on the use of light metals in the post-war world. Airplane manufacturers have been quoted about the expansion of air travel. Bankers have extolled the blessings of capitalism. But we in the maritime unions wonder if the expansion of democracy in the industrial world will accompany the promised expansion of industry. For it is our belief that only by such growth can our democratic capitalism expand upward sufficiently to compete against totalitarianism from the extreme right or from the extreme left.

Industrial democracy, defined briefly, is the application of the collective knowledge of the workers in the growth of their industry. It is the right of the people to a voice and a vote in the councils of industry, on the proper functioning of which their lives depend. It removes from the dusty pages of sedative bromides the ancient statement that "workers are the partners of employers" and makes it a working reality, with the "partners" exercising the rights of partners. It is very unfortunate that democratization of industry is most often brought into being only by costly, sometimes bloody, strikes. However, political democracy had to be won by similar means, and today we find that it can only be retained by frightful war.

Unions were created only because the right of workers to a voice in industry had to be forcibly established. It is the hope of union members that the unions will evolve into constructive agencies within industry, and that the collective knowledge of their members may be devoted entirely to improving the industries to the mutual benefit of all.

This industrial democracy is a pattern of thinking necessary for the peaceful collaboration of the different groups within industry. The kind of democracy I mean is as indispensable in business as it is in politics — an acceptance that the will of the people shall be the law of the land. Without it there can be only repressive warfare between competing groups. With it, government is established. In the West Coast maritime circles and among the East Coast and Gulf seamen such worker participation has been established. We consider its retention and its development after the war our first and most important task.

Ironically enough, its retention is threatened not by the shipping operators, who have found it far from an unmixed evil, but by fascist-minded super-patriots from inland states. Some of these are basically against democracy wherever found, while many others are as misinformed about the Americans they live among as George III of England ever was about the colonists.

The acid test of our democratic maritime policies and of the systems they established is their wartime value. The proper use of every man, every minute, and every bit of material decides our survival as a democratic nation and the survival of democracy in the world. By this test judge us, for past performance and for the reliability of our post-war plans for America.

A union member in good standing, RUSSELL BOOKHOUT for some twenty years has earned his living on American ships. For eight years he was a member of the Black Gang. Then he came ashore, married, and earned his salt as a longshoreman — in recent years as one of the most capable workers in the West Coast shipyards.

His article, "Why We Struck," which appeared in the *Atlantic* for August, 1937, was one of the most clarifying statements ever published about the Longshoremen's Strike in San Francisco.

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2

THE pre-war development of maritime democracy literally lifted our members from charity-needing dwellers in the slums to full employment and respectable homes of our own.

Our greatest pride is that, during this war, union maritime policies have proved of great value for all Americans. The merchant seamen, because of their outstanding disregard of danger, merit first mention. They numbered at the beginning of the war about a hundred thousand men — a number which has since increased greatly. During the first two years of the war the merchant seamen suffered proportionately four times more casualties in combat with the Axis forces than the armed services did. The pre-war equalization of social conditions at sea with those enjoyed by Americans on land had built up the greatest reserve of experienced, highly trained seamen that our nation ever has had. From that pool came the petty officers, engineers, mates, and captains without which the thousands of sea craft built in our expanded shipyards would have been useless. When supplies and troops were badly needed overseas in the crucial days after Pearl Harbor, the merchant seamen took them through to England, Murmansk, and Australia, often without Navy escort, or sank with them under submarine-infested seas.

The United States Senate's Kilgore Subcommittee on War Mobilization reported on October 7, 1943: —

"The men who man our ships are doing a magnificent job. The crews are efficient and their morale is high. Adequate numbers of seamen have volunteered or have been recruited so that ships sail fully manned and with only negligible delays. The number of seamen on American ships has nearly doubled in the past year. There have been no strikes. Discipline has been excellent in spite of difficult living and working conditions imposed by wartime operations. Despite high casualties from enemy attack, labor turnover has been lower than in war industries ashore. American seamen have delivered the goods.

"The important maritime unions have supported the war vigorously. They have recruited men, operated training schools, maintained discipline at sea, and without exception lived up to their no-strike pledge. Several Congress of Industrial Organization unions presented last year a program for the better use of merchant shipping. Many of these suggestions have been adopted.

"American seamen are heroes. Thousands have died under bombardment and torpedo attack. They and their organizations, particularly the National Maritime Union, have acquitted themselves with honor. The appreciation of the American people is theirs."

3

THE Kilgore subcommittee, while giving high praise to the West Coast longshore manpower-control system established by the unions during the middle thirties through nationally publicized strikes, devoted several pages to categorical condemnation of the East Coast's retention of the inefficient, socially deplorable "shape-up" system of longshore labor. This is the system discarded by the West Coast. Under it a thousand men crowd about the various pierheads daily so that perhaps six hundred can be picked for work that day; the remainder loiter around until the next "shape-up" without work or money.

"Except on the West Coast, longshore labor is still completely casual," states the Kilgore report. "Men are hired each day by the traditional 'shape-up' system, and their tenure is by the hour. There is no mechanism by which men who 'shape' at one pier, but are not hired, are shifted to another pier. There are 'shortages' at some piers while at others men are turned away. The 'shape-up' system of hiring is wasteful, and inefficient; it has been condemned for over 30 years; it should be tolerated no longer.

". . . labor is much more fully utilized on the West Coast than on the East Coast. There are, for example, more than three times as many longshoremen in New York as in San Francisco, while the tonnage handled in New York is nowhere near triple the San Francisco tonnage."

The wartime control of manpower on the West Coast docks was planned, sponsored, and actively supported by the longshoremen's union. It is based on our regular rotary, hiring-hall system. After many months of delay this plan was accepted by the War Shipping Administration; and the Pacific Coast Maritime Industry Board, a tripartite board of ship operators, union representatives, and the WSA, began to guide stevedoring operations. All longshoremen are registered. All manpower registered is pooled by harbor, district, and for the entire coast. In each harbor area, men are dispatched as needed from a centralized hiring hall to all the ships and docks in the area. Rules approved by the joint board govern every phase of the work. Ships that must sail first have first call on longshoremen even to the extent of removing gangs from some low-priority ships they are loading, and transferring them where needed at any hour of the day or night.

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Discipline is enforced by the union grievance committee — and it is discipline, not whitewash. Whenever they are needed, new rules and adjustments are made and enforced by the joint board. Several thousand men are dispatched daily to work by radio, in addition to the hundreds sent directly from the hiring hall.

Up to the present time, no ship has missed a convoy, no sabotage of ship or cargo has occurred, record loading of ships with emergency sailing orders has been done repeatedly. In spite of the heavy influx of green men to handle the increasing flow of cargo, the amount handled per man per month has steadily increased.

This is a sketchy record of what democracy in industry has done for one of the most vital of war industries. That record has been pronounced good by all government committees, agencies, generals, and admirals who have investigated it or depended on it for delivery of war goods to the fighting fronts. The next question — and it is one that all Americans have the right to ask — is, "Where do the maritime unions go from here?"

4

Briefly we intend to use whatever influence and directive power we have for the improvement of the industry on which we depend for a living. This concern extends beyond the usual questions of wages, hours, and working conditions. It includes the entire field of maritime procedure affecting the American merchant marine, and that is just about as world-embracing as the oceans. In the past, financiers, shipping company officials, and politicians considered this their exclusive right, field, and fiscal jam pot.

This war has proved again that without an adequate merchant marine our armed forces and the country they guard are helpless. It has also proved that, given the ships, the American maritime workers can and will deliver the goods, regardless of torpedoes, aerial bombs, and ghastly life-in-death days afloat on life rafts. In the post-war world these considerations and these alone should govern our maritime policy. There must be maintained sufficient fast, ultra-modern merchant ships which are capable of carrying our commerce in peace and our war supplies during war. There must be enough experienced seamen to man the fleet in peace or war. There must be modern shore installations and trained personnel to care for the ships and the goods they move.

There is no place in post-war shipping for financial speculation or excessive profits or for policies dictated by consideration of either. There is no place for the legalized looting that after the last war ran private fortunes from almost nothing to seven figures and our merchant marine onto the mudflats. Without a doubt the government will have to continue both direction and financial assistance after the war. We in the unions shall insist on a constant modernization of an adequate fleet, and we shall want the subsidies granted to be for merchant ships — and not for somebody's private yacht.

Undoubtedly there will be a great splutter about the sacredness of private enterprise in shipping. The unions have no objection to, and even approve of, private operation of shipping as long as it is consistent with true and proper operation of shipping and is not a subterfuge to loot the public's property. We recognize that the temptation will be strong, for never have the stakes been greater. The American people through government outlay in shipyards, ships, and port facilities will have invested by the end of the war about 12 billion dollars in our merchant marine — an amount equal to three fourths of the capital in American railroads. Also through past subsidies the government has furnished a large share of the funds classed now as under private management.

In effect the capital in maritime circles is now almost entirely furnished by citizen stockholders of the government of the United States of America. The actual operation of the ships is by men who belong to unions. On the ships, every man from the captain down belongs to one of the sea unions, and on the beach many superintendents, practically every walking boss, all gang bosses, and all the longshoremen are union members. So are the clerks, checkers, most of the supercargoes, and a majority of the office forces. The government is taking the risk of capital loss. The workers are taking the physical risk of injury and death at sea and on the docks, and the war toll is heavy on both. We do not intend, after all this, to sit quietly by while speculators and politicians use our merchant marine as chips for poker.

There may be derisive remarks about the ability of the horny-handed sons of Noah who come ashore and expect to outtalk big business and smart lawyers. People are accustomed to think of labor union policies as built out of cigar smoke by men who educationally never got beyond the first grade. In the CIO maritime unions alone there are in normal times considerably more than a hundred thousand people. Their knowledge of what is or is not happening in shipping circles cannot be surpassed. There are enough leaders from their ranks

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to assemble, analyze, and use this knowledge. Aiding them are college-trained statisticians and research staffs paid from union dues. When war began so suddenly, the CIO research bureaus were able to furnish the government with vital information about American ships and personnel that even its bureaus had not compiled. We also have, both from our own ranks and hired from other fields, writers, public relations counselors, and men familiar with government procedure.

We recognize that unaided we can do little. But consider the 130 million citizen stockholders in the United States merchant marine! We have the means to furnish them with complete information about any phase of shipping and about the purpose of any projected policy; and we can say what the anticipated result of that policy will be. Some influence we can bring to bear on most issues; some issues we may sponsor. In the main we shall depend on being the people most vitally affected and experienced in maritime matters, and shall continually lay our knowledge and our conclusions in the most effective way before the public and the government.

5

Some issues depend on international factors which are far beyond our control, and perhaps even beyond the control of our government. These include international trade and trade agreements, monetary values, tariffs, government or free-trade procedure, international steamship company agreements, lobbying of pressure groups for or against certain trade routes or goods, disposal of the war shipping fleets, subsidies, and ownership of ships. All of these will affect us. All will receive our attention as they develop, but it is unlikely that all will be settled as we wish. In such cases we shall take appropriate action and continue the struggle.

Specific problems that are receiving our attention now, and which will become even more pressing after the war, include first of all the proper care for seamen injured during combat with Axis raiders on our shipping. These men performed as heroic a role in defeating the enemy as their brothers in the armed services. They suffered as much when the flaming oil from their tankers covered the seas into which they were thrown. They bled from the hot steel of the Axis guns and froze in the icy waters off Murmansk. They are entitled, when injured, to the same future care and the same rehabilitation as are men of the armed services they fought beside.

Yet one wonders at times, after reading the newspapers, whether these seamen who have died by thousands under Axis gunfire were, after all, the kind of people we consider real Americans. Critics have used as a smear the difference in pay between Navy sailors and Merchant Marine sailors. But any comparison between civilian and military pay rates should include *all* civilian groups. It should include the personnel of all companies who furnish metal for the ships, build them, operate them, and manufacture the guns and cargo. It should also include the butcher, the baker, the banker.

We must remember that, until very recently, both services were manned entirely by volunteers. And although I am in daily contact with scores of both Navy and Merchant Marine sailors, I have yet to hear a Navy man protest that a Merchant seaman was overpaid for the work he does.

After the war, we want the road of promotion kept open so that any man can start as a wiper in the engine room, as an ordinary seaman on deck, or as a potato peeler in the galley and, if his qualifications merit it, rise to the highest executive position in our industry. An attempt is being made to short-circuit this basic American right, and by establishment of a Merchant Marine Annapolis Academy allow outsiders to buy their way into every executive position on a ship. We are completely and unalterably opposed to all policies attempting to form castes and keep beginners at the bottom all their lives. This war, if it has demonstrated anything, has proved that executive positions must be filled by qualified, experienced men who know their business, and that only disaster follows when caste lines put authority in incompetent hands.

With the winding up of the war, much of our great fleet of merchant ships will be useless, and the crews out of employment. At present we are not only carrying an unusually large burden of sea commerce in all Allied ships: the American ships are carrying a disproportionate share of that commerce which cannot be maintained during the competitive days of peace. Russia, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Greece, China, and Great Britain will expand their merchant fleets after the war, and furthermore will build modern ships that can travel at eighteen knots more economically than our Liberty ships can travel at ten.

No European merchant ship built in the last dozen years, on which I have worked in San Francisco, has been other than a Diesel motor ship. All American merchant ships that I have worked on have been steamers. Perhaps a dozen of our steamships could compete in pre-war days with the great fleets of Diesel motor ships in speed; none could compete in economical fuel utilization. After the war, the great advance in motorship design will

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force us into even keener competition. We must keep down the unemployment by building as good and as economically operating ships as our competitors, and we must make provisions for the large numbers of American seamen who will, despite good ships, be forced off the sea through post-war equalization of national merchant fleets. A shipbuilder thrown out of employment by the closing of shipyards will be eligible for unemployment insurance payments, but the seamen who took those ships into combat zones and received lower wages than the average shipbuilder will have to depend on charity until he is readjusted to shore life.

We believe that the maritime unions should assist in adjusting post-war unemployment both by participation in national policies and by sharing the work available under union control. For instance, the CIO longshoremen have greatly expanded the membership of their unions to provide needed labor in the Pacific theater, and also have hundreds of old members serving in the armed forces who will need work after the war ends. The veterans will be reabsorbed with full seniority rights, and all will share equally in the longshore work, as has been our policy since establishment in 1934 of our present rotary, hiring-hall system. There will be only a definite amount of work available, very much less than now, but every member will have an opportunity to perform an equal share of that work with the other members. The hard times as well as the gravy days will be shared by all.

The maritime unions include many trades, and most of them, especially the shipbuilders, will be more adversely affected by the end of the war than either the seamen or longshoremen. For a year or so after the war ends, repair crews of shipbuilders will be busy removing guns and gun mounts from merchant ships and converting them back to peacetime proportions. But practically all new construction will cease, as any one of the numerous shipyards in the country can supply the comparatively few modern-type merchant ships needed to replace the obsolete Liberty ships. Over 90 per cent of the workers in shipyards came from other occupations and areas, and most will return to them when the yards shut down. In fact, withdrawal of shipbuilders from the yards to more permanent jobs in anticipation of the inevitable shutdown has assumed alarming proportions already. Many who came from industrially backward states to the more liberal, climatically superior states on the Pacific Coast will remain here to augment our permanent population and our peacetime problems.

Shipyards are of necessity built for one purpose only, and almost without exception cannot be used for any other purpose, even if the war-expanded facilities in other fields had not provided better accommodations. Some of the machinery which is owned by the government, such as the great cranes, could be moved to the steamship loading docks to aid longshore work. More of the machinery could be absorbed by the navy yards, which will not suffer the almost total cessation of work that the commercial yards will, although they too will have their work forces drastically reduced following peace.

With practically no work to offer their members, and no system of sharing whatever work there is, as the CIO longshoremen do, the shipbuilders' unions will sink back into placid somnambulism and depend on shoreside, inland work during the immediate future. As in the past, the sea unions, the longshoremen, the fishermen, and the workers in related crafts will do the bulk of maritime work and carry out the progressive policies to which we are committed.

To sum up our post-war plans, the maritime unions will encourage their members to function in all their capacities of maritime workers, American citizens, and home owners. We believe that as long as there are problems to be solved, there is work to be done in a democracy, for it is up to the citizen to see that his industry, his community, and his nation function properly, providing freedom from want, from fear, and from greedy tyranny.

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MR. BOLTON'S BIRTHDAY

A True Story

by JAMES NORMAN HALL

1

On the morning of July 4 of last year, I went to pay my respects to my friend, Mr. Washington Bolton, on his eighty-fifth birthday. As I biked along the road in the direction of his house, the old saying, "He has lived well who finishes well," was running through my head, and I thought how exactly it applied to Mr. Bolton, but I shouldn't dare tell him so. He would stoutly deny that he has reached the finishing period of life. If one may say that his Indian summer began at seventy, he has already enjoyed fifteen years of it, and I see no reason why he should not have fifteen to come. A more vigorous, keen-minded, blithe-spirited octogenarian it has never been my privilege to know.

Mr. Bolton is not a man to talk about himself, but during the past decade and a half which he has spent on the island of Tahiti I have gathered some of the facts of his life. He is an Englishman whose father honored the memory of the founders of the American Republic; hence the Christian name given the son, whose actual birthday is July 3, but he prefers to consider the fourth as his proper anniversary. He is a loyal Cambridge man who entered Caius College in 1877. He graduated B.A. in 1880 and took his Master's degree three years later. At Cambridge, his interests were equally divided between scholarship and sports. In 1879, he won the British amateur championship for the half mile, and at the same period set a passing record for the thousand-yard race. He was also a boxer, a footballer (both Rugby and soccer), a long-distance swimmer, and an ardent tennis player when that now universal sport was in its infancy. He is proud of being a Cambridge Blue, and is still a member of the Achilles Club of London, which is made up of both Cambridge and Oxford Blues. He is the oldest Cambridge member, the only surviving one of his day, but Oxford has two members senior to him: Lord Desborough, President of the Club, and Mr. F. C. Coxhead.

On this, his eighty-fifth birthday, I had hoped to prod Mr. Bolton into telling me something more of his early life, but upon arriving at his house I found him absent. He had left a penciled note on the table: —

"Gone for a walk. Back this evening."

His small house, although built in the native style, of palm-frond thatch, is somehow as English as eggs and bacon, and it is unmistakably stamped with his personality, like the clothes he wears. It is a charming house, always in perfect order, and contains nothing superfluous to his needs. His half-acre garden is as "Boltonian" as the house: the smooth green turf, the flowers and shrubs and flowering trees, the pineapples, bananas, and papayas, all planted and cared for by himself, give this quiet, sunny retreat, with its glimpses through the foliage of distant mountains, an ideal aspect, like that of a place dreamed of in some old book of fairy tales. And dreamed of it was, of course. Mr. Bolton is the kind of man who makes his dreams come true.

I think he must have had the dream in the background of consciousness all through the first seventy years of his life spent in schoolmastering on islands and continents of both hemispheres, but chiefly in the Western Hemisphere, from the far north to lonely islands of the tropical Pacific. At Cambridge he prepared for the career of a Church of England parson, but it was inevitable that he should have entered the teaching profession. He was born for it.

What I have learned of his life has come in by-the-way fashion, by bringing up the subject of teaching.

Since the conclusion of World War I, James Norman Hall has made his home on the island of Tahiti, in French Oceania. That World War II has left its ineffaceable scars on Polynesia is a truth which Mr. Hall brings home in his new novel, *Lost Island*, a June adoption of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

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That sets him off. How often I have heard him say: "Hall, it's the finest, the most rewarding of all careers. When that fact is recognized universally and the men and women enter it who should go into it, the rising generations will build the kind of world we've been fumbling toward for so many centuries."

Knowing Mr. Bolton, I am certain that, wherever he has gone, over the earth, he has left behind him hundreds of grateful youngsters whose interests have been stirred, broadened, and directed, whose minds and spirits have been quickened and developed to their highest capacities through contact with his own.

The size of the teaching opportunity means little to him, for he is one of those true teachers whose ambition is not for themselves but for the youngsters under their care. He was one of the founders, in 1908, of the University School, of Victoria, British Columbia. Years later, when he was at the southern end of the Pacific, he chanced to read in an Auckland paper that a teacher was wanted for Niue, a lonely little island dependency of New Zealand, 600 miles west of Rarotonga and 350 miles southeast of Samoa. Mr. Bolton was then sixty-seven, and really thinking about retiring, but when he learned that the Niue post was not wanted by others because of its remoteness, he immediately offered his services, gratefully accepted by the Minister of Education. He spent nearly three years teaching the children of Niue, a crumb of land 100 miles square, with a population of 3500 Polynesians. Then, in 1928, in his seventieth year, he set out for Tahiti, to rest for the remainder of his days.

He had rested for, perhaps, a week when he became interested in Polynesian history as it concerns Tahiti. He discovered that a great deal of field work yet needed to be done; so he started tramping the island over, exploring the sites of ancient buildings and the scenes of ancient happenings, reading neglected manuscripts, making researches that no one before him had had the energy or the interest or the patience to make. The results, so far, are contained in two thick manuscript volumes, written out in his beautiful Spencerian hand. These he has placed in the custody of the British consulate for the use of anyone who may wish to consult them. They are well worth consulting, as those who have read them can testify.

I seem to have strayed from the morning of July 4, but I am still on Mr. Bolton's veranda, regarding the penciled note: "Gone for a walk. Back this evening." I supposed that he was spending the anniversary on one of his customary excursions, verifying some item of local lore for a projected Volume III of the History of Tahiti. I mused, a little sadly, over the changes increasing years inevitably bring, even to so sturdy an octogenarian as himself. In his younger days, while teaching in Canada, he had spent two consecutive summers walking, with a seventy-pound packsack, the full length of Vancouver Island. He followed a direct central line from Cape Commerell to Victoria: the first man, perhaps the only one, who has done this.

In his spare time he had roamed all over the far north, living with Indians and Eskimos. With one companion, he had voyaged the full length of the Yukon, in a flat-bottomed boat, from its lake beginnings to the Bering Sea, shooting the Whitehorse and Fivefingers rapids en route. I remembered his telling me that he had celebrated his twenty-fifth birthday, in England, by a sixty-mile walk accomplished in twenty-four hours — twenty, actual walking time.

2

As I biked on from his house to Papeete, our little port town, I was thinking: "Well, that kind of activity is over, even for Mr. Bolton. Whatever he may be doing this morning, perhaps he too is thinking, somewhat wistfully, of that sixty-mile walk of sixty years ago."

I did some errands around town and then went to the Restaurant du Coin for my lunch. Tahiti, one of the first colonies of France to join the Free French movement under General de Gaulle's leadership, was observing our American Independence Day, and most of the people had gone to the country; but at the restaurant I met another of the island's distinguished octogenarians, Mr. Arthur Brander, whose home is ten miles out from Papeete, on the western side of the island.

He greeted me with: "Hall, where do you suppose Bolton is today?"

"I don't know," I replied. "I called at his house on my way into town and found a note on his table saying he had gone for a walk."

"A walk!" exclaimed Mr. Brander. "I should think he has gone for a walk! He routed me out of bed at six o'clock this morning. Said he wanted to have coffee with me. He's on his way to the cave in Paéa and expects to return this evening!"

"What!" I said. "Why, that's forty miles, to the cave and back!"

"I know — exactly forty miles," said Mr. Brander, "and he means to measure the lot of them with a pair of eighty-five-year-old legs! He was going strong at my place, but I'm worried. He'll never make the whole distance."

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But he did. He reached the cave with its cool underground lake at 10.00 A.M., and having rested and refreshed himself for an hour, started homeward. Tahiti is not famous as an island whose inhabitants, whether white or native, are given to any great amount of physical exertion, and Mr. Bolton's walk created something of a stir. Throughout the afternoon, news of his progress kept coming in from people who had passed him in carriages, motorcars, and on bicycles. Mr. de Lambert, our American consul, taking an Independence Day bike ride, had passed him twice, going and coming. So, too, had Monsieur Brault, former mayor of Papeete, the second time when Mr. Bolton had twelve miles of the homeward journey behind him. Stirred by such an example of octogenarian pluck and stamina, Mr. Brault stopped his car, leaped out, and, to Mr. Bolton's astonishment, embraced him, French fashion, shouting "Vive Bolton!" to the other members of his party, who responded with enthusiasm. Then, in honor of the day, he added: "Vive l'Angleterre! Vive l'Amérique! Vive La France! Vive la Russie! Vive the United Nations!" Mr. Bolton was a worthy representative of all of them on that occasion.

The latest news of his progress was brought by Mr. Bolton himself, walking at his steady, deliberate pace through Papeete, on to the district of Pirae, where he lives, down the lane leading to his house, and up the steps to his veranda at exactly 8.00 P.M. — fifteen hours actual walking time for the forty miles.

Sixty miles in twenty hours, although a stiffish walk, would not, I think, be considered an extraordinary achievement for a youth of twenty-five. What does seem to me remarkable is that the same enthusiastic pedestrian, sixty years later, could leg off forty miles between the hours of 3.00 A.M. and 8.00 P.M. of a single day, under a tropical sun, and be none the worse for it. That must be close to a record for a man of eighty-five. I shouldn't wonder if it *is* a record.

When I saw him he'd had a warm bath and was briskly rubbing down his legs with coconut oil.

"Well, Mr. Bolton, how did it go?" I asked.

He looked up with a faint smile.

"Hall, you know I go to bed with the birds and get up with them. I'm a bit late this evening."

"I know," I replied, apologetically. "I just wanted to be sure that you're all right."

"All right? Of course I'm all right!" Then he added, with a grin: "But I couldn't have done sixty miles today to save me. Forty was enough."

"Any blisters?"

"Not one. My feet are in excellent condition," and I could see that for myself.

Mr. Bolton told me later that now, at eighty-five, he weighs exactly what he weighed as a Cambridge undergraduate — one hundred and sixty-eight pounds. I asked his advice as to the best way of preparing for a long and happy old age.

"First, choose carefully your parents and grandparents," he said. "Be sure they are men and women of rugged health. That's luck, of course. It was my luck. Then, for long-distance, healthy living, 'Go slow and go far' is a good motto. It's about the same as to say: 'Moderation in all things.'"

"Yes," I replied. "A forty-mile walk on your eighty-fifth birthday is an excellent example of moderation!"

"I knew perfectly well I could do it," he said; "otherwise I should never have made the attempt."

"But happiness is more than the blessing of good physical machinery," I said. "What, in your opinion, makes for the kind of happiness that never fails a man?"

He replied, instantly: "Schoolteaching. It's the finest of all professions," and he was off again on the joys of that career.

Presently I suggested that he should write the Secretary of the Achilles Club, telling how he had celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday. He considered this for a moment, then smiled and shook his head.

"It wouldn't do," he said. "You see, Lord Desborough and F. C. Coxhead, my only contemporaries in the Club, may be still living. They'd want to go me one better. They couldn't, of course, being Oxford men. But they would, unquestionably, kill themselves trying to."

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» The middle class has long been the fraternity of the majority of Americans. Now that fraternity is being subdivided and threatened with extinction. Where do you fit?

THE FUTURE OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES

by LEO M. CHERNE

1

THE middle class in America is made up of those groups whose future will be shaped less by what they themselves do than by what big business, on the one hand, and labor, on the other, achieve.

This characterization may help to light up the road ahead. First, it emphasizes the plurality of the middle class*es*. Second, it stresses the relative inertness of these groups as a political and economic force in our country. There is a curious and dangerous paradox in this statement; because the very fact that the middle class, as a whole, has no articulate pressure agency to push for its demands leads to such frustrations and tensions as turned the middle classes of many European countries to Fascism.

Actually, both the first and second characteristics are two sides of the same coin. One reason the middle class does not have a definite, conscious program or organization comparable to that of big business or labor is that it is made up of separate segments whose real interests vary — and are often contradictory.

For instance, there is the large gap between the "old" and the "new" middle classes. The first group goes back to the revolutionists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, who rose to power and wealth on the tide of the capitalistic expansion they had made possible. Today's "old" middle class are the inheritors of the properties and traditions accumulated by those ancestors. This group — large merchants, independent farmers, retired businessmen, and so on — owns property, and lives mostly on its income. The "new" middle class, on the other hand, is made up of people who do not own much property other than household furnishings and automobiles, who live on their wages — when they are working — or on the earnings of their small enterprises.

The farmer who deems himself lucky if he makes $500 a year in cash is middle-class. So is the executive of a fairly large company who earns $10,000 a year. Also placing the badge of this fraternity on their lapels or on the straps of their overalls are the country's small shopkeepers, its craft and white-collar workers, most of its manufacturers, those engaged in service enterprises, supervisory employees, government workers, technicians, and professionals — regardless of income. This is the sociological truth against which definitions must be measured.

The usual definitions — which would delimit the middle class in terms of income, function, or social status — seem to cover too much or too little, and for a good reason. Middle-classness is not a matter of income, function, or social status. Middle-classness is a state of mind. It is a system of values, of personal aspirations, which give rise to social, political, and economic wishes that color the thinking of individuals through widely disparate groups. The typical middle-class aspirations are the hope of ownership and the dream of economic security and social position.

How thoroughly the middle-class state of mind pervades the American atmosphere is indicated by the persistent refusal of most white-collar workers, for example, to identify themselves with labor. They frequently earn less than the industrial worker; they have no greater security than he has; and they are perhaps even more dependent upon their employers than he is. But their greater education, training, culture, social veneer, and closer personal relationship to the work they do establishes their middle-class character beyond question.

Even the factory worker, and especially the craftsman, the aristocrat of labor, is likely to consider

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himself a member of the middle class. The outward signs of middle-class social position are frequently his. He owns a refrigerator and a washing machine. He goes to the same movies, listens to the same radio programs, reads the same newspapers and magazines as his boss. If, dressed in his Sunday best, he were to walk down the street with his employer, an observer would be hard put to it to say which was which. The worker may not have any money in the bank, or a college degree; but he does have an automobile (what if it was bought on the installment plan?) and he dreams of the day when his son will go to college.

The contradictions and conflicts among and within the various middle-class groups tend to be obscured by the overriding compulsion of what is basically the Horatio Alger wish. This is as deeply moving a force in the social organism as psychiatry's libido or sex drives are in the individual organism. The significant point here is that in pursuing this "American dream" or "myth of direction" the middle class has inevitably run into confusion. It is not surprising to find that it has blindly and frequently fought against its own best interest.

The Populist tradition, which epitomized the most vigorous middle-class action, produced its antitrust laws, its Federal Trade Commission, its Robinson-Patman Act, and the fair-trade laws. But all these failed to stem the inevitable agglomeration of small property into big property and the evolution of *laissez faire* into monopoly. Historically, the middle class has been loud in its opposition to monopoly, and it was this class which placed the trust-buster's halo over Theodore Roosevelt's head. But the truth is that Roosevelt's famous "big stick," his Antitrust Division, consisted of only five lawyers and four stenographers. None of the corporations under attack would have considered retaining for their defense a law firm so poorly staffed.

The antitrust laws were the expression of an inherited political attitude; their uneven enforcement the expression of the conflicting economic ambitions. Actually, all these examples reveal a conflict between the ambitions of the middle class and the realities of its economic position. It is this group conflict which explains the gap between attitude and action that has characterized so much of the history of the middle classes — and which bodes no good for the future.

The consequences of this conflict were not serious in the days when this country still had the resources of its frontiers to exploit. The Horatio Alger story was less illusory then. The path upward was open; a man could start with nothing but a brain and a good pair of hands and leave his children enormous amounts of property and power. But the history of the last fifty years has been a record of contraction of opportunity, a narrowing of the road upward — if not, indeed, the complete obliteration of that road. The progress of technology, the depletion of natural resources, the rationalization of industry, the organization of distribution and mercantile establishments on a grand scale, the breakdown of *laissez faire* — all these represented a progressive weakening of the economic and political power of most of the middle-class groups.

2

The middle class in the United States today stands at the threshold of its greatest challenge. Frustrated by its impractical aspirations, split by the internecine struggles of the various groups that constitute the middle class as a whole, unable to strike a balance between its dream-wish and the realities of the new, regulated capitalism, it is hardly in an auspicious position.

The impacts of World War II have weakened its position still further. Many of the burdens of war have fallen most heavily on the individuals and families in the various middle-class groups. The bulk of some twelve million men who will be in uniform by the middle of 1944 will have come from middle-class homes and middle-class jobs. Since the middle class has traditionally been the most jealous guardian of social rules, customs, morals, and relationships, all the dislocations of the war in these spheres will strike with multiplied effect at the homes of these people. The appearance of serious juvenile delinquency in a hitherto "completely respectable" community is a shock from which the community cannot easily recover.

The adventure into war work undertaken by millions of men *and* women who before the war would have looked down their noses at manual labor will create dislocations when the war jobs are ended. Not the least of these will be readjusting to lower levels of income after the days of fat pay checks.

The millions of soldiers coming back to middle-class homes will bring their own restlessness, their own difficulties of adjustment, to add to the confusion. The casualty lists will strike with deep, unforgettable pain into these groups. The crippled and the wounded will bring their unsettling presence into many an American home that will never again be able to return to normal.

Mr. Babbitt's son, who has flown at 400 miles an hour and has been trained to hate and kill, will be

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a disquieting influence when he returns to Zenith. Husbands and wives, living through widely divergent experiences for years, will not soon be able to re-establish the family circle that was broken by an induction notice. The ripped fabrics will not be mended automatically or easily.

All these impacts of the war on middle-class families add up to a critical condition for the future. Insecurity, instability, and maladjustment will replace the security, stability, and social adjustment which have traditionally been the pillars of middle-class position in our society. It is in this state that the middle class as a whole will watch from its sickbed the jockeying for political and economic power of both big business and labor.

The future of the middle classes depends in largest part on the future of big business in the United States. If big business is king, large sections of the American middle class will find shelter, prosperity, and happiness in the king's court. The low and middle-level executives, the "manager," the engineers, technicians, and supervisors, the professional attendants — these will all benefit. Tomorrow and the day after are made for the manager. The growth of large enterprise, the complexity of its operations, the trend toward specialization within the administrative activity of business, all emphasize the importance of the new industrial functionary. The stratification and "layering" of intricate modern industrial organisms make inevitable the growth of the specifically trained stewards of power, the new industrial bureaucrats. Here is tomorrow's aristocracy of the middle class. But the small manufacturer will lead the line of those who are squeezed out by the concentration of economic power and the growth of monopolies.

To determine what is most likely to happen, you must follow the conflict between our idealized attitudes and our daily practice — the gulf between our assertions that little business is the backbone of industry, and the actions we take which stifle its growth.

It is of profound significance that the most articulate voice for free, independent America is becoming more guarded. The vehicles of opinion in America — whose untrammeled expression has traditionally been considered a basic safeguard of democracy and middle-class security — are rapidly being gathered into fewer and fewer hands. Town after town that had three newspapers now has only one. In over 100 cities the owner of the only newspaper is the owner of the only radio station. Of some 850 radio stations in the country, more than 300 are under the wing of a newspaper; and the purchase of broadcasting facilities by papers and magazines is continuing. Add to that the fact that the major networks get 75 per cent of their income from 40 advertisers.

The characteristic American attitude may be all for small business, but the publishers of the country's small papers — the homespun country weeklies which might be expected to voice that attitude — have frankly declared their admiration for the big fellows. The *American Press*, a magazine for hometown newspapers, surveyed opinion in the forty-eight states. In its issue of January, 1944, it reported this consensus of more than 500 country publishers: —

37 REASONS WHY COUNTRY PUBLISHERS LIKE "BIG BUSINESS"

1. It is the greatest factor in making this nation the best and most powerful on earth.
2. Hitler would be "World Führer" if it weren't for industry's amazing job.
3. The people in this country do not want a labor-dominated government.
4. The products of large industries have won the people's highest esteem.
5. Big business knows what to do in emergencies and has the capital to keep men on payrolls when things are bad.
6. It is much better to have big business than big government.
7. The capitalistic system is much better than modified socialism.
8. Big business knows it must be worthy of confidence or it will lose its leadership.
9. Businesses get big because of fair dealing, honest products, and a long-view perspective of public demands.
10. Big business makes good business for little business.
11. If it weren't for big business there wouldn't be any America.
12. It will be American capital and big business — not academic theorists — who will bring America back to peacetime living.
13. If it weren't for big business Mr. Roosevelt would take us over.
14. Big business is necessary for the success of newspapers.
15. Big business is the backbone of small business.
16. Big business keeps prices down where its products can be enjoyed by more people.
17. Big business is fairer than labor or any other single group.
18. Big business has saved this country.
19. Big business is simply an aggregation of the capital of numerous and widely scattered stockholders.
20. Big business cannot be held down without holding down small business.
21. The basis of democracy is to protect the right of small business to become big business.
22. We can't condemn an organization because it surrounds itself with the facilities to build better mousetraps.
23. A government which opposes big business is heading toward a communistic state.

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24. Big industries have brought us most all of the modern conveniences we have today.
25. Competition is the life of trade.
26. Only big firms can afford the research needed to give us better and cheaper products.
27. Good pay by big business gives our middle class a high standard of living.
28. We are fighting this war to save free enterprise — which means big business.
29. We must get back to the day when a poor man with initiative will have the hope and chance of becoming an outstanding leader.
30. We owe big business a debt of gratitude for the luxuries and necessities we all enjoy.
31. It takes big business to make the wheels move.
32. It was ambition that made these organizations so powerful.
33. As big business prospers, so prospers the nation.
34. If we have to be exploited by any group, we prefer big business — they do it with more finesse.
35. Big business is as much a part of American life as hot dogs and Coca-Cola.
36. Take away big business and what is there for the little fellow to strive for?
37. Our country has developed through the capitalistic system of business.

Today big business is growing rapidly, while small business just about manages to hold its own. Under Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson told the story when he said that war orders "had to be placed with companies best equipped to handle them with speed. . . . We had to take industrial America as we found it."

Attempts were made by the government to cut small business in on war production. But as Vice President Wallace said, "The Smaller War Plants Corporation came into the picture two years too late." That it came into the picture at all is a tribute to American sentiment. It was ineffective. Argue with General Blitz. He will still insist he would rather deal with one giant corporation and place an order for 10,000 planes than fuss around with a thousand smaller plants handling the bits and pieces from which the planes are made. It was no accident that before the country became "reconversion conscious" recently, the chairmanship of the Smaller War Plants Corporation proved a one-way road to oblivion.

Small business did not pass out of the picture completely, of course. As of July, 1943, the total physical output of small plants was still at about the 1940 level. Some 150,000 medium-sized and small manufacturing plants are in operation in 1944 as compared with 170,000 before Pearl Harbor. Small business has survived, but its character has changed. It makes the bits and pieces, but only as one of the thousands of work horses for a General Motors with whom Uncle Sam does business directly.

At the end of the war this reality will be the base from which business organization starts to operate. It will shape public policy and determine the relative position of all the classes in America. The nation may pretend that it does not exist. Indeed, with each wartime increase in the power and influence of large enterprise, prettier bouquets have been thrown in the direction of the little man. With each inhibition imposed on competition, a more effusive paragraph has been written to extol the competitive way.

3

From one of America's important industrial organizations, the New England Council, came the words of its president, accurately describing the conflict between reality and what we think about it — "the great inconsistencies between what is being said about free enterprise and what is being done by owners of the capital that is essential to free enterprise. . . . Everywhere we encounter a reluctance to take risks. Everywhere we find a strong belief in private ownership, and everywhere we see a scarcity of persons willing to become owners when risk is apparent. The demand for security is not confined to the disinherited."

The implications in this statement are important, for they indicate a distinction between a free enterprise system and a private enterprise system. Free enterprise is competitive; private enterprise merely means privately owned business which may or may not exist in a competitive atmosphere. Free enterprise is inconsistent with restrictive agreements, combinations, monoplies. It calls for a market in which the more efficient producers and sellers are free to set their individual production schedules and their prices. Every small business has at least a chance to grow, limited only by the managerial ability and resources of its owner. This, indeed, is the traditional war cry of the old middle class.

But free enterprise and unrestricted competition began to retreat a long time ago. Even before World War I, it had all but disappeared in some of the heavy industries and in most of mining. During the twenties and thirties, free enterprise began to lose its grip on more and more of the country's manufacture.

The war hastened the change. In just two years, 1942 and 1943, the share of big business in the nation's total output grew faster than in the preceding twenty years. By 1943, with the compressing force of war still gaining momentum, the 100 largest firms already controlled about seven eighths of the nation's war output, with approximately four fifths of all prime war contracts in their hands.

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That small group farmed out the nation's work to subcontractors who, in turn, passed on slices to sub-subcontractors. The pattern of American business was being redesigned. The thousands of independent little pieces that used to constitute American industry were linked together by the forge of war into an integrated chain, anchored to the prime contracts held by the giant companies. The small firms that remained in business — and most did — made more profits than they had in a long time. But they were operating as satellites. Initiative, direction, and planning stemmed from the big contractors. The ruggedness of the American businessman may not have diminished, his antipathy to external control has not decreased, but the former individualist has rapidly become part of new gigantic industrial collectives. He has been changing from an old middle-class owner to a new middle-class supervisory employee.

If the future is at best uncertain for the middle-class manufacturer, it is, on the other hand, comparatively bright for the small and medium-sized distributor and retailer. Though the department stores and mail-order giants won't grow smaller or the chain stores disintegrate, small retail distribution will not be supplanted by big business as manufacture will. It is here, incidentally, that the government surpluses of goods will have their most marked business effect. Bargain counters displaying what were originally government wares will draw crowds and add many an easy dollar to the small distributor's cash register.

Despite the wartime burdens of rationing, price control, freight and delivery restrictions, the middle-class owners of the country's shops and stores have come through without too much dislocation. Even dealers in products like automobiles haven't done badly. The Packard Motor Car Company still has more than 90 per cent of its dealers in business. Fewer than 15 per cent of the tire dealers have gone out of business since Pearl Harbor. Why should they? The large tire manufacturers have supplied them with everything but tires. The Firestone Tire and Rubber Company fed its distributive network with 3000 different items from a catalogue that covers 68 pages — books, paints, wallpaper, garden tools, clothes, and other goods.

In the years after the war, capitalism and government will face in the most acute form the questions that have troubled both most painfully during the last generation: how to make jobs for the most people and how to protect freedom of enterprise at the same time; how to provide security and enlarge the liberties of the most people at the same time; how to win safety without contracting; how to stabilize and grow; how to keep the big from growing bigger and the small from becoming smaller.

Progressively throughout the last fifteen years — and more dramatically during the war — big business's share of the national dollar has been increasing. And small business faces the reconversion period with many fewer advantages than big business. It will, for instance, benefit less by the "carry-back" tax provisions. Also, although Washington has talked about breaking down government plants so that small firms may have a chance to buy some of the facilities and equipment that will be available after the war, the plain fact is that big business will be best able to take advantage of the opportunities which government disposal of plants will offer.

In the basic contest between the big and the little, the hands of government will be stayed by the most important pressure we shall know in the years ahead — unemployment. Big business makes big units of employment. For the sake of jobs, government will grant many concessions, no matter how hostile to big business its policy may be. Such concessions will involve not only a substantial cut in the tax burden, but also permission to continue some of the wartime agreements between firms in the same industry.

There will be government subsidies in the form of substantial price slashes on government-owned facilities, the careful disposal of government-owned supplies in foreign countries, and controlled, gradual disposal in the domestic market. True, some of these measures will be favored by smaller enterprise, but the consequences will benefit most those in the upper bracket of business. If only because big business is the key to big employment, the average American will applaud such policy. And big business will continue to grow.

That continued expansion will not be due to the "greed of rapacious business." The truth is that the decisions will be made not by individuals — inside or outside the companies themselves — but by the compelling force of an economy already resting on the foundation of big business.

Neither the public nor Congress will be able to resist this basic fact. There will be many attempts to extend assistance to small business. But small manufacture can be helped only by preferential legislation; only if the government steps in to equalize the odds can the varying types of enterprise play an even game. Yet, with typical middle-class confusion, it will be the small and medium-sized businesses themselves that will be among the first to protest "government meddling" — and will thus resist such efforts on their behalf.

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4

On the other side of the arena will be labor, meeting the peace with a show of strength. On Armistice Day, organized labor will be able to show on its books a membership of 12,000,000. Actually, that figure will be deceptive. In the first place, it includes many in the armed forces who will never return to their old jobs or their old unions. More important, as war-expanded industries begin to contract, union members will be squeezed out of jobs and will drop out of their labor organizations. The CIO is likely to suffer a particularly sharp drop because the largest part of its wartime expansion was in precisely those industries, such as shipbuilding and aviation, which will suffer the sharpest cuts when war production ends. This is important if only because the A. F. of L. will certainly take advantage of the CIO's comparative weakness to press for jurisdictional power. In the wave of jurisdictional disputes that will follow, not only the country as a whole, but small business in particular, will suffer serious dislocations.

At the same time, it is the small middle-class enterprise that will find it most difficult either to accede to or to resist labor's drive to maintain the high wartime level of pay and working conditions. Similarly, smaller companies will find it harder to meet demands for dismissal pay. The return of veterans will also raise many problems that will strike with peculiar impact at the small firm. The large concern, more impersonal in its employee relationships, may be able to avoid serious trouble, but in smaller companies, where rehiring of former servicemen means firing of present workers, the situation will be both unpleasant and explosive.

One of the most significant wartime developments in the field of labor has been the growth of a new political policy — moving away from the Gompers and A. F. of L. tradition of "rewarding labor's friends and punishing its enemies." The new line is articulated in the development of the CIO's Political Action Committee, led by Sidney Hillman. Although confusions within the house of labor itself and the conflicts between liberal and left-wing groups are almost certain guarantees that there will be no Labor Party in the United States for a long time to come, the wartime drive to mobilize labor as a political force indicates a growing class challenge.

Labor's future is uncertain. The years immediately ahead will find it in a weakened condition, disunited, fumbling through a difficult economic environment. But in long-range terms labor, as compared with the middle class, presents a fairly well organized, fairly articulate group, moving toward a definite goal.

Both the direction of big business and the direction of the labor groups spell pressure on the middle class. The new middle classes will not feel the resentment and fears of those below them so deeply as the old. The frustration that besets the property owner will not be present. It is more difficult to dislike when you're moving up or holding your own than when you're sliding down. For many of the new middle classes, peace will offer the greatest prospect for economic advancement and political control they have ever had. They will enjoy the psychological lift of knowing that they are not declining in the community. Fifteen per cent of all the people gainfully employed in 1870 were independent business operators; by the end of the war that group will be no more than 5 per cent of the community. Wage workers and salaried employees and professionals jumped from 600,000 in 1870 to more than 10 million before the war; from 4 per cent of the community, they have become more than 20 per cent. For them the future is not a fight for group survival.

For America the future of the middle class is in large measure the future of a non-propertied class; more exactly, it is the future of a class that does not own its own means of livelihood. A hundred years ago 16 out of every 20 people in America owned the means by which they made their living; today 17 out of 20 do not. A drastic change in the traditions of liberty and independence will result from this fact alone. America will be as much a middle-class nation as it ever was, but there is a basic adjustment ahead in middle-class aspirations and there will be many conflicts before the adjustments are completed.

This new middle class has been growing much more rapidly than the number of industrial workers. The trend will continue, as Lewis Corey says, because they are at the center "in collective, large-scale industry, and in the state, without whose functional services the economic system could not carry on. . . . They now perform the tasks of industrial organization and direction that individual capitalist owners performed in the age of competitive, small-scale capitalism." The future of the middle class will eventually involve an open struggle to achieve *place* in America — as the employed managers of big business.

The substantial American middle class in agriculture is another participant in the gradual march away from property. The number of separate, individual owners has been declining. The family farm has been declining.

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Three notable trends have left a lasting imprint on the land. The marginal landowner is becoming the farm tenant. The smaller, less secure independent farmer frequently becomes the farm contractor, selling his entire output to a specific food processor. The mechanization of agriculture has enlarged the farm and reduced the number of individual owners. With mechanization calling for ever larger capital outlays, this most important of the trends is unlikely to be reversed. The farm community will continue to look to the nation for subsidies, price support, and similar guarantees against the competitive struggle.

As for the old middle class, it will be increasingly ground between capital and labor, its roots torn from its economic and philosophic soil. It will stand as the major problem of modern society. This traditional middle-class group — whose key incentives and inherited philosophies have revolved around the concepts of property, economic freedom, getting ahead, *laissez faire* — represents, from the social standpoint, the dynamite of tomorrow.

Tired and confused, the emotional uplift of war removed, these beleaguered middle-class entrepreneurs are the most susceptible to the infections of a post-war disillusionment. Every post-war call for new-style isolationism, every chauvinist appeal, will seek to enlist their loyalties. In every successful Fascist revolution in Europe the basic appeal was directed to just such elements as these — the bewildered, the frustrated, and the embittered. The Fascist line dangled before the middle class is baited with two hooks, the first of which is protection against the pressure from below, and the other the promise of a restoration to the old status of power and unlimited opportunity. Many will swallow the bait. How serious the consequences will then be depends primarily on whether America achieves a high level of employment and prosperity or stumbles into depression after the war.

OBITUARY PAGE

by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Now they begin to go;
the lonely-walking or the crowded-round,
the fortunate, the hapless, friend or foe;
the loosed or bound;
into the dark they flutter, settling slow
like snow upon the ground. . . .

Into the dark, either to depth or height, —
wrenched from convivial tumult, or despair,
in sudden rigor, in that strange despite
of terror, or its foil, delight, —
or inward drawn somewhere
divested of ascension or declension,
moving still near us in some fourth dimension. . . .

No fluttering snow are they, but blades made bare,
plucked from the sheath! For these I knew were swords
and those were flames — and many were aware,
in age, of that which is not said with words.
O, anywhere,
God fend, and send them into brighter air!

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PARENTS AND PARADES

by GRETCHEN FINLETTER

1

PARENTS, I suppose, were as much a problem formerly as they are today. Unless one watched them like foxes, they might try out some bright new scheme of their own. Samuel Butler says in *The Way of All Flesh:* "Why cannot we be buried as eggs in neat little cells with thousand pound Bank of England notes wrapped round us and wake to find papa and mamma have been eaten by sparrows some weeks before we began to live consciously?"

I did not wish for anything so drastic. I admired my mother and father deeply, but of course I wanted them to be exactly like other parents. As I think back, no two were like another two, but there was a kind of type — a father who went downtown in the morning and didn't hang around the house, a gentle mother with marcelled hair who didn't say much.

Now here was something strange: I did not suffer for my friends in similar predicaments. I remember one father who always kissed his little daughter's companions good-bye and gave off a great whiff of old brandy. That did not seem odd to me. I simply thought how expensive he smelled.

And today, though I remember how I felt, life has apparently taught me nothing, for I find that I am causing my own children the same agony. I put them in charge of conductors when they travel, which humiliates them; I don't know the difference between Jimmy Dorsey and Tommy Dorsey or really quite who they are; I call j.g.'s ensigns — in fact, hardly a day goes by that I haven't made a bad mistake.

But here is the difference: I am told my errors loudly and publicly. When I was young we were respectful. We didn't dare do much more than hint. We just suffered.

My first embarrassment started over my father. As a reward for having recovered from scarlet fever, my mother told me I could give a party the way I wanted. I knew exactly the way I wanted it — as near a duplication as possible of the other parties I had attended.

I had been to a big school for a year, so I only had fourteen best friends. These would have to be invited. Then my mother suggested I include a child of a friend of hers. I refused. She didn't go to my school; *ipso facto*, no one would like her.

I went out with Minnie to a stationery shop and bought a box of invitations. On each letterhead was a pale-blue shepherdess with a crook, and under her was printed: "Won't you come to my party on —" Then there were spaces to indicate the day, the time, and the place, and in the left-hand corner, "The Favor of a Reply is requested."

I next demanded that my little sisters should not be around and butt in, as I hospitably put it. I particularly did not want Anita. She still used a bib at table and needed it. Minnie, who always liked the newest youngest the best, was very hurt by this. She was under the delusion that she could make Anita's hair curl. Her efforts only produced three corkscrews on one side. I told her that I thought Baby Anita was repulsive and I did not want my friends to see her. My mother announced that Anita was her most beautiful child.

Polly was allowed to be present by the simple expedient of telling me she did not want to come and would rather stay upstairs. This psychology always worked with me, and I begged her to attend. Though Alice seemed bossy to me, I needed her. She was a little older and I felt she would give the whole affair tone. She was going to run the games.

It took me several days to decide what we were going to eat. Finally and with justifiable pride I brought my mother the bill of fare: creamed chicken, peas; ice cream (not the green kind); cocoa. My mother, in an imaginative burst, added snappers for the table, and peppermints.

GRETCHEN FINLETTER is the daughter of Walter Damrosch. She and her three sisters grew up in New York City in a home dominated by pianos, rehearsals, and arias. She has been adding to our gayety with her irresistible narratives of New York in the early 1900's.

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The party was scheduled to run from four to six, with supper at half past five. At three o'clock I was waiting fully dressed, and at a quarter to four everyone had arrived.

After a nervous interval while we shook hands and eyed each other's clothes, Alice announced that the games were to start. It was a Salmagundi affair with four tables at which different competitions took place: threading needles, jackstraws, Hearts, and Old Maid. The winner at each table, after pasting a gold star on a piece of red cardboard, advanced to the next event, and she who made the four stars first, won. The room became noisy and I relaxed.

But somehow the time element had been miscalculated. At ten minutes to five the games were all over and there were still forty minutes until supper. I have since seen this situation at parties for grown-ups, when things do not proceed according to plan, and I have recognized the panic on the face of the hostess. Alice, however, was equal to it. She merely stated that there would be a short interval before the next event.

Having taken a big dose of Sir Walter Scott, she then announced a new game called The Garde Joyeux and The Garde Douloureux. It was a kind of glorified Prisoner's Base, each side receiving high-sounding titles which they lost if they were captured.

In the middle of this my father entered the room, and at the same moment the waitress announced supper. My father then did a horrifying thing. He went to the piano and started to play a March. I was so appalled at this break with custom that I could not speak. Then I signaled to him to stop.

"Louder?" said my father and played on.

"Supper is served," repeated the waitress.

I reached the piano. "Don't play!" I begged. "None of the fathers play piano!"

"More fools they," replied my father, continuing. "Now all of you march around the room twice." We marched around the room twice and I did not dare lift my eyes.

Then something strange happened: my friends did not want to go in to supper. They wanted him to play to them again. They *liked* it. My mortification almost turned to pride, but not quite. I was not yet sure. This might only be a display of their impeccable manners. But when they shook hands with my mother and said, "Thank-you-for-the-lovely-party," it did sound almost genuine.

2

My mother had — and still has — strong opinions on the questions of the day. Though I never thought of it as quarreling, as children we were used to plenty of disagreement between my parents. My mother had great wit, and if she could not win by argument, she could often snatch victory by the flash of her repartee.

She was very clear and articulate and usually had the facts at her fingertips; but if she was cornered and no retort came to her, she would announce that she had reached her conclusion because she "felt it in her bones." My father would declare he had just as many bones, they were just as sensitive, and they told him differently. But we believed my mother had some super-perceptive fluid tucked away in her anatomy.

The arguments usually took place at table and ranged all the way from William Howard Taft to how low a picture should be hung. My sisters and I would join in, defending the parent we felt was the weaker at the moment.

There were certain rules. My mother, coming of a political family, had a corner on public questions — and on the whole won in this field. My father went undisputed in the realm of music. But there was a great No Man's Land between those two areas. In the fought-over territory were interior decoration, religion, food, education, relatives — well, all the things that go to make up living.

I was so used to disagreement that when I began visiting my friends, I kept waiting for the scrap to start. At first the quiet meals seemed wonderful and like a beautiful set in a play, but then I would become homesick and want to get back to where everyone cared passionately about everyone else's opinions and all expressed themselves in an unvarnished way.

The question of religion was a curving line between my parents. My father usually had a concert on Sundays and did not go to church. He did not think much of the music that was played there, — I think it made him nervous, — and anyhow, Sunday was his busy day. He did not, however, feel any the less religious or any less an authority with my mother in understanding the workings of the Deity. He always referred to God as The Almighty, and this practice annoyed my mother. I think she felt that if my father did not work enough at religion to go to church, as she did, and did not read the religious books, as she did, he should not be so know-it-all about what The Almighty was up to. She would tell him he didn't know what he was talking about.

My mother not only went to church but she listened carefully, and this habit sometimes caused her daughters suffering.

A new young clergyman would start in with his

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sermon and all would be well if he kept it on a vague and spiritual height. But if he was a practical cleric he would try to hitch his text to some question of the day and he would not always be on the party line. He might also be in a wonderful haze as to his facts.

I would receive a slight nudge from one of my sisters. But I did not need the nudge. I had heard the clergyman announce, "The Congress of the United States must make Covenants betwixt the nations, even as the Lord commanded Moses with the Tribes of Israel."

I saw my mother's face flush. Then, though I was in a sitting position, I would close my eyes and start to pray in real earnest. I would implore God to get that cleric to recant before it was too late. I knew He could do nothing with my mother.

After the Benediction the clergyman would stand outside to greet the congregation as they left the church. We always hung back far behind my mother. The clergyman would extend his hand with a peaceful smile.

"Do you not realize," my mother would demand, "that a treaty with a foreign power must be ratified by a two-thirds vote in the Senate, unlike a bill, which needs a majority in both Houses? It has nothing whatsoever to do with the Laws of Moses!"

The Reverend reeled. Here was living proof that someone had listened to him. He had been hit on the head and yet he was fascinated. Might he call? Might he bring a small quotation from a little book? It had great bearing on this very interesting question. My mother, still shaking her head disapprovingly, told him that he might come, and with red faces we walked home.

The Reverend came with his little book, but then my mother gave him three large books and told him to read them *carefully*. And then he came often and became charmed by my non-churchgoing father. He would drop in for lunch and my father would tell him what St. Peter said to the two Irishmen who wanted to get into Heaven, or expound his views, and the clergyman would nod in solemn agreement.

This would infuriate my mother. She had netted this bird. He should be able to see through my father and recognize that he had no idea what he was talking about!

3

My mother became a suffragist. The suffragettes in England were having a real fight, chaining themselves to posts, destroying the golf greens of members of Parliament, being jailed and then starving themselves. They were a courageous lot and broke the ground for their American sisters.

In this country there was strong feeling but it did not take so physical a form. There was a big section in the press which made fun of the women, and there were plenty of men and other women who were against the giving of the ballot. It took guts to fight for the cause, and a tough spirit to withstand the ridicule.

Alice Duer Miller ran a page in the *New York Tribune* called "Are Women People?" It was full of wit and became one of the pivotal points of the fight.

A group of women went down to Washington to attend the suffrage hearings. Chairman Webb cried out to the suffragists when they appeared: "Why do you come here and bother us!"

Alice Duer Miller answered in her column: —

> "Girls, girls, the worst has happened;
> Our Cause is at its ebb.
> How could you go and do it!
> You've bothered Mr. Webb!"

Concerning a Congressional obstructionist, she wrote: —

> "Oh no, I don't approve of giving women the vote.
> Women," he said, "are something divine, apart,
> Something mysterious, precious, fair and remote,
> Caring for nothing but love, religion and art."
>
> "But women are really not like that," said I.
> "I like to think of them so," was his reply.

One of the arguments related to the prejudice that existed against women in the fields of medicine and law, and even in the church. If they went to universities and did as well as the men, why should they not have an equal chance in the professions?

I remember that then I became depressed. I was not very old and it seemed to me that if I ever got through school, which was already becoming difficult, I should not then be happily quit of it all, but should have to go on and on. In school we were told ambiguously that we must lead useful lives, but in the suffrage world words were not minced; we were told we had to have careers, and fight to hold them, and do even better than the men.

Like most little girls, I liked to play House. I did not think of having a husband, but I did think of having children — five of them, two boys and three girls. I knew their names and how old they were going to be. They were apparently going to spring full-armed like Minerva, one at the age of five, twins at age eight, one at nine, and one at nine and a half. I knew exactly how I would dress them. Now all this was to be denied me.

Did I really want to be a great lawyer? Should I be happy removing an appendix? I began to feel guilty and troubled. I studied the pictures of the

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London women in the Sunday papers. One was being carried off by two policemen, and another was lying on a cot swallowing an enormous hose. These women were doing this so that I could become a U. S. Senator. I ought to be grateful. I wasn't.

I wished my mother didn't care so. A lot of the other ladies seemed so unaware, and though I felt they had none of my mother's spirit, their children seemed less weighed down by their future responsibilities.

My mother planned to march in the first big suffrage parade. Nowadays women will march anywhere at the drop of a hat, dressed as drum majors or Puritan maids, but the first suffrage parade caused a lot of ridicule, and it took belief and nerve to march. My father was very proud of my mother. I think he would have paraded too if he had been invited, and he wanted her to get her due.

4

The parade took place on a May day, at five in the afternoon. The line of march was scheduled to go from Washington Square to Carnegie Hall, where a mass meeting was to take place in the evening.

The day before, there were notices in the papers from Mrs. Blatch giving the marchers their orders, advising them to look neat and keep their heads up, for on them depended the implications of the day.

My mother wore a white serge suit which just cleared the ground, and a white hat on the front of which was a feathered owl's head with big yellow glass eyes. The hat was held on by two long hatpins. Most of the women wore white; those who did not have this costume were in dark blue. There was also a special suffrage hat which cost thirty-nine cents, and a number of the ladies pinned it on.

The marchers were told to go in groups by profession or college. "If you have no profession or diploma," read the order, "if you are just married women, you are to march with your district to educate your Senator."

It was a perfect spring day. The crowd collected early along the line of march, and by three o'clock the sidewalks along Fifth Avenue were jammed. My mother went off to join her district, and there was a light in her eye. We each shook her by the hand and wished her luck. Then my father and his four daughters struggled over to the Avenue and the Bryce house, where we were to watch the great event.

We shoved our way up the crowded steps. There were hundreds of people about, and they were obviously out for the fun. They were going to make the ladies the butts for all possible humor. Passing in and out among them were the anti-suffragists, distributing leaflets and wearing holy yet triumphant smiles. This march, they had little doubt, was going to fix their rivals.

We all became nervous. Suppose someone threw an egg at my mother. What ought we to do? We opened the big windows wide and looked anxiously down the empty Avenue and at the seething crowd. A fight between two women was taking place on a side street. One of them had kicked a basket of anti-suffrage literature into the gutter, and a pleased circle formed. But there was an interruption. There was the sound of a distant band. All eyes turned from the two women.

Coming up the Avenue was a line of mounted police. The band sounded louder and there appeared fifty-four horsewomen of the Suffrage Cavalry, mounted on the shiniest of steeds and all wearing black hats cockaded in green and purple. On a rearing bay sat Inez Milholland in a linen crash suit. The crowd looked at that beautiful girl on her plunging animal and gasped. The parade was on.

The band drummed by and then came the marchers in straight rows, some carrying banners or slogans, and all wearing ribbons across their chests, and the suffrage emblem. Some were older women, some were young and lovely, but every face had on it an expression so resolute and serious that it silenced the milling crowd. There was a hush and then the applause began. I remember a shiver going up my spine and I was suddenly proud that I was related to this march.

Said the violently anti-suffragist *New York Times:* "It was a crowd far larger than that which greeted the home-coming of Theodore Roosevelt. Gallantry aside, one is forced to say that the paraders were well worth looking at. Many were young and attractive, nearly all were becomingly gowned, all stepped out like women unafraid."

But in its editorial the *Times* became more severe. "If the women try hard enough to get the ballot, they will get it and play havoc with it for themselves and society if the men are not firm and wise enough, and it may well be said, masculine enough to prevent them."

There were in all some ten thousand marchers. Following the first groups came the college women in their caps and gowns, then the teachers. They received rousing cheers from their pupils, who had collected in knots and were waiting for them. A flock of high school girls swung into the line in gym suits, middy blouses, and red ties, with their arms extended to hold a great flag carried flat. "All this,"

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said their banner, "is a Natural Consequence of Teaching Girls to Read."

Next appeared a band playing "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching." Those on the sidelines took up the refrain and sang, "The Girls Are Marching." Two carriages appeared, driven of course by women, in which sat white-haired suffrage veterans. Another band swept up the Avenue.

But the crowd, which was gay and excited, still wanted some fun. The parade was full of color and music; they were learning a lot of facts from the slogans; they had never realized before that women worked in such a variety of fields; they had seen hundreds of pretty faces which had surprised them, but they hadn't yet had a big laugh. Then the moment came.

Up the Avenue paraded the Men's League for Women Voters, eight hundred of them. There had been no attempt at uniformity in their dress. Some wore frock coats and high silk hats, some business suits and derbies. All carried little flags. Never were early Christians received with more delight by the lions. There was a roar of expectant pleasure.

As is the way of parades, traffic had to cross the Avenue and the gallant Eight Hundred were forced to pause several minutes. The sidewalks let them have it.

"Can't you fellows get a wife? Why not try up ahead!"

"Three cheers for the henpecked!"

"Where are your aprons?"

"Aw, Susie, are the dishes washed?"

"Who's minding the babies?"

The men took it good-naturedly. A distinguished doctor with a full beard stood at the head of a battalion of physicians. "Look at the bearded lady!" This sally received appreciative guffaws.

Finally the band struck up "I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl Who Married Dear Old Dad," and the brave men marched on, but there was a last, parting shot: "It's your chests you throw out, not your stomachs!"

Harvard and Princeton had sent delegations. The Harvard students wore their black gowns and mortarboards. When they passed the Union Club they waved at the members who were sitting in the windows. They were met by stony looks of disapproval. In this instance the sex was not hanging together.

We were still at the Bryce windows waiting for my mother. The parade continued, more bands, — there were twenty-six of them, — more women, a group of actresses, the laundry workers, the milliners, more districts. Then one of my sisters screamed out: "Look — in the second line of the third group — at the end!"

There was a white hat with an owl's head in front. My father stood up. "Now, when I give the signal."

The line drew nearer. "One, two, three," cried my father. "Hip, hip, hooray, hooray, hooray!"

We all cheered. The crowd joined in and cheered with us. We waved our handkerchiefs. But my mother kept her eyes straight ahead. She says she never heard us.

SILENCE AFTER THUNDER

by CULLEN JONES

I AM the voice that spoke and was not heard:
On fields where dying sleep, though lost or won,
The battle echoes in their dreams — no word
Of mine remains. I am the pledge begun
When promises surround the growing child;
They knew me well when they were very young:
I am their language of the trees; the wild
Stream flowing, answering in their boyish tongue.
And even though they left me waiting here,
Lost in my ancient thoughts, the quick should know
That once there was a voice both far and near —
I spoke to them; but that was long ago:
Now they are left with sordid ends and spring,
And silence after thunder, whispering.

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FLORIDA MOUNDS AND SPRINGS

by THOMAS BARBOUR

1

GRANDMOTHER'S house at Eau Gallie is situated right on the shore of the Indian River — which is not a river at all but a large and rather brackish lagoon. It is a queer old structure, really a double house. The front part is said to be the oldest building in Eau Gallie. Grandmother's bedroom and the sitting room are downstairs and there are two guest rooms upstairs. The front walk out to the lane passes under an arbor covered with Cherokee roses.

To the east, facing the river, there was a screened porch with an open porch directly above it. Beside the screened porch, where one might sit in peace during the mosquitoey seasons, there was more wide porch space connected with the separate dining room. Part of the open veranda downstairs extended around the trunk of a giant water oak which shaded the unroofed porch and a large part of the house. At the western door of the dining room was the cistern which provided drinking water, caught from the eaves. There are two artesian wells on the place, but the water from these is strongly sulphurous, though in time most of us grew to like it.

It was a picturesque dwelling place, beautifully cared for and planted out while Grandmother was alive — now, however, sadly in ruins. For years there was a long wharf at the foot of the little grassy lane that bordered her property on the north. Here the old stern-wheel steamers which ran south to Jupiter from St. Augustine stopped on their irregular journeys down river. To this wharf also was tied Grandmother's fishing launch.

In Florida at that time, few people had such a boat. The engine was made of solid bronze, for Grandmother hated the idea of sitting near a rusty engine, and she knew it would be that with the care it would get locally. Moreover, the engine was made so that it could be run very slowly for trolling. The Indian River had not been netted outrageously by commercial fishermen in those days, as it has been now, and it was no trick at all to catch a mess of sailor's-choice from the dock.

These were delicious little pan fish which might be sent to the kitchen or sometimes impaled as bait on a big hook and tossed far out from the end of the dock on a long line. There was always the good chance of catching an errant sergeant fish or snook, which might be cruising up or down the river well out from shore. These big fellows were white-meated and delicious to eat. You couldn't catch a big one now in the Indian River to save your soul — I mean one of fifteen or twenty pounds.

On trolling excursions with Grandmother, I usually went across the Indian River to the southern point of Merritt Island directly opposite across the river from "Walden," as Grandmother called her place. Merritt Island, something over a hundred miles long, lies in the Indian River, and that area of water lying to the eastward of the island is called the Banana River. Where the two so-called rivers meet, there is an area of perhaps a hundred acres of really deep water for that part of the world, perhaps from fifteen to twenty-five feet. Here we trolled around and around, again and again. We used a hand line; Grandmother got more of a thrill without a rod.

I remember well the very first time I ever went there with her; I caught a sea trout, in reality an ally of our Northern weakfish and, of course, no trout at all, which weighed just short of fifteen pounds. It jumped nobly when it struck, and I can feel now the sense of triumph as I landed it, although, in my opinion, the meat of this fish is decidedly inferior in quality.

On these trolling excursions we passed back and

For going on half a century, DR. THOMAS BARBOUR has been closely identified with Florida, first as a boy, then as a scientist taking note of this incredibly rich domain. Director of the Agassiz Museum at Harvard University, Dr. Barbour is at the moment building up his strength and adding the finishing touches to his new book, *That Vanishing Eden, The Story of Florida*. This is the second of five chapters to appear in the *Atlantic*.

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forth across the front of a great shell mound — thirty feet from the river shore to the top — which is located on the eastern shore of the Banana River, directly at its junction. I never saw this Banana River mound without its firing my imagination. It seemed so stupendous to my childish eyes. We often talked about how smelly the top of the mound must have been as a dwelling place, for of course the whole great accumulation was formed by Indians sitting around their campfires and for years unnumbered throwing the shells of the mollusks they ate over their shoulders, so to speak. There are little lenticular spots throughout the whole mound, which was certainly several acres in area, and these lenses were the compacted remnants of age-old cooking fires. We know that primitive man is not very fussy about what he smells, but these mounds, during the process of their formation, must have been noisome in the extreme.

The Banana River mound was not very much higher or very much larger in area than the shell mound which belonged to Grandmother and which was but little over a mile south of "Walden," where the Eau Gallie River enters the Indian River. On the rich surface of this mound, among enormous oaks and tall cabbage palms, which must have been very old, Grandmother's wonderful grove of old orange and grapefruit trees stood. They were apparently old seedling trees: they show no signs of having been budded; and how so many seedlings came to produce such superb fruit is a first-class mystery.

Once, however, before I ever tried digging there, I rowed myself over to the great mound at the mouth of the Banana River and by chance landed for a memorable day of sport. I must have been about twelve. I left my boat at the beach in front of the mound and trudged across through the scrub to the ocean. Naturally, on the way I examined carefully the bear tracks and the deer tracks in the sand, and finally reached the ocean beach after a walk of about a mile and a half. Then I uncoiled the long, heavy fishline which I had carried with me. I baited it with a sailor's-choice, taken from my pocket, and bent in a match stick to the line about six feet from the sinker and the bait. Catching this little stick with my second and third finger, I would whirl the whole contraption around my head and heave it far out into the surf.

The sun was warm and the water caressed my bare feet. Suddenly I caught what to my eyes was the father of all channel bass and dragged it up on the beach. I beat its head vigorously with a club till it quit flopping, hitched a line to its tail, and slung it over my shoulder.

Thoroughly tired, I plodded back to the boat. As I was getting ready to row home I saw a fine big possum on the shore. He was traipsing about in broad daylight, which is no ordinary custom for possums. I ran him down and turned him over with one of the oars. With another line, which I had in the boat, I made one of his hind feet fast and hitched him to one of the thwarts. I rowed proudly home.

Grandmother was delighted at sight of the big fish, which we sliced up for broiling, reserving a good chunk for chowder. She spurned the possum, however, which went home that night with Aunt Harriet, ensconced in her covered basket. She was our cook and lived in "Colored Town" about two miles away, and this particular evening she went home with plans for fattening her trove before killing it. I can see her now as she puffed her little black T D pipe, walking along with a distinct hitch, for one of her legs was considerably shorter than the other.

2

During the early years of our married life, Rosamond and I had several happy visits to Eau Gallie and there we began our first amateur archaeological digging. We found pottery sherds beyond number in the great Banana River mound. Directly behind it there was an even higher sand mound that must have been the burial place used by the makers of the shell mound for a very long time. The Peabody Museum still has many of the bones which we dug and one pretty fair skull. If, however, we had known as much then as we do now about caring for this sort of material, we should have had a much larger and much better collection. The bones were soft and punky, and many were ruined by the penetration of roots of the trees and shrubs growing on the mound. Nevertheless, our digs were memorable occasions and they offered thrilling adventures and worth-while experience.

It has always been a mystery to me why this mound should have so abounded in fragments of pottery, showing several different designs, and other human implements such as shell cups and ladles, many fashioned from the big whelk shells. On the other hand, the mound at our grove proved to be unproductive. Grandmother was always very much interested in our digging activities and keen to see what we found. She helped find laborers to dig for us and frequently ferried us over and back from the mound. But none of Grandmother's old colored folk who worked around the place would ever go near the mound.

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Mounds built of shells of marine species are characteristic of the coastal areas of most of Florida, whereas shell mounds composed of fresh-water forms are characteristic of the St. Johns River area particularly, and of lakes and streams of North and North-central Florida. The gigantic mounds, sometimes acres in extent and perhaps twenty or more feet deep, some even larger than our great mound near Eau Gallie, were to be found near salt water on both the east and west coasts of the state. Many have gone and others are fast disappearing. The shell was used in all road-building operations long before modern methods of road construction came to be practiced, and shell still is carted away to be used for country roads, private avenues, paths, and sidewalks.

These mounds have furnished enormous collections of pottery and other human artifacts to many museums since Dr. Jeffries Wyman first read the account of his visit to the shell mounds of Northern Florida before the Boston Society of Natural History on April 18, 1867. He said, "The age of these mounds was not determined but the occasional occurrence of live oaks, five feet in diameter, proved that the mounds had not been materially increased since the advent of the white man more than three centuries ago." As a matter of fact we know little or nothing of the people who made them.

The Indians in Florida today are not the Indians who were there when the Spaniards discovered the country. The early published accounts and illustrations give some account of the way the natives of that day appeared, but there is every reason to believe that neither the Indians of the present day nor even the Indians of four hundred years ago had any traditions or recollections which would indicate that they knew anything about the prehistoric inhabitants.

On May 20, 1874, but a few months before his death, Professor Jeffries Wyman communicated to the Boston Society of Natural History the fact that he found indubitable evidence of cannibalism practiced by the early inhabitants living on the shores of the St. Johns River. He says, "In several instances considerable portions of the skeleton of a single individual were found but spread out over a large surface in a disorderly manner showing that the bones could not have been deposited as in the ordinary Burial. As there were no marks of teeth these bones could not have been supposed to have been broken up while lying on the surface by wild animals. . . . They were, besides, in the different instances broken up in a somewhat similar manner, the upper arm and thigh bones being fractured just below the heads and in the middle. Bones of the forearm and leg were generally broken through the middle and the ribs were broken into smaller pieces of nearly uniform length." So much for Wyman's observations, which, as always, were carefully made and accurately described.

I asked my friend Earnest Hooton whether our impression that the skulls of the mound builders were really characterized by being very thick, for so they certainly appeared to us, was correct. He replied, "The Florida Mound skeletal material in the Peabody Museum, collected from the days of Jeffries Wyman onward, is extraordinary for massiveness. The skulls are thicker and heavier and usually broader than those of Seminoles. Morphologically they are quite distinct. Several of our Mound crania show fusion of two or more molars — a rare phenomenon. They tend to be brachycephalic and usually are low of forehead and heavy of brow-ridge."

A few years ago Professor E. D. Merrill, Mr. Harold Loomis, and I visited that enormous mound at the southern end of Marco Island in Southwestern Florida. This mound, which is one of the largest in existence, is composed almost entirely of great, heavy-shelled, hard clams — quahogs we should call them in New England.

We walked about examining the cacti and other interesting species of plants characteristic of this area and fell to disputing among ourselves as to the probable age of these deposits. After considering the matter carefully and concluding that there was no likelihood that any great population of aborigines lived on Marco Island at any one time, we came to the conclusion that something in the order of 20,000 years, at a minimum, would have been necessary to give rise to this enormous accumulation of shells. Our surmise regarding the population was based on the fact that we know of no place in the eastern part of the United States where native or aboriginal people were densely crowded together.

3

I HAVE always thought that we were owed some further explanation about Ponce de León and his search for the Fountain of Youth. Who planted in his head the idea that there was such a thing? He was supposed to have made his first search in Bimini. That was a mighty poor guess from any angle. But Florida is another story, and certainly a far better bet as a hunting ground, for North-central Florida has more spectacular, indeed more incredible, springs than any other region of which I have ever heard. It is impossible here to describe each of

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these springs in detail, but it can truthfully be said that, like the stars, one differeth from another in glory.

My first choice is Wakulla, not simply because at times it is probably the largest spring in the entire world, but because there is a sense of timelessness and mystery which is quite overwhelming as you row about its pellucid waters. It is a unique experience to look down and see the remains of a mastodon (its mate now stands in the State Museum at Tallahassee) lying in clear sight on the bottom of the spring (although pretty well encrusted with limestone) and a bee tree quite obviously chopped open by the stone axes of primitive people using the tools of untold generations ago. The spring, which is really a crystal lake in the woods, spews forth a river which winds through a lovely stand of cypress, and since it belongs to a family appreciative of beauty, the du Ponts, it has been kept unsullied.

Here, as one looks into this strange and mysterious world, one sees a bewildering variety of aquatic vegetation which sways and waves in the swift stream and through which the usual swarms of fish and turtles, snakes and alligators, wander about pushing aside the moving plants in a strange, fairy-like land under water. The water itself is so perfectly limpid that no concept of depth can be gained by peering down into it; you may stick your arm down to touch a turtle and find you could not reach him with a ten-foot pole. On the shores there are birds beyond number. Here is the one great concentration of limpkins of which I know remaining in Florida — that is, one which is permanent, always to be found, and not a fortuitous congregation.

Limpkins appear to some as giant rails and to others as miniature cranes. Their voice is distinctly crane-like, likewise their flight, for they flap heavily with their necks stretched out straight ahead and not retracted the way herons fly. These birds have suffered in the past because they were noisy, not particularly shy, and delicious to eat. It is a wicked shame to find a writer in the *Saturday Evening Post* (January 30, 1943) proclaiming that Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings hunts and eats limpkins at Cross Creek. If Mrs. Rawlings really eats limpkins, she should be jolly well ashamed of herself. The bird is so near the verge of disappearance and is so carefully and specially protected by the Federal government and the State of Florida that this heedless advertising of its table qualities is deplorable.

Rosamond and I once visited the spring in summer after heavy rains. It is hotter than the hinges of Gehenna in summer in this part of Florida, and we had to keep our windows open to breathe. You will probably think that I am a monument of mendacity when I say that the chorus of frogs of perhaps twenty species completely prevented sleep. It would have been as easy to sleep in a boiler mill or a drop forge foundry. However, the early morning ride in the glass-bottomed boat over the great chasm, where crystal-clear water boils forth from an enormous depth, was rewarding. I believe that, were not the throat from which the water pours curved on its route underground, it would have been possible to see down more than 200 feet. Two hundred thousand gallons a minute issue from this magic well. In the morning of our visit the amphibian chorus died off with the rising of the sun and the only sounds were the plop, plop, plop of the jumping mullet and the calls of the awakening birds. Mullet run up from salt water in great numbers — whether for a change of scene or for medicinal reasons I have no way of telling.

The outlet of Silver Springs is the famous and lovely Oklawaha River. Years ago stern-wheel steamers from Jacksonville used to reach the spring along this stream and the St. Johns River. It has been known to pour forth 500 million gallons a day in the rainy season — enough water to supply the city of New York. It has now become a tourist resort visited by tens of thousands, and unfortunately shows the result of its commercialization. Here you may be photographed sitting astride "Ferdinand" — not even a bull, but a great fat ox — on the very shore of the springs, or eat a fried chicken near its bank, or watch some obviously unhappy Indians, far from home, do beadwork and make various sorts of objects for sale.

4

For years I have turned aside on journeys through the state to visit one spring or another, so that in time I think I have seen most of them. But there are three hidden beauties about which I am going to say a word in the hope that my reader may some day be inclined to see them for himself. One is a fairy gem called Juniper Springs in the midst of the Ocala National Forest. This is a tiny spring compared to the other two, but it boils gayly out of a picturesque rocky basin from a pure-white sandy bottom. The water, when the sun shines on it, becomes a vibrant and lovely aquamarine, while the spring itself is in a little clearing with well-kept lawns and a neat bathhouse for visitors.

Around this clearing the woods are undisturbed, and for some distance the trees have been identified by the government naturalists and accurately but inconspicuously labeled with their common and scientific names. There are paths which wander

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along the course of the bubbling stream which issues from the spring, and there is supervision which is sufficiently ominous so that no one feels inclined to dump lunch boxes, bottles, bits of paper and string as, unfortunately, the traveling public of these United States is so often inclined to do. The setting of this spring is entirely satisfying and I salute the Forest Service for its work at Juniper Springs.

Farther south near Dunellon is Rainbow Spring. Here the setting is not ideal; surroundings are somewhat artificial and the country about the spring and river which it forms is a little disappointing. But there is a mysterious quality to this water. Dr. Herman Gunther, head of the State Geological Survey in Tallahassee, told me I would never believe what he said about it until I had seen the spring with my own eyes. He told the truth, for every leaf of Sagittaria, Ludvigia, Vallisneria, or any of the other aquatic plants is limned out with prismatic colors. The effect is truly eerie. The outlines of the plants are not sharp and clear as they are in the other springs, but are blurred and softened by these lovely prismatic effects in a way which is quite impossible to describe.

Homosassa is a spring for the zoologist. It is another enormous basin only a short way from salt water on the west coast of the state. The surroundings are not particularly attractive, but it is a meeting place, a sort of piscine rendezvous, where fish of many sorts form a procession and swim around and around in the crystal water. They swim layer upon layer, dipping down out of sight in the depths and then reappearing, cohort after cohort, so that the effect is bewildering. Great tarpon, giant jack, snook, mullet, and a dozen other species in countless hundreds parade solemnly round and round as well as up and down.

No one fishes here and the animals appear perfectly fearless. This is an extraordinary sight indeed, and one which for some reason is not so famous as it should be. I should never have seen the spot if my friend Dr. Archie Carr of Gainesville had not insisted that I make an excursion there. Since then I have stopped to look at it with great enjoyment whenever I have been within motoring distance. I should everlastingly like to know what draws the fish. I suspect it may be that the exceptionally pure fresh water is distasteful to unpleasant ectoparasites from which the fish crave riddance.

From one point of view these giant springs have been a bitter disappointment. I have always expected that from time to time they would spew up samples of the life which we naturally suspect exists in some of their vast subterranean waterways. Consider these facts. In 1895 a curious pallid wraith of a salamander was shot up in the artesian well that supplied water to the Fish Commission Station at San Marcos, Texas. This curious little creature, about four inches long, blind, translucent, its limbs modified to serve as threadlike tactile organs, was well named by the late great naturalist Leonhard Stejneger, as *Typhlomolge rathbuni.*

From time to time additional specimens have appeared in this well and in others driven in the immediate neighborhood; most museums have a representation of this strange little animal, and a good many individuals have been used for experimental purposes. Now, however, a specimen seldom appears, and it may be presumed that the population was a small one. This is not the case with the European Proteus from the caves of the Alps of Carniola, in Austria, which is a much larger animal, also blind and somewhat similar in appearance. Two different races have been described.

A few years ago Dr. Archie Carr, Jr., of the University of Florida, described a still more remarkable find which had been shot forth from a deep artesian well near Albany, Dougherty County, in Southern Georgia. This is the most degenerate — or most highly modified, if you prefer — cavernicolous amphibian which has ever appeared. He brought it to Cambridge for study, and I suggested he call it *Haideotriton.* He described it under this name, with the specific name of *wallacei*, to commemorate a gentleman associated with the discovery. And then, bless his heart, he gave it to our museum. This is a first-class treasure and one of the most curious creatures to be found in the whole house. It never has been found again since the date of its discovery in 1939.

So it was not unreasonable to suppose that these great Florida springs would have produced samples of this fauna which has probably been lurking in the bowels of the earth since cretaceous times, perhaps a hundred million years ago. There is one possible explanation: that because these great springs simply swarm with fish, creatures of this sort may from time to time have been snapped up when they emerged. A counter suggestion, however, is the fact that generally fish will not eat newts and salamanders the way they will eat some species of little frogs.

These, of course, are only samples of the fabulous Florida springs. Many have been dug out for bathing purposes, and one I can think of is a comfortable old-time spa, its waters cool and refreshing. The old-fashioned hotel there has its dining room in plain sight of the spring. I have always thought that would be a pleasant place to muse away a few days doing nothing. It is called Deleon Springs.

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YALE TOMORROW

by CHARLES R. WALKER

1

MANY of us who returned to college "last time" — between 1919 and 1923 — remember emotions of hope deferred, of frustration and cynicism. Nothing clicked or ticked or fitted into any pattern that made sense. I knew one man well who had been in action for two years, first with the French, then with the American armies. He returned to Yale with enthusiastic expectations. But none of the courses fitted. Undergraduate life seemed like a faded and somewhat unseemly joke. He was a man not easily infected by cynicism, but the whole experience threw him out of step for five years.

It has been estimated that 10 to 15 per cent of our mobilized forces will return to school or college after "D" day. That means some 800,000 men. How can these soldiers and sailors get the kind of educational experience that will speed transition between their regimented life in the armed forces and that of free citizens? Should they live in dormitories with other veterans? Should they be thrown with youngsters just out of high school? What about college credits and scholarships? Yale regards these matters as her first major responsibility in the post-war world.

I recently talked with a high-ranking officer in the War Department — a man who had been a flyer in the last war. "If the universities are to do the job," he said earnestly, "and I believe they should do it, you must get men to run your Veterans' School who have been in combat. You simply can't put certain boys — say those with fifty or a hundred bombing missions under their belts — in with kids, and with certain types of professors, and expect them to stay in college or to get much out of it if they do. After the last war, I think college did some of us more harm than good. We'd have done better to go to work right away."

To meet this situation after World War II, Yale will establish a school for the education of former servicemen. "This education," President Seymour insists, "must be designed as well as administered by the university, and not by the armed forces."

Such a school, if it is to fulfill its purpose, will clearly differ in very important ways from any other which we Americans have ever known — at Yale or anywhere else. Take, for example, the student body. Unlike any other group entering college, their previous degree of educational preparation, or of life and war experience, will be as different, say, as a college junior's is from a high school senior's — or, shall we say, as climate and service in New Guinea differ from climate and service in Iceland.

Here is a boy, for example, who entered Yale in July of '42. Enlisting in the Army Reserves, he is called to active service four months later. Put promptly through his "basic," he ships overseas in time to take part in the African fighting. Then, after some technical training in a camp in America, he is sent back across the water in time for the invasion of Europe. Let's assume he returns to Yale, a captain with two and a half years' active service, but with a mere four months' smattering of a college education.

Contrast him with his roommate, who pursued a three-year course in advanced engineering at Yale, was deferred for work in a munitions industry, and then was finally called to serve four months at Fort Bragg before Hitler unconditionally surrendered. He has tucked away three years of college, but a mere four months of military training. Between these two extremes, what an infinite variety in previous conditions of servitude! That is point number 1.

On his graduation from Yale, where he had made his mark as a classicist, CHARLES R. WALKER went straight into the AEF. After the armistice, he "eased" himself back into civilian life by working first in the steel mills, then in a brass foundry, and finally as Associate Editor of the *Atlantic*. Now as the Assistant Secretary of Yale University, he looks ahead to see what Yale can offer to veterans of this war. He confines himself to questions of teaching and curriculum, and he sums up his conclusions as a war veteran and Yale alumnus — not as the Official Spokesman.

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Point number 2 is the corollary that large numbers of veterans will return to civilian life with an acute sense of lost time. They will want to get through the rest of their education fast and get on with their careers. And they will be accustomed to intensive educational methods, and probably will be critical of leisurely academic ones.

Both points suggest the need of great flexibility in the courses offered, suggest that many new courses must be improvised to fit individual needs, suggest that classes be small and instructors numerous. Obviously, between faculty and students the give-and-take of informal discussion must be plentiful, and the university must stress tutorial work and vocational guidance.

Large numbers of men returning to college and aiming at the professional schools — Medical, Law, Divinity — will, I suspect, be impatient of undergraduate life, keen to get on into the graduate schools as rapidly as possible. For such men, accelerated pre-professional training will be offered at Yale. That should be a service not only to the veterans but to the country, whose professional personnel will be badly depleted and in need of replenishment by the time we have won final victory.

So much for the studying side of the school. Point 3 is living quarters, extracurricular life, companionship. It is certainly quite as important as Points 1 and 2. Former servicemen will neither be segregated nor be forced to live with youngsters without military experience. In short, how and with whom they live will be optional.

As to qualifications for entrance, academic credits, and similar matters, far more consideration will be given to maturity and experience than to book learning. It is only right that what a man learns from taking part in a bombing mission or in the invasion of a continent should be weighed as well as what he has absorbed from a textbook.

2

The war has accelerated many things, including an acute sense of the inadequacy of higher education in America. Fortunately, it has also made clear in certain ways what needs to be done, and has forced the conviction in certain quarters that now is the time to do it. A year ago jeremiads by college presidents on the death of the liberal arts college were published daily. The War and Navy Departments were picturesquely and passionately denounced by American professors. The hope of the American way of life, as well as the future of Western civilization, was said to hang on Army "directives" as to what the Enlisted Reserves be allowed to study at Pomona, Michigan, and Yale.

Beneath the ferment, it began to occur to thoughtful persons, both on and off campuses, that the "crisis in education" might not be solely the product of War Department fiats, or even primarily of the war itself. Wasn't it perhaps a product of our whole industrial epoch, of which the war, in a sense, is only the most violent and accelerated expression? If this view is sound, many of the concrete causes of our educational difficulties lie in trends and pressures which antedate the war and will doubtless follow it. Gradually, I believe, this view is gaining acceptance: in short, that we must relate the "educational crisis" to the kind of people we have become and to the intellectual climate of our whole epoch, and not simply to the war emergency.

President Seymour remarked in 1943, with some impatience: "The mere iteration of the value of a liberal arts education is not enough. The decision to maintain liberal arts courses throughout the war, despite a diminishing enrollment of students, is not enough. . . . Our universities must find . . . *new ways* to make the wisdom of learning and a knowledge of the arts as well as the sciences functional and living in our time. To find a way of work, not only a way of faith, is the responsibility of the defenders of the tradition of the liberal arts in the United States."

And he added: "That may possibly require that some untraditional things be done with the traditional ways in which the liberal arts have sometimes been taught, and also to whom they have been taught. Putting our faith to work in ways appropriate to the crisis in which civilization finds itself is the immediate mandate, I believe, for American universities."

For the fulfillment of that mandate, so far as future students go in Yale College, Yale is now offering a concrete educational plan based on a definite educational philosophy. Underlying it is the broad assumption that it is not the job, in peacetime, of the Army or Navy or government, or of industry, to prescribe an educational course for the undergraduate. It is the province of the faculties of our universities.

Dean DeVane, who for the past year has headed the committee which germinated the plan, is fond of making this assumption explicit by saying he is against the "contract system" of education, by which, for example, the Army or a department of government or an airplane corporation buys up on contract a certain specified amount of prescribed technical "education" at so much a head. Such educational contracts have their obvious practical

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uses, especially in wartime. They are not, however, to be confused with the basic post-war responsibility Yale is assuming of fitting her students with all-round educational equipment for life.

Other important assumptions run through and bind together all the specific proposals as to course or method. One of them is that certain subjects in the great heritage of transmittable cultures and skills are more important than others. Reversing the trend of twenty-five years, Yale proposes that every student acquaint himself — through prescribed courses — with the major fields of human knowledge.

By the same token, the proposal seeks to give some unity of idea to the student's whole educational experience. The absence of any total or unifying conception has all too often turned American colleges into what President Seymour calls mere "educational service stations."

More concretely, in his freshman and sophomore years (Yale expects to return to a four-year course, but with required summer reading), the student who attends Yale College after the war will probably be required to distribute his courses in the following great areas of human knowledge: —

I. The inorganic sciences (physics, chemistry, geology); the organic sciences (zoology, botany)
II. Social science (history, economics, sociology, anthropology, and others)
III. The arts (music, literature, the fine arts)
IV. Philosophy and religion

But in order to have the intellectual tools to profit from this educational experience, the student must, while in school or college, have acquired reasonable competence (1) in the written and spoken use of his own language, (2) in the usable knowledge of one foreign language, and (3) in one field of systematic thought, such as mathematics. These elementary prerequisites unfortunately are no longer *musts* in all college systems. One recalls the comment of one college president on an ill-prepared quota of high school graduates assigned to the Army Specialized Training Program: "My faculty's only criticism," he remarked after praising the candidates' native stamina and intelligence, "is that they cannot read, write, add, subtract, multiply, or divide."

The foregoing part of the plan is designed to provide both solidity and depth, and a foundation for a greater degree of concentration in the junior and senior years — intellectual concentration, or what has sometimes been called "learning in depth," rather than specific pre-vocational or pre-professional preparation. The educational object, of course, is a sense of mastery and the ability to think independently in a single and restricted field. To make this possible, in his senior year the student will be freed from certain of his courses and he will write a complete essay or thesis or carry to completion some comparable educational project. Yale's proposal also contains a number of plans which offer greater freedom to exceptional students.

3

President Seymour has written: "Everywhere there are signs of a revived interest in the humanities which, when the war is ended, bids fair to develop a renaissance in literature, philosophy, and the arts. For this we must be prepared."

The liberal arts, yes — but not the type of department store liberal offerings that have decorated the educational counters of many universities for over a generation. On the one hand, the proposed curriculum repudiates the usual type of "survey" courses which compress, let us say, the story of natural science into three hours a week for eight weeks, or the history of civilization into one hour a week for sixteen. On the other hand, the program refuses to indulge the undergraduate in overspecialization or — what is worse and more common — allow him to construct his college course into a "mosaic of unrelated specialities."

In the discussions that have been roused by these Yale proposals, I have often been asked: "Are they radical? Are they conservative?" Obviously, both. It is conservative I suppose, in one sense, to reaffirm faith in a liberal arts curriculum, the basic elements of which are prescribed for the student. It is the product of an unconventional and, if you will, a radical intelligence to penetrate the crust of vested academic interests and show chapter and verse where the teaching of humanistic studies has been neither liberal nor humane.

Many things need doing. Departmental barriers must be broken down. Mathematics and the sciences need to be integrated and taught as truly liberal subjects, and not simply as vocational training. The rhythms of learning need to be respected, and subjects which give the student breadth and solidity be made to precede those which call for concentration and mastery of a narrowed field. Apart from a standard course comparable to the one described, there is need of bold experimentation in plans which provide greater freedom to students of really exceptional ability.

Beyond all this, there is a crying need for a philosophic unity and interconnection between the various parts of the curriculum, which can be discovered by the teacher and imparted to the student. With-

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out such a unity, it is travesty to refer to residence in a seat of higher learning as a liberalizing experience. At best, college becomes specialized vocational training; at worst, an abuse of the student's mental faculties from which he may never recover.

These crowning defects in modern higher education have been eloquently stressed by Alfred North Whitehead. "Above all things," he writes, "we must beware of what I will call 'inert ideas' — that is to say, ideas that are merely received into the mind without being utilized or distinguished or thrown into fresh combinations." On the whole, I would say that the "inert idea" is a sin of which the liberal arts colleges have been guilty even more than the institutes of technology, where shortcomings are of a different order.

"The solution which I am urging," continues Dr. Whitehead, "is to eradicate the fatal disconnection of subjects which kills the vitality of our modern curriculum. There is only one subject-matter for education, and that is Life in all its manifestations."

Then, after listing a number of subjects of an ordinary curriculum, he asks: "Can such a list represent Life as it is known in the midst of living it? The best that can be said of it is that it is a rapid table of contents which a deity might run over in his mind while he was thinking of creating a world, and had not yet determined how to put it together."

The primary job of our universities after the war will be to fit men to create a new world. That job cannot be done with either disconnected or inert ideas, or with minds maltreated with a service station type of liberal arts education.

Dr. McConnell, of the University of Minnesota, has recently called our attention to the fact that for five hundred years liberal arts education has been falling into a rut and getting out again. This isn't the first time, and Yale is not the first, or today the only, university calling for a revitalization of that tradition. It is a little startling to remember that, attacking the ivory towers of his day, Milton the classicist in the seventeenth century scolded the schoolmasters around him and reminded them that the purpose of a humane education was to fit men "to perform justly, skillfully and magnanimously *all* the offices, *both private and public*, of *peace and war*." (Italics mine.) That would be a good motto for the aims, at least, I should say, of Yale's new liberal arts curriculum.

4

YALE'S program of "Foreign Area Studies" is at present essentially an Army school for enlisted men, "civil affairs specialists," intelligence and liaison officers training for service in the four corners of the earth. It may well have important peacetime implications. A little over a year ago I visited classes in Russian and Japanese at Yale. These were taught by a new intensive method which, it was found, cut learning time in half. The method has since become the subject of nation-wide discussion and is widely practiced at other Army training centers.

As you sit in these classes, several features strike you at once. Progress is rapid and the student has the satisfaction very early of give-and-take conversations with native speakers of the language he is studying. The teacher in each class is a highly trained linguist or expert in the structure of language, and one or more native speakers or, as the linguists call them, "informants," are always present. Several weeks or months are spent solely on learning to speak, before any reading is attempted.

I was startled in the spring of '43 to find Yale undergraduates on the way to a baseball game or the Payne Whitney Gymnasium muttering Russian or Malay under their breath. What I had been witnessing was the origin of Yale's Foreign Area Program. Within a few months this program became one of the largest teaching centers in the country for the training of Army officers and enlisted men in "language and area studies" for service abroad. The languages which have been taught at Yale under the program are Chinese, Japanese, Russian, Malay, Burmese, French, German, and Italian. Men who have been trained have gone abroad as liaison experts in friendly countries and for all kinds of specialized jobs with combat units and occupational forces.

There is nothing magical or mystical about the method of language teaching used at Yale. Its development stems directly from the studies of the late Edward Sapir, disciple of Franz Boas of Columbia, who became interested in the languages of American Indians, which were of course without alphabets or literature. Taking down these languages by phonetic transcription from the lips of natives, Sapir worked out a new technique of language study and teaching.

The simplest description of the method, sometimes called "Americanist," — because of its origin in Indian studies, — is that it is a grown-up and scientific version of the way all of us as children learn our own language. Professor Leonard Bloomfield, Sapir's most distinguished pupil, suggests that learning a language is 10 per cent intelligence, 90 per cent repetition, and he reminds us that "all languages were spoken throughout most of their history by people who could not or did not read or write."

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This experience, both under Yale's Foreign Area Program and in other universities, has demonstrated that a good working knowledge of a European language — say, Italian, German, or French — can be given in four months, and of an Oriental tongue in nine. What is meant by practical working knowledge? It means ability to talk with native speakers, to understand and be understood by them on all ordinary subjects of conversation. For example, a graduate in Malay should be able to negotiate with natives in matters of food, shelter, tactics, and so forth, if attached to an invading force. In the European tongues, there is evidence that these short courses give the student a better reading and writing, as well as speaking, knowledge than two or three years under traditional teaching methods.

From the standpoint of education, the method has demonstrated two points of great importance: first, that there is a kind of arithmetic of language learning — that four hours a day spent on a language is not just twice as efficient as two, but four to five times; second, that it is common sense to learn to speak a language first.

As a nation, we built up before the war an extraordinary record of ineptitude in learning foreign tongues. It has been estimated, for example, that the average college graduate in the United States invested a thousand hours out of his academic time in trying to learn one or more foreign languages. Not over 10 per cent of those who studied French, German, or Spanish could carry on even a simple conversation in the language studied. Less than 5 per cent understood the language when spoken by a native.

I predict that after the war we shall never again permit this degree of educational waste and ineptitude. The same method which permits the efficient learning of a foreign language in order to assist an invading army can also be applied for the enhancement of scholarship, the promotion of travel, or the deepening of culture. I don't minimize the difficulties of fitting the new method, which calls for intensive application over a relatively brief period, into our traditional academic curriculum, but I believe a way will be found. So far as Yale is concerned, a committee is now at work on ways and means.

5

Language teaching is only part of Yale's Foreign Area Program. That program also gives the student as complete a picture as possible of the government, economy, history, and daily life of the countries studied. To give the future officer of a military government or the liaison expert of an Allied power, about to be dropped down, say, in Italy or sent to China, a *working knowledge* of those countries is no easy educational assignment. It is not surprising, therefore, that here also a number of new methods and techniques have been introduced, — some of them a little startling to academic convention, — such as movies, museum exhibits, travel books, maps, photographs, postcards, and even immigrants complete with native food and dress.

More important than graphic aids, however, or any technical innovations, has been a fresh teaching approach shared by the whole faculty of Foreign Area Studies. It is this approach which may possibly contain solutions for some of the educational dilemmas of the liberal arts college. There is nothing new in including in a university curriculum the study of the language, history, government, or literature of a foreign country. It is when, however, these separate departments and learned disciplines are assembled, not in their own right, so to speak, but to contribute interpretations of a particular culture or country, that a new unity and possibly a new educational method emerge.

The question suggests itself: Might not such a concentrated study of a foreign culture with a living European or Oriental language at the core of it provide one useful modern substitute for the old classical education which once dominated the schools? Few educators (including the author) would restore Greek and Latin requirements, but there are many who agree with President Seymour that "nothing has ever been developed to replace in any adequate sense the old liberal arts course of study which had for its core the Greek and Latin classics."

Anyhow, the question takes on relevance and excitement when one starts drawing parallels, between a Classical Civilization major and, shall we say, a major in Foreign Area Studies. For example, in the program of Foreign Area Studies — now a *military* project, but one which will be kept on as part of Yale's liberal arts curriculum in time of peace — the best of our modern liberal arts faculty collaborates: historians, economists, teachers of art and architecture, anthropologists, experts in government, and so forth. Similarly, representatives of the best liberal disciplines of the classical world formerly collaborated in our universities — Greek and Latin historians, poets, artists, and so forth — through the medium of language. Let me make the parallel more precise.

Both the Classics major and the Foreign Area major are intimately tied to the mastery of a language (which may be as difficult as Latin or Greek)

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through which both information and cultural values are absorbed. In the Foreign Area Program, a definite unity out of diversity is being achieved through presenting as a living and contemporary whole a single people and culture associated with a region, a period of time, and a certain complex of living values. *A similar sense of moral and cultural unity was one of the most valuable derivatives of a classical curriculum.*

Professor Whitney Griswold, who organized and now directs the Foreign Area Studies at Yale, writes that "Foreign Area Studies places its primary emphasis on the human society, in which the diverse elements of history, economics, sociology, philosophy, language, literature and art are discovered and studied, as in real life." In short, in place of the separately learned disciplines, in isolation from one another, or floating in an academic vacuum, the unit of organization for all of them is a particular national culture, as Japan, the Mediterranean, Russia, Germany, Latin America, China, or any other. "As facets of each of these civilizations are presented — the cultural, the economic, the political — the specialist makes his contribution. The sum of these contributions is an interpretation of human life in a representative community rather than the exposition of one or the other theoretical methods of arranging human affairs." And then he adds, "This may well cast the shadow before the coming event of a change in our university curricula."

6

From now on, I believe universities must offer to wider and wider circles of the community their best gifts of perspective and vision, and *in ways functional and appropriate to the crisis in which civilization finds itself.* More especially, when the average man crosses the frontier between war and peace within the next year or two, he will find himself in a strange country full of danger and promise, of unprecedented hopes and despairs. He will need many maps, accurate and modern, a compass for his intellectual and moral guidance, and a vision of the several goals he is seeking. Unless at this critical hour our universities can give him such assistance as he seeks, they will forfeit their most pressing and legitimate claim to leadership in our time.

Under the shadow of a threat to the whole heritage of Western civilization, *men of action* during the war have collaborated more closely with *men of thought,* scientists, scholars, than ever before in history. Second only to the courage of the individual soldier and civilian, Field Marshal Sir John Dill, who commanded at Dunkirk, credits the brains of trained scientists with saving England in this war. Men destined for active leadership have been sent to universities to absorb knowledge. In reverse, scholars, scientists, have gone forth by the tens of thousands both geographically and mentally into various arenas of action throughout the world.

The object of this collaboration and cross-fertilization of practice and theory has been the winning of the war. But it is prophetic of an *even broader basis* of coöperation between the university and the "practical man" in time of peace. That coöperation will express itself in many ways — in new forms of coöperative research, for example, between industry, government, agriculture, labor, and the universities. But one of the most provocative and fruitful will be, I am sure, in terms of new forms of education for men and women of maturity. Not only will extension courses flourish, both in the humanities and in the technologies, but certain alumni may well form a habit of returning for a term or two to their universities for orientation and refresher courses. I predict lawyers, doctors, businessmen seeking periodic guidance and refreshment both in professional schools and in the liberal arts colleges.

"Up to the present time," President Seymour remarks, "a great many of our liberal arts colleges have held aloof from the field of so-called adult education. I predict an end to that aloofness. It is time that the word 'commencement' be given a new educational content for the graduating classes of our great universities."

The revolutionary times in which we live have produced another need which is sometimes as devouring as the hunger for bread: the need for perspective, to "see things whole," to get some unified sense of the total experience through which we are passing. Who is there who would not exchange any single intellectual discipline he has for some *sense* of the significance of the devastating forces let loose in the world and of the astonishingly creative ones?

This kind of knowledge is today more necessary than ever before. Mature men and women, as well as youngsters, have need for a feel of the winds blowing around the corners of the future, as well as for geodetic charts of the earth beneath their feet. And if the universities will accept the challenge, both youth and age will, I believe, turn to them for guidance more and more in the years to come.

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THE GIRL AT THE FILLING STATION

by BEN HUR LAMPMAN

1

When her father died and left her no more than the filling station, a few debts, — not too many, — and the three cottages, the simplest thing to do, seemed like, was to stay there and keep right on selling gas and oil, checking air, and washing windshields. For Rosy the fat girl, as folks called her, was all alone, and running the filling station was the only work that she knew. She lived in one of the cottages and was lonely for Pa, — perhaps a little lonelier than she had been when he was there, — and the other two cottages were rented overnight once in a while. It wasn't a good place for a filling station, but such as it was, there was a lean living in it. And Rosy had lived there as long as she could remember.

To all appearances Rosy was contented with her life at the filling station, but fatness often is mistaken for placidity, and how were any of the customers to know that in her heart Rosy was slender and lovely, and a far, glad traveler? Not that she was without loveliness, were one to look twice — for the filling-station girl's eyes were gray as mist on a frog pond, and her round cheek had the ineffable bloom which sometimes is given to the cheeks of fat girls. Indeed, had one looked twice one must have agreed that her mother had named her well, but nobody ever looked twice at Rosy in her greasy brown jumper, with her blonde bob every which way.

"How much will it take?"

"Fill her up."

"Check the oil?"

"No."

There wasn't anybody who looked twice at Rosy, except to observe that she plumped out her brown jumper quite ludicrously. How were they to guess that Rosy had been to Palm Beach — in her heart — and that she was lovely — in her heart again?

Florida. Maine. California. New Hampshire. Wyoming. Virginia. North Carolina. South Carolina. Tennessee. Quite all of the states on the license plates — and sometimes a foreign country, like Canada. In summer there were almost as many out-of-state license plates as there were those of her own state. The cars swung or lurched out onto the pavement again and were away on their travels. And Rosy had never been out of the county. A fat girl in a brown, greasy jumper, with a blonde, tousled bob, standing there looking off down the road. In a little while another car would drive in. It might be from Texas — from Texas down on the Rio Grande.

"How many, mister?"

The gravel spurted again and the car from Texas was gone.

More dearly than ever you have watched the wild geese passing over, Rosy watched the cars going by. More than ever you have wondered what might be beyond the blue hills, Rosy wondered to what manner of places the strange cars were bound — for she was going on twenty-three, and dieting didn't seem ever to help, and she hadn't been out of the county in her whole life. Rosy tended the wants of the road, and the road went away she didn't know whither, and there were times when behind the roseate mask of her so-rounded cheeks and the still, pond-gray eyes of her, beneath the tousled blonde bob, the real Rosy felt as though she just couldn't stand it a single day longer.

It was three years since Rosy's father had taken the cold that went into pneumonia — and Rosy was yet at the filling station, and still she hadn't been out of the county. Sometimes of nights when she had closed the station and gone to bed in the third

As a small-town boy in North Dakota, BEN HUR LAMPMAN got his first whiff of printer's ink and much of his education in the neighborhood of his father's print shop. Later he was to work with his hands in the big wheat country of the Northwest and to know the Columbia River valley by heart. The sketches and short stories which he contributes to the Portland *Oregonian*, one of which we reprint here, are Americana fresh and authentic.

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cottage, where she always had lived, fat Rosy cried on her pillow until she was dreaming. There wasn't anybody there to see her, but when Rosy was dreaming she smiled, and the long-lashed, full face on the pillow, with the red parted lips and the dream on it, would have been rather lovely to see. At five in the morning the alarm clock roused Rosy, and she made coffee. The first of the millhands would be out there honking for gas. For Rosy, who hadn't been out of the county, not in her whole life.

2

Toward twilight one day, and the day hadn't seemed any different, the rattletrap car from Texas drew up, and she filled its tank. The car's driver was about Rosy's age, and lean and leathern as she was plump and roseate, and brown as she was fair. Rosy filled the old car's tank, and counted the change into his hand, and he might have gone on into town, where there was a real auto camp, if he hadn't happened to look twice at Rosy. And nobody ever had done that before, at least not in that way. But he saw that her mother had named her well, and he marked the mist-gray of her eyes, the softness of her blown blonde bob, and he fell to whistling softly as he jingled the change in his hand.

"You say you got a cottage for rent for the night?" he asked her.

"I never said that I had," answered Rosy, "but I've got one."

He paid the cash in advance.

That night, when Rosy had closed the filling station and padlocked the pump, the two of them walked together as far as the river bridge. There was a full moon and the moon swam on the water. Nobody ever had walked with Rosy to the river bridge, not ever before. She didn't know whether to let him hold her plump hand or to refuse it — but they walked back swinging hands under the moon, and in spite of her work at the filling station Rosy's hand was nigh as soft as a child's. He didn't try to kiss her when they said good night, but Rosy didn't really expect him to. She might be a slender, gay girl in her heart — ah, she knew that she was — but he couldn't know it. Well, mister, Rosy was wrong about that.

She rapped on the door of his cottage when she got up at five the next morning, for he had told her he wanted to make an early start, and they had coffee together. He got into his rickety old car and started the motor — and fat Rosy stood there with one foot on the running board, hungrily looking her last at him, the only one of them all that ever had looked twice. And this young fellow from Texas, he saw the soft gray of her eyes again, and their eyes caught and held — and two round fat tears welled warmly from Rosy's mist-gray eyes and rolled slowly down her fat cheeks.

"Rosy!" he said.

"What?" gulped Rosy.

"Rosy," he said, "climb in!"

Rosy gasped as she realized what he had said, but she knew her moment. "Wh-wh-where are we going?" stammered she.

"We're a-going to Texas," he said, "that's where we're a-going!"

Mister, the fat girl of the filling station, this Rosy, she was pretty as a rose.

How they managed it doesn't matter a great deal — she just about gave the filling station away, as she would have, but they went to Texas all right. To Texas and heaven knows where else. For sometimes it is that way with them — you have to look at them twice.

POEM BY A STRANGER

by MARGARET McGOVERN

When I stare in the window
At happiness I see
A lot of children playing,
And one on her knee

Pressed close against her
Like flower against flower:
The earth for their feet,
Heaven for their dower.

Earth-shine, fire-shine
And something blue between
That sends out a fragrance —
What can it mean?

Once I am sure they saw me
And gave a lovely leap,
But I went quickly
Before I could weep.

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IDLE FEARS ABOUT BASIC ENGLISH

by I. A. RICHARDS

1

To liken so spare a frame as Basic English to Falstaff may seem odd. But they have points in common. "Men of all sorts," he says, "take a pride to gird at me. . . . I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men." (2 Henry IV, I, 2, 11) Men (and women) of all sorts also take a pride to gird at Basic. The pride is often conspicuous.

Basic is a great excitant of humor. Hardly a week passes but the *New Yorker* or *Punch* or now Miss Macaulay, in the April *Atlantic*, finds Basic irresistible. And I imagine that Mr. Ogden — himself a man of resource in jokes — gains deep satisfaction from this. To have provided, in this distressed world, a new and seemingly inexhaustible recipe for humor is in itself no slight achievement. But there are other sides to Basic. This distressed world needs jokes; but it needs greater helps still more. And Basic offers them. It would be a pity if the humorists, through misapprehensions or malice, were to hinder the understanding and use of these helps just when they are most urgently needed.

Let us see what these helps are. Miss Macaulay rightly takes up "the use of a common tongue by foreigners among themselves" first. There are some 220 million people who have a good knowledge of English; and these form an invaluable stabilizing and teaching reserve which artificial languages lack; but there are over 1900 million of the others. And they talk some 1700 tongues. No man knows how many of these people are soon going to be flung suddenly into new international contacts. We are far more likely to underrate than to overestimate what the Air Age is about to do for us, and English of some sort or other will certainly have to be the operating language of the airways — with all that that implies. Is it to be Broken English or Basic English? That is really the question. A form of English which is a barrier, or a smooth and solid runway? Those who have heard Cantonese and North Chinese, for example, using English as their bridge will not think "international understanding between foreigners" through Basic so remote an ideal. It is true that Basic is short in terms of abuse, in irritants and insults. But is that a disadvantage?

Now as to talk between English-speakers and the rest. Miss Macaulay claims to "have no wish to make elementary jests on this subject." If so, she must be somewhat at the mercy of her unconscious, for she does little else. Of course if the foreign learner knew English perfectly, things would be easier for him and for us. If he knew *really well* the current English Miss Macaulay would put in a phrase book for him, we would escape a little trouble, but at what cost to him? Learning to keep sufficiently within Basic is really a very light task for an English-speaker. Learning to talk full contemporary idiom — whether American or British — is an appallingly heavy undertaking for almost any foreigner.

Miss Macaulay has unfortunately not concerned herself with this key question and a key fact. She has been too busy passing judgment on what is or is not good English — usually a thought-free process — and shuddering at the possibilities of change. "The mind is ever ingenious in making its own distress," as Goldsmith noted. And she seems to regard "a laborsaving short cut" as a minor matter here. If she were to consider this key question and the key fact, she would find that Basic, far from being a danger, is a much needed protection to English.

The key question is, "Which is easier for the foreigner: to attain some general competence in English with Basic, or with the miscellaneous assortments of common phrases that have passed for elementary English?" And the key fact is that the foreigner gets much further in his command of

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No one has been more closely associated with C. K. Ogden in the application of Basic English than I. A. Richards. Critic, teacher, and mountain climber of distinction, Mr. Richards has recently been appointed one of Harvard's four University Professors.

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correct English with Basic than through any other plan of study of comparable scale. He goes on from Basic, if he wants to, with a flying start.

Basic offends Miss Macaulay's feeling for her own English. She does not like it. Perhaps she likes scrambled English better? If she had sat through more classes in elementary English she would be better placed to judge. Or if she had taught English literature to representative foreign products of six years' hard labor at Miss Macaulay's English. She is attached to her *shall* and *should* — an ambiguous, insecure, recent, and regional development of English which can cause much misunderstanding. How confident she is that the use of *will* where she would write *shall* is a "corruption" of English.

This is the arbitrary attitude to language, ignoring alike the variations in the uses of these words made by equally discerning speakers, the confusions which are the only crop to be expected from attempts to teach such distinctions in *elementary* English, and the linguistic research of a hundred years. It well illustrates the source of Miss Macaulay's angry and apprehensive feelings about Basic. They come from secluded, entrenched, and unexamined ideas about usage. After the disturbance *Basic English and Its Uses* has evidently caused her, I hesitate to refer her to *Interpretation in Teaching* for a fuller discussion of usage. She may prefer the linguistic ivory tower.

2

HERE I must take care to be clear. Basic is no enemy to usage (critically examined). At countless points it is governed (and as strictly as any English) by usage. It does not pretend — how could any *limited* selection of English do so? — that its usages are the best or superior to other usages which those who know more English would follow. But to keep Basic as normal a form of English as possible — under the terrific hammerings a language gets from foreign learners — Mr. Ogden had to select the most important key patterns on which to insist. To try for too much leads in practice to less success — to greater deviation from Standard English — unless we assume that the foreigner is going to devote years of toil to polishing his English under far better teachers than are ever likely to be generally available.

I remark in Miss Macaulay a noteworthy absence of constructive thought here. The rapid spread of English is going anyhow to lead to a great deal of queer lingo. We in America and Canada have more than a little experience of this. We know, and the Armed Forces know too, what the crippling effect of widespread broken English is. Miss Macaulay writes as a member of a highly literate elite. She does not face the present fact that a dauntingly large proportion of nominal English-speakers are without adequate means either of expressing their thought or understanding the thoughts of others on any but a narrow range of the most familiar subjects.

Basic, we are finding, can help them greatly. It is easy to denounce "a stunted barbarian vocabulary." That needs only a pen and a consciousness of superior cultivation. To go into the classrooms and observe the actual effects of Basic in releasing minds from stultifying confusions is more trouble. It is well to point to "our already deplorable use of our native tongue, threatened and debased on all sides by jargon, wrong constructions, solecisms, genteelisms, parvenu pronunciations" — though I wonder a little whether Miss Macaulay really knows how far such things have gone. But merely to list them does little good. What has been shown is that Basic can be a useful remedy where more traditional remedies are failing.

Mr. Ogden had to strike a balance. No form of widely useful English which could be generally learned *in a reasonable time* could avoid some shocks to routine minds. His task was to prevent serious distortion of English without sacrificing ease, economy of vocabulary, and the widest utility. In any case, if English-speakers are to talk at all to those whose English is limited, they must make concessions and adapt their speech to their hearers. What does Miss Macaulay propose? That we should all learn all the major languages? Or that we should shut ourselves up for fear of damage to our English? Language is, after all, a tool which we use variously for various purposes, and Basic is a special use, no more. Exclusive language custom priding itself on being "the only good English" is an amusing spectacle. But it can be a nuisance when it gets in the way of science, critical judgment, teaching, world collaboration, or constructive statesmanship.

Whimsicality, I suppose, is irresponsible in all these directions. And literary quirks will not much affect men of practical judgment who have, for example, the Chinese Air Force to train and can save lives by doing it through Basic. But when Miss Macaulay charges Basic with misleading interpretation, a reply is needed. Her two instances concern *angel* and *virgin*. She says that the Basic-taught child will be confusing an angel with wasps and sparrows because his Basic dictionary tells him it is a "being with wings." Actually his *General Basic Dictionary* gives this: "(Sp. in Christian religion)

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higher being, servant of Higher Power, gen. pictured as winged." Miss Macaulay has consulted only the little preliminary handbook for translators, in spite of Mr. Ogden's warning foreword. That is hardly fair play. As to *virgin*, the translators of *The New Testament in Basic English* were not, of course, rewriting the King James Version; they were making a new translation and *an unmarried woman* is closer to the Hebrew used by the prophet than *virgin* would be. Miss Macaulay's sneers here somewhat recoil upon herself.

In all this, however, she is indulging in a fly's-eye view of a mountain. Here is an immense contribution towards a more sanely organized world, a tested and proved means for making the coming diffusion of English give rise to as little strain and distortion as possible. This diffusion is inevitable, whoever wishes it or not; the war has seen to that; it is occurring already. All that Miss Macaulay has to offer as comment are sundry examples of the obvious fact that no limited form of English can do everything to satisfy all critics, and some doleful prophecies which sadly contradict one another.

In these she little cares how she shifts her ground. First, Basic won't work because the English-speaker can't understand (!) or speak it. Next everybody will come to speak it so well they will speak nothing else. They "will pick it up almost unconsciously." But why should any of us become limited to Basic? Who doesn't already speak many forms of English — in the classroom, on the playground; at home and in the office; drunk and sober; in the army and out of it? Teachers, nurses, and parents, who daily restrict their language far more drastically than Basic would, don't lose the rest of it. Finally the foreigner — through Basic — comes to "conversing, reading, and writing in excellent English" while we go "down the ladder rung by rung. So great cultures go under, change hands." The bland patriotic assumption that of course the great culture is ours will amuse the foreigner. The prophet-critic has changed camps again.

Miss Macaulay is a satirist. Her readers expect her to wave a witty whip. Often in the past she has attacked foibles, prejudices, and other modes of folly to good effect. But there she knew intimately what she was attacking. Guesses about what may happen are not a safe substitute. Basic is a tempting field for such guesses. Comparatively few people, as yet, have the actual experience which alone shows what it can and will do. I do not for one moment suggest that Miss Macaulay thought, "Here is a big new subject to go for. Everybody is interested and naturally suspicious. It is easy game." Oh, no. She is Horatia at the bridge or at least among the geese in the Capitol. But to one of her readers it was a disappointment to see her talent go astray for lack of inquiry into what is actually happening.

One culminating instance: "The scheme," she says, ". . . is clear: they want the thing taught in English schools." I do not know of any who want Basic taught (as opposed to studied) in normal English or American classes. For the deaf and the blind, yes. And I have seen retarded readers, who would have had to leave school with a complete reading failure against them, turned into sound and fluent readers in five months through Basic. But no one is proposing to have Basic taught — as a first stage or as any stage — to normal English-speaking children. "Taught" here is one of those compact ambiguous words beloved by controversialists which Miss Macaulay favors. It calls up horrid pictures of helpless children being drilled in Basic phrases to the neglect of the rest of their English. But this "scheme" which is so "clear" to her is just nonexistent.

A good number of people have found that Basic, as a paraphrasing instrument, has its uses. It can awaken interest in the resources of full English and of the Basic words themselves. It provides some of the exercise and discipline which Latin translation at its best can give. So used, it already looks like part of the answer to many a current problem in teaching technique. And were they substantial, Basic could readily handle the dangers conjured up by Miss Macaulay's idle fears.

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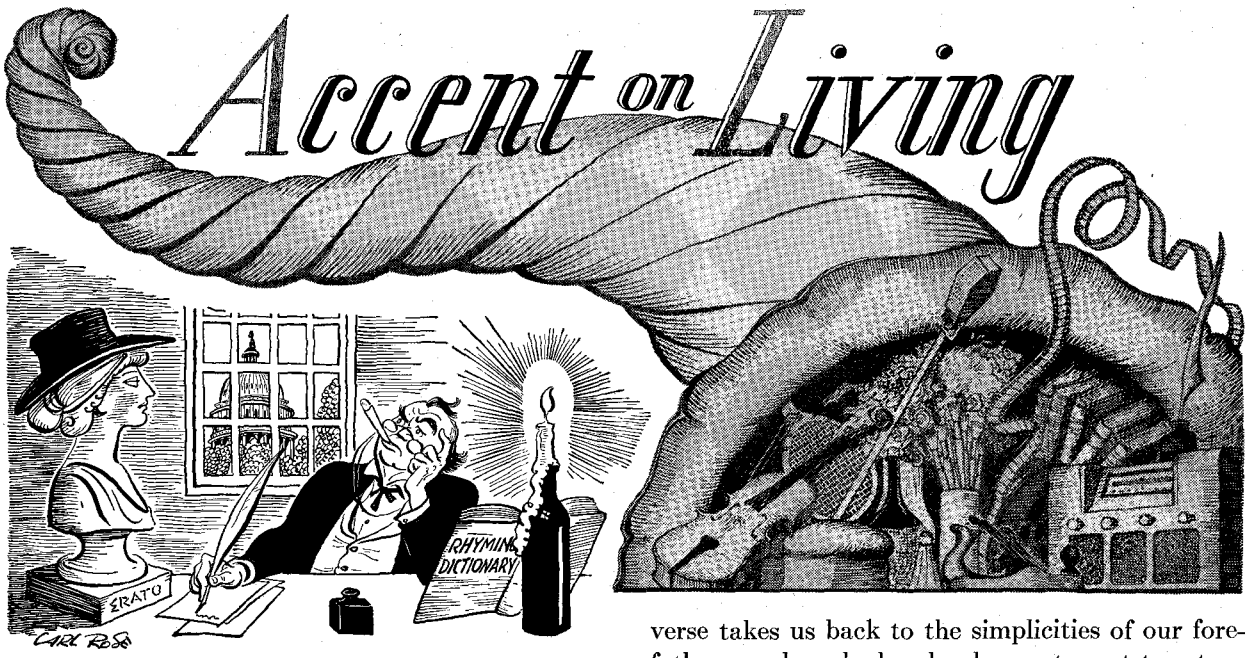

Wanted: An All-American Bard

By DAVID L. COHN

WHAT the country needs is a poet laureate of Congress. This is the sense of a bill recently introduced by Representative W. C. Cole (R., Mo.) and now in the hands of the House Library Committee for consideration. The bill proposes as first laureate Mr. Horace C. Carlisle of Troy, Alabama, an employee of the Capitol architect's office. A better selection could scarcely have been made, for not only is his name rich in literary connotations but he is demonstrably an excellent poet who now quite properly gives his work a patriotic slant. This, for example, is a stanza from Mr. Carlisle's stirring poem *Uncle Sam's Wave:* —

> Methinks, many a brave,
> That's escaped with his life,
> Will come home to his Wave,
> And make her his wife.
> And throughout the long years
> That are likely to come,
> Free from sorrow and tears,
> They will sing "Home, Sweet Home."

The use of the word "methinks" shows that the poet is as familiar with verse forms as you are with the old picket fence on Sycamore Street; yet there are surly critics in this country who will say that Mr. Carlisle is not a poet at all. These are the people who have got American poetry off the beam, and Congress, recognizing the damage that has been done, is trying to get it on again. Mr. Carlisle's verse takes us back to the simplicities of our forefathers, and anybody who does not want to return to the simplicities of his forefathers is at best a poltroon and at worst a traitor. For what do we find even in the little stanza which we have quoted? A celebration of the very things for which this country was founded and which we are now fighting to preserve: the right of a brave to marry a Wave and spend the rest of their lives singing "Home, Sweet Home."

Congressmen, whatever their aesthetic blind spots, have passionate convictions about the uses and beauties of poetry; to them poetry is not, as it is to so many of us, an empty hodge-podge of words about larks, long-winded Greeks, and plowmen breaking the stubborn glebe. They regard it as a tool of their profession and even the prosiest orator breaks his oration every now and then, coats his tongue with honey or with fire as the case may be, and lets fly — "as the poet said." This does something to popularize poetry among their still rude constituents and bears out their contention that it has practical angles.

Congressmen, moreover, are so enamored of verse that they ratified the appointment of Archibald MacLeish, a practicing poet of great ability, as Librarian of Congress. And although Mr. MacLeish is less often quoted by Congressmen than is Eddie Guest and his standards are by no means those of the proposed laureate, Horace Carlisle, the fact that he presides over the great Library is indicative of the trend.

These are obviously important contributions to the development of the neglected and but little understood art of poetry; yet they are as nothing by comparison with the fact that Congress gives every American the opportunity to become a poet. If he

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DAVID COHN, who writes from the center of the Washington scene, is a frequent and valued contributor to the *Atlantic*.

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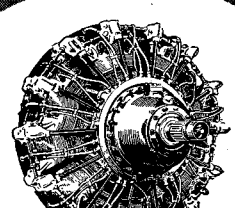

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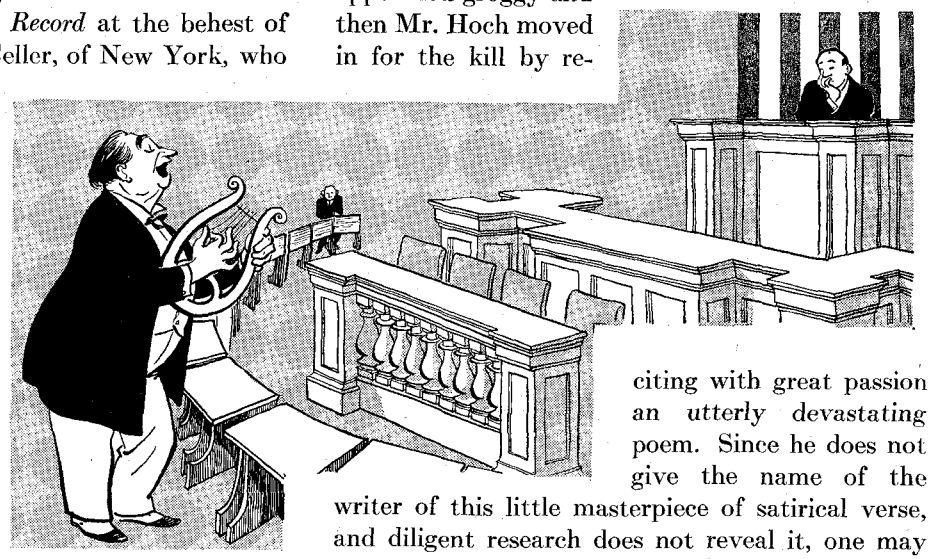
does not become one, it is his own fault. No one knows how many hearts have been broken, or how much poetry has been lost to the nation, simply because poets have to submit their contributions to editors who, nine times in ten, do not know a good poem when they see one. Thus — as the poet says — the bowl is broken at the fountain. It is here that great-hearted Congress lifts up the fallen singer and tells him: "Send us your poem and we will publish it."

All that the obscure genius (and voter) then has to do is to send his verses to his Congressman, who, with the unanimous consent of his colleagues, will publish them in the *Congressional Record Appendix* where they will become forever a part of the annals of the country. No other country in the world performs a similar service for its artists, and as proof that the money is well spent we may now turn to the *Record* itself.

Here amid other contributions such as *Sweden Celebrates One-Hundredth Anniversary of Cooperation; Tribute to Senator Overton; Leave T.V.A. Alone;* and *Analysis of the Operation of Petroleum Administrative Orders 1 and 5 and Directive 59,* we find the delightful song *Bless 'Em All.*

It was published in the *Record* at the behest of the Honorable Emanuel Celler, of New York, who introduced it to the nation and to immortality in these words: —

"Mr. Speaker, *Bless 'Em All,* a tribute to its ballplayers in the armed forces, was sung by the entire audience at the dinner of the New York chapter of the Baseball Writers' Association of America, held in the grand ballroom of the Hotel Commodore. . . . It is a splendid tribute to its baseball heroes."



Limitations of space make it impossible to give the reader more than a tantalizing glimpse of this "splendid tribute" in verse intricately contrived, but a single stanza will convey some notion of the quality of the whole.

It goes like this: —

Bless 'em all! Bless 'em all!
The humble, the short and tall,
Arnovich, Mulligan, Pesky and Klein,
Reiser, Krakauskas, and young Gantenbein;
Make your pray'rs echo out in the hall,
They'll need 'em with their backs to the wall.
For Pytlake, Sylvestris, the Dusaks, Majeskis,
Let's whoop it aloud! Bless 'em all!

Suppose that Congress had not treasured up this fragile verse in the *Record* for a life beyond life. Would men five hundred years hence have the opportunity of lifting their voices in praise of

Arnovich, Mulligan, Pesky and Klein,
Reiser, Krakauskas, and young Gantenbein?

Sometimes poetry, in the hands of a man who knows how to handle it, may affect the fate of the nation. Recently, Mr. Hoch of Pennsylvania, arguing in the House for a Federal soldiers' ballot, said:

"The situation reminds me of a farmer in my county. . . . He had a field that failed to yield crops. One day the preacher called and the farmer asked his advice. The preacher said, 'I recommend that you pray more fervently.'

"Now, a Pennsylvania Dutch farmer arrived on the scene in time to hear the pastoral advice. He said: 'Gooder rode un beade doods net. Do muss bisht bei.' ('Recommendation and prayer will not avail. What is needed is manure.') If this Congress is wise it will discard the 'great recommendations' and erect a law to provide the fighting man with ballots."

The impact of this stinging anecdote made the opposition groggy and then Mr. Hoch moved in for the kill by reciting with great passion an utterly devastating poem. Since he does not give the name of the writer of this little masterpiece of satirical verse, and diligent research does not reveal it, one may suppose that the modest legislator himself composed the poem which he gave to the nation and to the House on a memorable afternoon of high debate: —

"I wanted to vote," the soldier said,
As dejected and sad he sat.
"But Congress said, 'Oh, we recommend,
You'd not expect more than that.'
I couldn't vote on that recommend,
'Twas a ballot I needed then.
The recommend I couldn't vote,
I wanted to vote for men.
And so election day passed by,
The ballot they failed to send,
But instead I heard the old refrain:
'Oh, soldier, we recommend.'"

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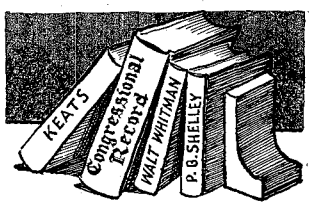
A Congress capable itself of producing such a poem ought certainly to have its own laureate. The task of the all-American bard will not be an easy one. He will have a lot of ground to cover, including the forty-eight states, Alaska, Hawaii, Guam, Puerto Rico, and the Good Neighbor policy as long as it lasts. He must be a man quick on his feet and with an ear to the ground; an interpreter of trends, a student of polls, a friend of the farmer, a reader of *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune*, a man of lofty ideals, and a troubadour rolled into one. He must write, moreover, for the most exacting audience in the United States — the Congress.

It is heartening, then, to record that with unerring good taste our legislators, who move to the contrapuntal music of no sound, have picked the right man in the person of Horace C. Carlisle. He is vouched for by no less an authority than the good gray poetry lover, the Honorable Theodore G. Bilbo (The Man) of Mississippi, who secured consent to publish in the *Congressional Record* Mr. Carlisle's poem entitled *Brumidi in the District of Columbia Room*. Brumidi, let me say for the benefit of those who are lamentably ignorant of the works of art in their nation's Capitol, is the little-known genius who painted so many of the murals that adorn the Capitol's walls. The last stanza ends on a note of lofty idealism and intimations of immortality: —

The District of Columbia room belongs to all the States,
  And yet it does, in fact, belong to none —
Herein the District laws are planned, but from it emanates
The rule of conduct for none but its own.
  The artist, we presume,
  Resolved to give this room
  The very best that it was his to give —
And, through the coming years, down to the day of doom,
In these, his pictures, will Brumidi live.

If you are a voting poet or essayist, send your contribution to your Congressman and get your rightful, democratic slice of eternal fame.



And Crooked, Crooked —

***By* NANCY STABER**

CROOKED, crooked runs the dog,
Tongue in rhythm with his jog,
A cynic's laughter in his eyes
And secret knowledge, age-old, wise.
Thus he runs, his tail curled high.
I'm his master, so say I.
And crooked, crooked laughs the dog —
Laughs in rhythm with his jog.

"Is Happiness Photogenic?"

***By* ELLIOT PAUL**

WHEN Boy and Girl (that is to say, the male star and female star in a moving picture) are on the outs, or when obstacles (known to the trade as "gimmicks") keep them apart or in disharmony, the dramatist's task is a comparatively easy one. There is plenty of opportunity for violence, suspense, contrast, variety, and conflict. The audience is pulling together, in behalf of the baffled or mistaken lovers.

There is no doubt that, in the end, Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn (or Don Ameche and Betty Grable; or Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman; or Jean Arthur and Joel McCrea) will hit it off with a kiss and a wisecrack and a quick fadeout. That is as it should be. When working people have paid a quarter to see a pair of their favorite screen lovers get set for imaginary action after the fadeout, they (the working people) should be given their money's worth.

Let us grant, then, that moving-picture technique, now with a background of trial, error, and development of nearly two decades, has proved itself adequate for contriving that a given Boy and Girl should meet, encounter difficulties and misunderstandings (oh, those misunderstandings), and finally clinch. That takes care of more than 80 per cent of all the film plots.

It is in the remaining small percentage of films that one searches for the stimulating, interesting, and promising ones. The neglected *Long Voyage Home* was one of those. But it did not deal with happiness. It was a story of tragedy and frustration, lusty comradeship, of improvised life. *Citizen Kane* was a story, not of happiness, but of bloated souls and flotsam on a torrent of egomania. *Doctor Caligari's Cabinet*, a very early film, but one which has not yet been surpassed for impact and integrity, was a tale told by one madman to another, a projection into the visual of disturbed states of mind.

The point I am making is that happiness, tranquillity, contentment, and associated conditions of comfort and states of soul can only be implied by the dramatist and burlesqued by the camera. That is, the portrayal of happiness, and especially the

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Newspaperman, globe-trotter, novelist, musician, ELLIOT PAUL is writing screen plays in Hollywood, with occasional reports to this department.

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kind known as "domestic," had been passed up by screen writers as a bad and thankless job, impossible of achievement, until Nunnally Johnson tackled it and mastered it in *Holy Matrimony*, his film version of a good, solid story by Arnold Bennett.

Before I go into details about *Holy Matrimony*, let me illustrate from other familiar moving pictures what croppers result when attempts are made to show a "happy couple" or "happy home" on the screen. One of the most ludicrous, I think, marred that otherwise excellent picture of Goldwyn's called *Pride of the Yankees*. After fourteen years of married bliss, in the screen epic just referred to, Gary Cooper and Teresa Wright rolled on the floor of their living room and scattered rose petals over each other. I only need to ask any twelve-year-old child in the immense movie audience of the United States (estimated as being from 40 million to 110 million) what he or she would conclude if he came home unexpectedly and found his parents indulging in such capers. The child would conclude, quite correctly, that his ma and pa had gone nuts and that any advice they might give in future should be weighed in that knowledge.

In *The Invaders* the late Leslie Howard tried his best to show how a solitary man acts when he is all right with the world. The props were the inevitable pipe, the fireplace, woods, a rowboat or canoe, and fishing tackle. Now there are plenty of American males who like to let their wives believe that the call of the forests and the desire for communion with nature is so strong that husbands can tear themselves away from home for weeks at a time. Actually, these modern woodsmen go in pairs or larger groups and take along prodigious quantities of booze. They never bring any of the liquor back. But on the screen, drinking is the conventional way of expressing disillusionment; so Leslie Howard could not, in the tranquil scene outlined above, take a drag at the pint that must have been behind those volumes of verse and cans of worms.

In short, as I have suggested, happiness, prior to Nunnally Johnson's remarkable achievement, has had practically no history on the screen. In making it enjoyable, amusing, stimulating, surprising, and memorable, this writer (and producer) has set a cinematographic milestone which, I hope, the more discriminating motion-picture addicts will not allow to be overgrown with the moss of routine claptrap and popular disdain.

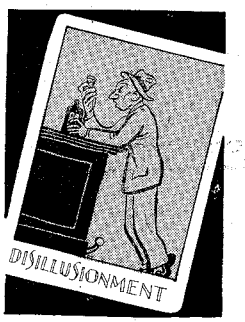
The Boy and Girl (don't smile) are Monty Woolley and Gracie Fields, and Gracie does not sing. She acts, and with such grace and sincerity and tenderness as makes mature woman truly beautiful and alluring, and, by contrast, baby-faced ingénues (billed as stars) look like nothing at all. Monty Woolley, the dominant figure of the play, is not only a sympathetic, intelligent man but a believable artist, a painter who has claim to artistic distinction and who does not belie the claim with every word he utters and every pass he makes at a canvas or sketch pad.

Here, then, we have the film we all have been looking for. There is no trite calf-love affair (which is especially annoying when one of the calf-love partners is fifty years old or more and tries to act twenty-five). The casting is superb. With Monty and Gracie are Eric Blore, Franklin Pangborn, and Laird Cregar, and these fine actors are permitted not to mug and exaggerate and clown, and, in Cregar's case, not to play the visual equivalent of a radio heavy. On the contrary, they are given superb lines and believable dramatic situations which are entertaining and poignant.

Too much cannot be said about the lines, or dialogue. Nunnally Johnson hits exactly the right balance between dangerous trickery held over from the "silent" days, which reduces dialogue to audible subtitles, and the tedious garrulity of Broadway playwrights who transfer from stage to screen a lot of talk and no illusion. Johnson's characters (created by Arnold Bennett) are articulate without being verbose, clever without resorting to gag lines from card indices of standard jokes, individualistic and knowable. One is interested in what each says and does and how each reacts to vicissitudes or triumphs.

The following passage, between Farll (Monty) and Alice (Gracie), is disarming in its simplicity. It occurs in a touching scene where the artist, for the first time, is showing his work, done in secret, to his devoted wife, who has believed he was a valet.

ALICE: Did you do that?
FARLL: I did. How does it strike you?
ALICE: It's beautiful. What is it?
FARLL: Study it.
ALICE: Why, that's Putney Bridge, isn't it?
FARLL: It is.
ALICE: On a rather peculiar day, I imagine.



This is comedy, in its true sense. The remarks are natural and spontaneous, reflecting the characters' true

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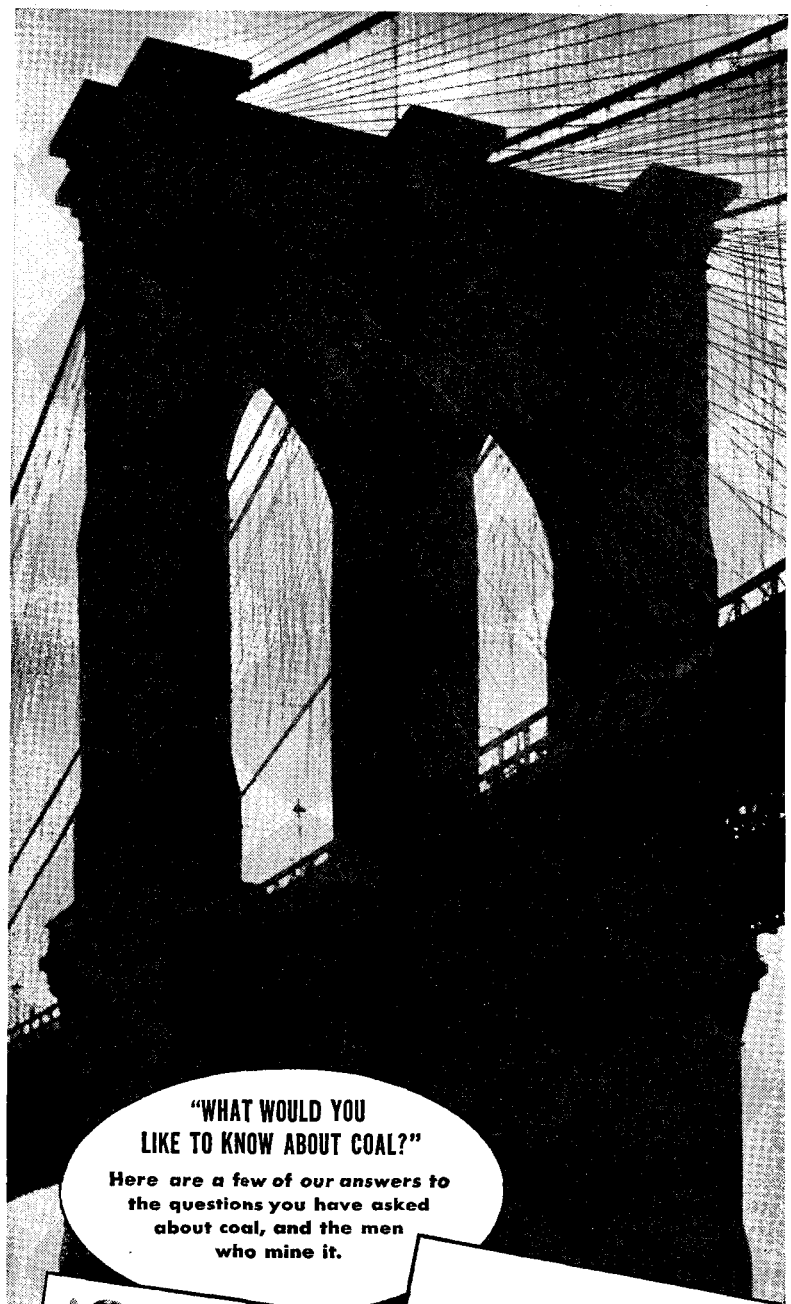

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Can a coal miner advance himself?

That depends on the man himself. Most important mine officials have come up through the ranks. A great many mines have training programs to fit men for better jobs. Schools and universities offer extension courses on the technical side of mining. A miner who shows promise is always encouraged to advance himself.

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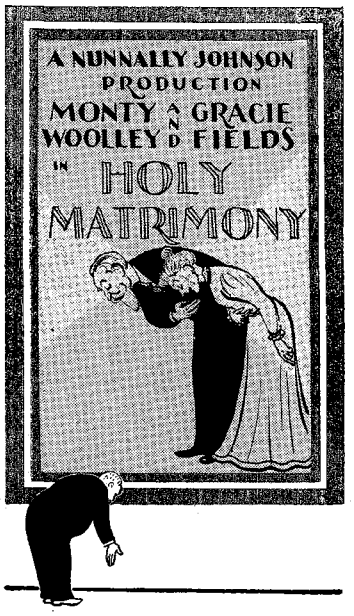
feelings. On the surface they seem trivial, and on analysis to be throbbing with an artist's eagerness for appreciation, a loving wife's earnest wish to please and not disappoint her husband, the husband's wistful hope that she will not fail to be discerning, the wife's candor and honesty, which prevent her from bluffing even in a holy cause. The dramatist, in the instance quoted above, which purposely I have taken at random to show the firm quality of the piece, seems to understand everything: how men and women feel and act, and even how great is the gulf between the perception of a trained artist's eye and that of an untrained one.

When the wife discovers that the man she has loved and married is really famous and has genius she cannot fathom, "her eyes are filled with grave reflections."

FARLL: Alice — there's no reason for this to make any difference, of course.
ALICE: No?
FARLL: Why should it?
ALICE: I don't know. I'm not sure. I wish I could be.
FARLL: What do you mean?
ALICE: It's something to wonder about, you know. As Mrs. Henry Leek . . . it's been very cozy. The way I am, the way we've lived, in Putney, we've been quite happy, I believe. I can't think of any other woman who might have suited you better.
FARLL: There'll be no change, dear.
ALICE: There's bound to be. As the wife of a great gentleman . . . so great that he could be buried in Westminster Abbey . . . I don't know. I don't know how I'd be. But not much, I expect. . . . I might be uncomfortable, or too ignorant, and I couldn't stand that.



A shy and talented man who has to run away from "civilization" in order to escape the inconveniences of his fame is happy with a simple, kindhearted, loyal woman who is *bourgeoisie* personified. They are happy because they furnish each other companionship with a minimum of getting on each other's nerves.

By what scenes does Mr. Johnson make this dramatic and charming, without an instant of boredom or a single conventional device or false injection of glamour? We see the pair in a hat shop, a restaurant, at tea in Alice's home which they are to share, at the gate with the morning paper. Wherever he is, she acts as a buffer and protects him. In big moments he is the stronger, because mentally he is the better equipped, but ordinarily she takes the rap.

Probably the reason this love which envelops a great artist is wholesome and good for him is that there is no worship, or even appreciation, of the things for which the world esteems him. Of all the numerous and divers kinds of wives an artist may fall heir to, the worst, in my opinion, is one who dotes on his work and acts as self-appointed press agent in the presence of all and sundry. To the very end, Alice Challice (lovely name) hasn't the foggiest notion what it is in Priam Farll's painting that brings high prices or high praise.

There is even a scene in their common bedroom, with a double bed and old-fashioned nightclothes, and it is not ludicrous, glamorous, slyly suggestive, blatantly vulgar, or menacing.

And speaking of menace, Laird Cregar, who in so many films is required to be a Hart, Schaffner & Marx brand of Frankenstein, has a chance to be a real villain, and he does it well. He is an unscrupulous art dealer, who rooks both painters and purchasers, and grabs the major part of the profits and spoils for himself.

What is the moral of a picture like *Holy Matrimony?*

That intelligence and directness and plain humanity (not the self-conscious Saroyan kind that is suspect because of its flamboyance and corn) outweigh vanilla-coated sex and expensive production scenes; and that, if Nunnally Johnson and other sincere screen writers with no nonsense about them are given their heads once in a while, adults will begin to enjoy moving pictures without crossing their mental fingers.

Girl in an Orchard

***By* WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT**

I WANT to show you a young girl in an orchard,
Face down to a book, hair fallen forward,
The May apples' shift of white and green
Lifted around her, sun let out and in;
Such day as you may remember for unnamable
Fragrance and the long, slow sound of it all,
As though it were the unopened heart of summer
Somehow known. The girl is at its center.
She is out of herself into the book,
And she and the book and the day together make
A page that holds the sun, and may be so
Forever — but that, of course, I cannot show you
Or know myself. But I can look as long
As I grow older, and none of this will move or change.

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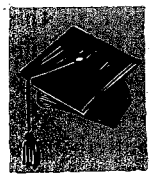


My Formal Education

***By* ELINOR GOULDING SMITH**

SINCE the large part of my formal education was obtained in the public schools of New York City, I suppose it was not really unique or extraordinary. Yet as I look back, I do think there must have been something a *little* peculiar about it.

While reading the reviews of the Robeson *Othello*, it suddenly occurred to me that I had never read *Othello*, or for that matter any Shakespeare to speak of. Shakespeare, as I learned about him in high school, really wasn't much of a writer. He was always committing atrocities, such as mixed metaphors and anachronisms, which were pointed out to us as examples of things *never* to do. The examples which we were taught over and over were (1) the clock's striking, in *Julius Caesar* (the worst sort of anachronism), and (2) "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" (a really first-rate example of the dread mixed metaphor). We were forced to memorize the "To be or not to be" speech, but only, I supposed, so that we would remember this terrible confusion of metaphors.

This all started me thinking about the rest of my education, and I decided to try to remember exactly what I did learn in school, being careful to separate it from what I learned by poking around in the children's room at the St. Agnes branch of the Public Library.

In kindergarten I learned to carry a small green chair around, and I learned to cut paper with dull scissors.

In grade school I learned some arithmetic — that is, I picked up some knowledge of addition, subtraction, and multiplication, but I must have been sick when they taught long division. At any rate, I missed it somehow, and I never learned it in school. One day I discovered that all the other children were able to do a mysterious and complicated process with numbers, called "division," and I went home crying. My mother made an attempt to teach it to me, but she put the answer out to the right, and in school they put it above, so I was never convinced that what she was teaching me was the right thing.

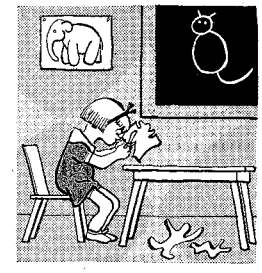
I learned to bound Manhattan Island, and I learned to bound the United States, and I learned the names of the continents, and I think there were some principal rivers and principal mountains and principal cities in there too.

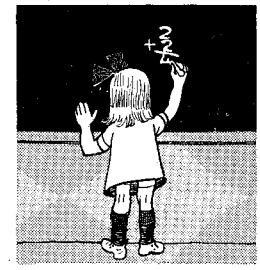
I read *Dickie Dare*, and I still remember how it went. "Dickie Dare went to school. On the way he met a cow. 'Good morning, cow,' said Dickie Dare. 'Moo moo,' said the cow." He also met a duck, and I dare say some other animals, but I no longer remember them. I read "The Lady or the Tiger" at least twenty times, and wrote as many compositions about how I thought it ended. That must have been considered quite the thing for stimulating the little minds in those days. My other work in English consisted in writing compositions entitled "My Vacation," "My Pet," "The Greatest Man in the World," and so on. One teacher told us that an original and interesting ending for a composition was, "Don't you think so too?" So after that we all ended our compositions with the identical originality and felt quite proud of ourselves.

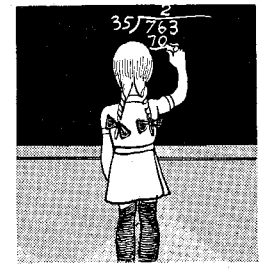
I learned to parse a sentence, with handsome little diagrams showing how it worked.

I learned to sew, and I got second prize for my graduation dress (although I cheated — I had my mother and my grandmother slaving over the hard parts), but in cooking class all we ever made was cream sauce (but nothing to put the cream sauce on) and once we made gingerbread.

In history I learned several things. I learned that there was something called the American Revolution, and we won because the Hessians got drunk on Christmas Eve. I learned a string of dates which were committed to memory perfectly, but what they were I had no idea. If you gave me the number 1066, out came its correct partner, the Norman Conquest, but who Norman was and whom he conquered were mysteries to me. If you told me the number 1588, I would say, quick as anything, "Drake and the Spanish Armada." Drake, to me, was a kind of cake, and as for the Spanish Armada, it never occurred to me that it meant anything at all.







I also learned 1492, 1776, 1789, 1865, 1215, and several others, with the right events. It didn't matter if you didn't know them all, because on the examinations you were given the lists of dates and events and you had to match them up, so you always teamed up the

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ELINOR SMITH is a young New Yorker whose complaints on certain kinds of advertising have enlivened our pages in recent months, and who now surveys for us the residue of her book-learning.

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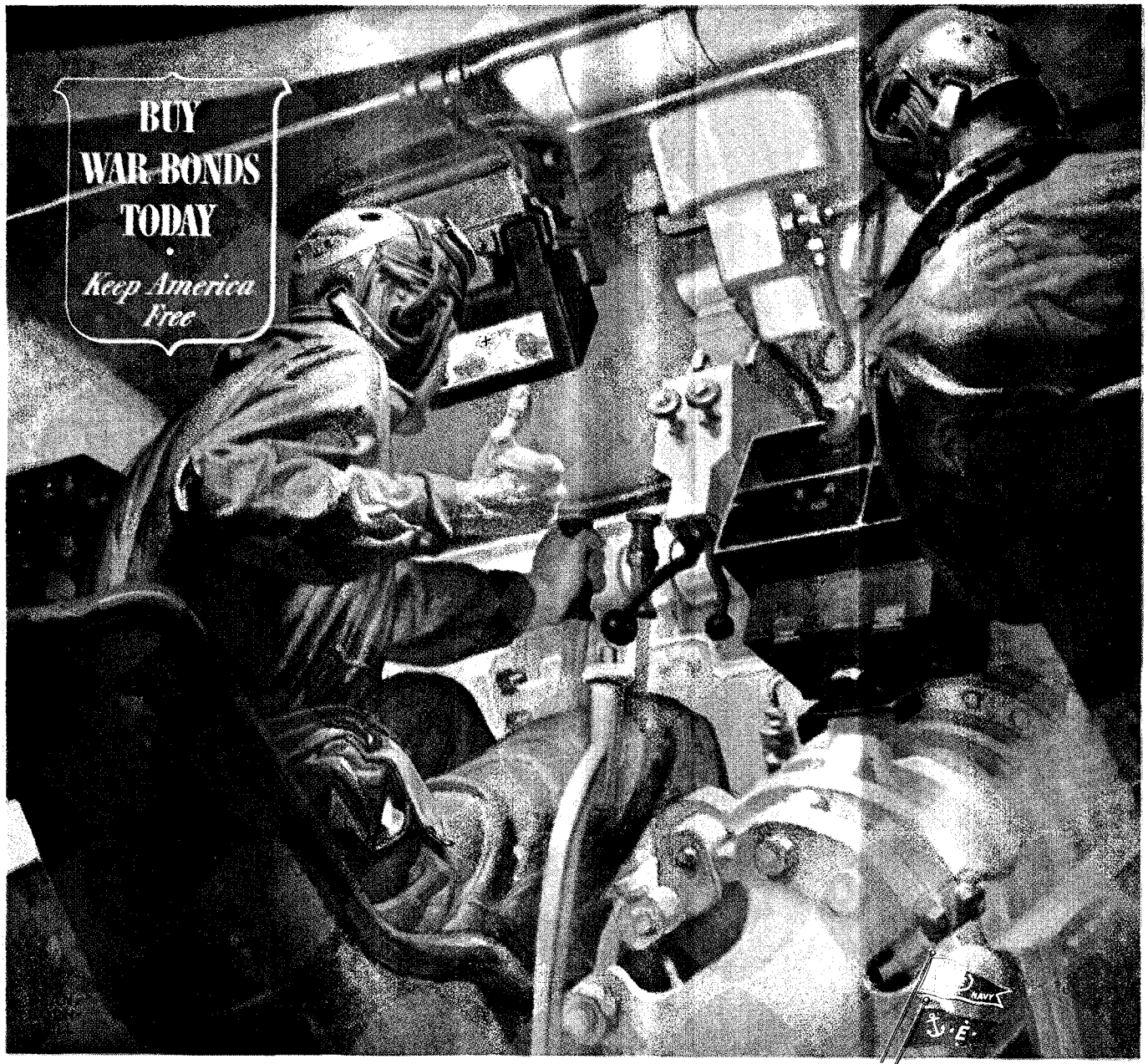

The Army-Navy "E" flies above four Fisher Body plants for excellence in aircraft production and from two others for tank production, while the Navy "E," with four stars, is flown by still another Fisher Body plant for its naval ordnance work.

Victory pace

GREAT masses of heavy armament are now helping to write the prologue to victory.

Fisher Body has produced its share of this armament — tanks, anti-aircraft guns, gun-breech housings, fighting planes, bombers and delicate flying instruments.

To do this we had to disregard the normal limits of our business, and build products entirely new to us. We had to explore technical fields foreign to us. We had to enlarge our plant facilities.

Looking back on those hectic days and nights of conversion, we realize that an understanding of true craftsmanship proved to be, literally, a lifesaver. Precision work on armament came easily to precision workmen. Long-acquired skills and crafts met demands for the most extreme accuracy.

And an important reason why Fisher Body has yet to fail at a war job is because craftsmanship has never yet failed us.

• •

Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
NBC Network

armament BODY BY Fisher

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

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leftover dates with the leftover events and had a pretty fair chance of being right.

I learned music appreciation. This consisted in learning the first two bars of the "Danse Macabre," the "Dance of the Hours," "Rustle of Spring," and "The Swan," and the right names to go with them, so that at examination time we could infallibly write down "'Rustle of Spring' by Sinding" after the two opening bars were played.

We were also taught with some care to pronounce Saint-Saëns correctly, which was evidently of great importance.

When I was twelve, and armed with all this knowledge, I went on to high school. In high school I learned many different things.

I learned to climb a rope ladder and to dance the Highland Fling.

I learned that a bean is either a monocotyledon or a dicotyledon, and I learned that the skin of an onion was made up of cells which could be seen if you looked at it through a microscope, but unfortunately I never got to look through a microscope until last year, when I bought one of my own. I learned that most plants will die unless they get water and sun, and we proved this in experiments in which we denied beans water and sun until they died. I learned to draw a grasshopper, and I learned that some part of a carrot is called the cortex, but I can't remember which part.

I read some of the *Odyssey*, but that class came after swimming class, so mostly we just dried our hair on the radiators. Somebody forgot to tell us who Homer was and when he lived, or in fact anything about him, and nobody ever mentioned that the *Odyssey* had anything to do with Greek literature. Indeed nobody ever mentioned Greece or Rome in my presence all through my entire schooling.

I learned that my voice was denasalized, and I intoned "The brown cow browsed around the brown barn," and "The man ran along the sand with his hat in his hand," more times than I care to think about. I don't know if it did any good or not. I learned that the correct way to breathe is not from the chest, but from the diaphragm, but I was unable to change my breathing habits, and so have continued to breathe in my chest anyway, and I suppose my voice is still denasalized.

I took physics, and I found out that if you heated water long enough, it boiled and gave off steam, and I learned how to hook up an electric bell (though when our doorbell goes out of order I have to call the superintendent because I don't know where the wires are, and anyway it looks different from the ones in school). And I learned that if you pick up a hot Bunsen burner, it hurts.

That was all there was to it. Someone in the school system miscalculated the time necessary to learn all these things, and at the end of three years I discovered suddenly that I had passed plenty of Regents' examinations to get into college, but that alas! I could not graduate from high school because I had only had three years of rope climbing and Highland Fling. This led to all sorts of difficulties, but since I had already been admitted to the university to which I had applied, I simply ignored the difficulties.

At college I learned interpretive dancing (in a short, loose green garment) and I was forced to play tennis until a certain date, regardless of the weather. I learned that if you play tennis in the snow, in a raccoon coat, it is not good for the racket.

I learned that El Greco was a madman, Picasso worse, and that Leonardo's "Last Supper" has flaked off considerably because he was so stupid about experimenting with new media.

I wrote daily compositions (only they were called themes at college) and they were all carefully corrected for punctuation. They were always entitled "On" something, and I no longer ended them with a question necessarily, since that was not required in college.

I learned that if you have steam under pressure, and you let it go through a rubber tube that is slightly rotted, the tube will burst and the steam will escape quickly and scald whoever happens to get in the way. I found out that you have to take the whole science of physics on faith, because no demonstration in the lecture hall ever turns out the way it's supposed to, and that furthermore the experiments don't turn out any better in the laboratory. Especially when your lab partner is a fluffy blonde

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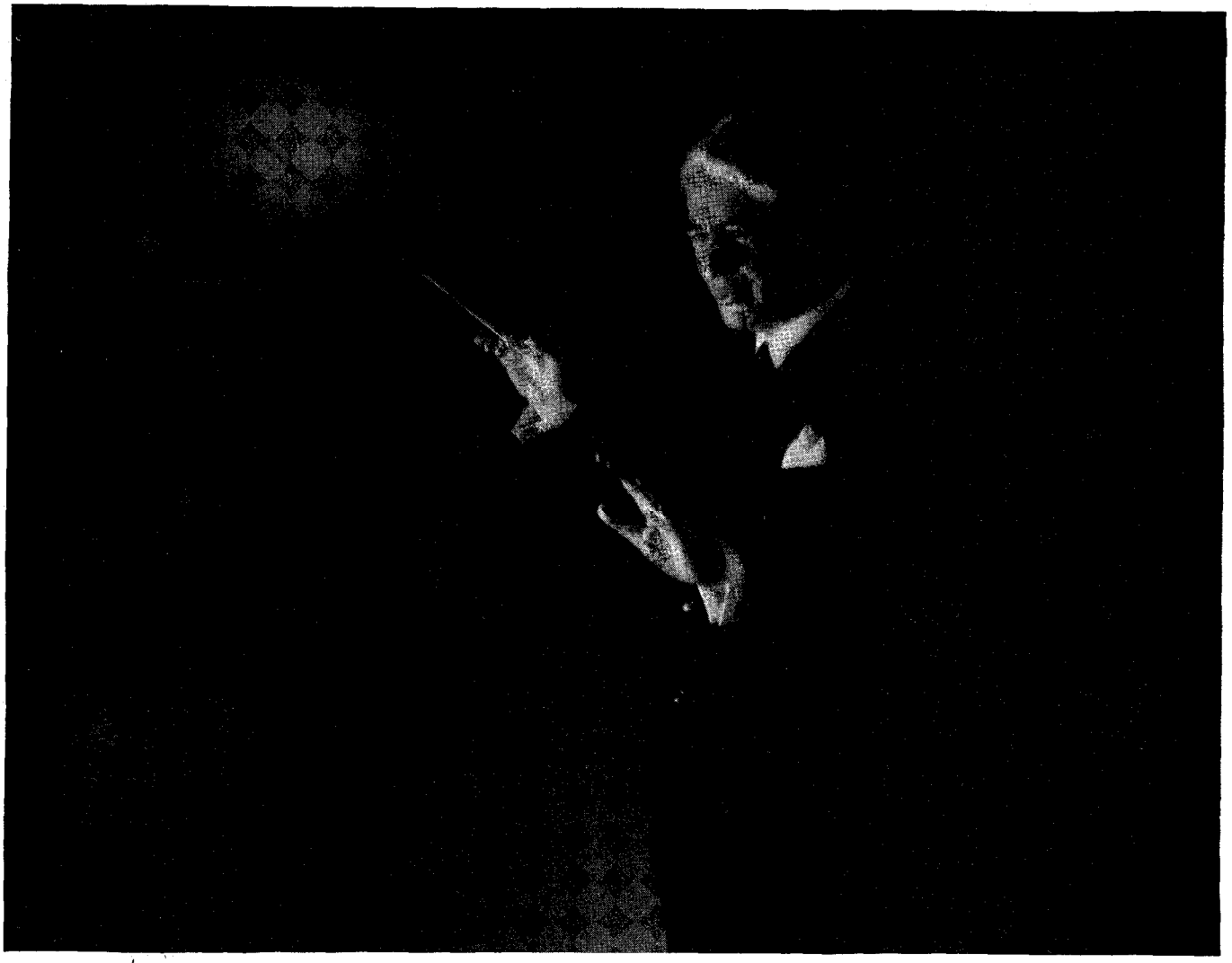

Festival time in Mt. Carmel

From Director Goldman: A Strange Request

Early May along the Wabash! The romantic river rolls bank-full past soft green slopes and miles of fragrant blossoms. And, in Mt. Carmel, the crowds are gathering for the little city's fifteenth annual music festival.

Edwin Franko Goldman, greatest bandmaster of his time, is the central figure. He had known this valley as a boy, and now returns to direct the massed bands from Mt. Carmel and nearby communities.

"Keep me as busy as you like," Dr. Goldman told the festival committee, "but, please, I'd like to have time to visit your high school music room . . . *and* the factory!"

To the people of Mt. Carmel, however, this strange request was no great surprise. Almost overnight, their high school music room had become a national institution. For it is the wartime home of the only Meissner radio-phonograph in existence — the final laboratory model perfected just before war turned all of Meissner's skill and knowledge to the manufacture of electronic war materials.

"I've been told so much about this new instrument," said Dr. Goldman, "that I want to hear it again and again. I want to find out, too, if the record-changer can *really* perform all those sleight-of-hand miracles ascribed to it. I want to meet the people who created the Meissner—and to see the factory where its postwar counterparts will be made."

It was well into the spring night when the last notes of the festival drifted over the valley — and Edwin Franko Goldman found time to relax from his strenuous schedule. "This has been an important day in so many ways," he said, "but I shall long remember the pleasure I had from the Meissner. Everything about it reflects the master touch. The reproduction is something musicians dream about! . . . and such things as Frequency Modulation and Super Short-wave all add to the promise of a bright new postwar world of beauty and inspiration for music lovers everywhere!"

For tomorrow—
A NEW WORLD OF SOUND AT YOUR FINGER TIPS

MEISSNER
MANUFACTURING COMPANY • MT. CARMEL, ILL.
ADVANCED ELECTRONIC RESEARCH AND MANUFACTURE

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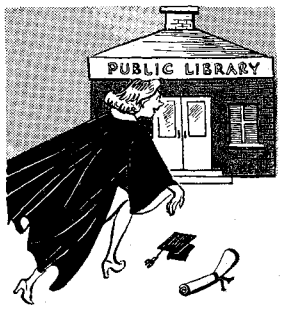


who leans over your shoulder at the crucial moment and dips pale blue ribbons and bits of lace ruffle in your crucible. I learned that there are very few nerve endings on the skin of the back of your hand, that you can see better in the daytime than at night, and that if you drop a baby he doesn't like it.

I learned how to find the volume of a truncated pyramid, but I've not used this knowledge lately.

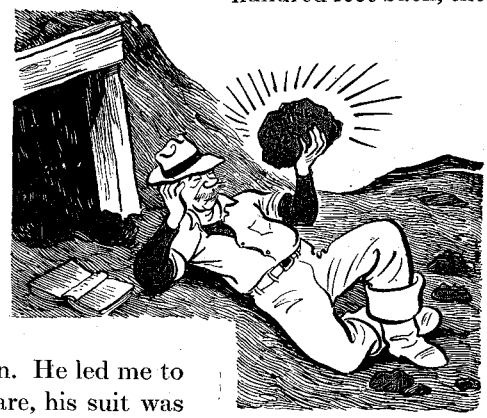
I learned, when I came home after two years, that in the public library they have the most amazing books — all about animals, and psychoanalysis, and fungi, and Greece, and languages, and insects, and Rome, and parasites, and China, and music, and semantics, and India, and revolutions, and spiders, and people, and amoebae, and Persian painting, and fishes, and dead languages, and Toltec sculpture.

I think books are wonderful. Don't you think so too?

Own Your Own Gold Mine

***By* HERBERT COGGINS**

EVERYONE should own a gold mine. I prescribe it not only as a business venture but as a builder of mental and emotional health. The mere possession of a gold mine is a tonic. I learned this wisdom during the depression, when we were all a little short of tonics.



I was driving on a suburban highway when I first met Castleman. He led me to my discovery. He was tall and spare, his suit was faded, and he had an equally faded brief case. He had been trying to sell things, he told me after he climbed into the car. "The city's got me beat. The people who want things are broke and the people who have money are sitting on it."

After a while he continued: "I'm hitching up to El Dorado County. The's an old mine there that hasn't been worked for eighty years. It's a three-hundred-foot tunnel. In those days the miners were so careless with the ore, I think a fella could make a living working over the tailings."

Never before had I heard a mining man make such an unextravagant claim or one so based on reason. Certainly at a time when gold was to be had for the digging, old-timers who had persevered three hundred feet into the rock must have had something to back their judgment. "Furthermore," he concluded, "hardly anyone knows about it, and it can be bought cheap."

The idea was inflammable. I hadn't known until that moment that I had always wanted a gold mine. Gold, after all, was a very useful commodity; so it is logical that everyone should have his own gold mine just as he would have his own vegetable garden. And before I parted with my new friend I had concluded that a proper regard for my old age demanded at least a small gold mine. I had Castleman plot the location on the back of an envelope and I agreed to have a look at the mine on the following week-end.

The trip took me a hundred-mile drive into the Sierra foothills, but I was not disappointed. The property was a beautiful sloping hill flowing down from a level rock shelf covered with pine trees. The shack of a cabin beneath the trees was just as Bret Harte would have pictured it. All it needed was the red-shirted miner seated in the doorway, weighing the day's take in gold dust.

The old tunnel too was just as it should be, although it was a rather awesome-looking cavity. A hundred feet back, the earth roof had fallen in, making it necessary to climb over a hump of red earth. I didn't venture far beyond this, but my flashlight showed me the tunnel, curved in a line so perfect geometrically that I was then and there convinced the old-timers knew their business. I concluded that only the untimely death of the miner himself, or a death struggle between two jealous pardners over the first big nugget, had prevented the mine from becoming a world-famous bonanza.

I went home feeling that my old-age security problem had been solved. It is comforting to know that buried in earth you own is the gold to support your declining years. The mind pleasantly rejects the probable cost of getting it out. That, after all, is a matter of speculation, while the presence of gold in the soil is a matter of certainty.

Within a week I had paid the modest purchase price and had drawn up an equally unpretentious agreement whereby Castleman would remove the gold from beneath the hill for me, on a fifty-fifty basis. Meanwhile I would underwrite his rather meager needs in the way of groceries and necessaries.

Owning a gold mine is but one of HERBERT COGGINS's innumerable accomplishments. His interests include almost everything from marine biology to engraving. He is a native Californian who lives in San Francisco.

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You may remember the year 1927 for:

1. The first flight from New York to Paris.

2. The murder of Albert Snyder by his wife and a corset salesman.

3. The landing of the U.S. Marines in Nicaragua.

4. The first broadcast of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

A CBS librarian whose memory we'd stack up against Thomas Babington Macaulay's recalls that Sunday afternoon, Sept. 18 was sticky and threatening. Too near the equinox, probably. Announcer Harry C. Browne ("the Voice of Columbia") stepped up to a microphone in a studio at 1440 Broadway and recited all 16 stations and cities on the CBS network (there are 141 today). Then Howard Barlow and his 22-piece symphony orchestra launched into the music of the first CBS program: *The Vacationist's Return*. Specimen language from original script:

Leaving Cairo with the music of Egypt still ringing in our ears, we next remind the returned vacationist of Vienna, the gay and beautiful Austrian capital . . . (orchestral selection from Strauss' *Die Fledermaus*.)

This kept up until 4 pm. Then Don Voorhees' salon orchestra played *The Spirit of the Woods*, at which point a ferocious thunderstorm obliterated *The Spirit of the Woods* west of Pittsburgh, and cut effective transmission down to six eastern stations.

Tuckered out, CBS went off the air at 5 pm and came back swinging at 9:20 pm with the main dish—a new American opera by Deems Taylor and Edna St. Vincent Millay called *The King's Henchman*.

At 10:20 pm CBS launched its first commercial broadcast, *The Emerson Hour* also known as *The Effervescent Hour*.

At 11:25 pm "The Voice of Columbia" signed off with the refrain of the official song of the Emerson Drug Co.: "There is no love like the first love." (Emerson Drug Company's "Vox Pop" is currently playing its 148th week on CBS.)

That was the Columbia Broadcasting System.

★

You remember in "Storm", the story of the man, who during a blizzard just west of the Donner Pass wanted to call his business partner in a town 50 miles away on the East slope, and how the 50-mile call had to travel by way of Sacramento, Los Angeles, Salt Lake and Reno—1480 miles. If you think that's Robin-Hood-Barnstorming, try this one:

In 1936 CBS tried to telephone WQAM, its Miami affiliate, during the hurricane, but found the lines down. So a cable went to London to Cape Town to Rio de Janeiro to Havana. Havana put the message on the air. It read: "Report names of survivors earliest possible moment. (signed) CBS." WQAM heard it, brought survivors to the radio station, put clothes on them, fed them, and let them tell their stories over the CBS network.

★

Each year the George Foster Peabody Radio Awards pick out the "most disinterested and meritorious public service rendered by the broadcasting industry."

For 1943 CBS won 5 of the 7 classifications of public service designated by the Advisory Board of the Peabody Awards. Here they are:

1. For Outstanding Reporting of the News—EDWARD R. MURROW, CBS European News Director (heard on CBS, Sundays 1:30 to 1:45 pm EWT).

2. For Outstanding Entertainment in Drama (two citations)—

A. LUX RADIO THEATRE (CBS, Mondays 9:00 to 10:00 pm EWT).

B. AN OPEN LETTER TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE (one-time CBS broadcast on inter-racial tolerance, July 24, 1943).

3. For the Outstanding Children's Program—LET'S PRETEND (CBS, Saturdays, 11:05 to 11:30 am EWT).

4. For Outstanding Entertainment in Music—SALT LAKE TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN (CBS, Sundays, 12:00 noon to 12:30 EWT).

5. For The Regional Station Making The Outstanding Contribution To Its Community—CBS STATION KNX, LOS ANGELES (for an original series of six broadcasts on inter-racial tolerance called *These Are Americans*, Aug. 5 through Sept. 9, 1943).

Gratifying as these citations are to CBS, they are not without precedent. Since the Peabody Foundation first started its public service awards 4 years ago, CBS and its affiliates have won 13 of the 24 citations granted.

★

Up to Woonsocket, one day three years ago, a girl with a nice voice boarded a train for New York to see if the neighbors who said she had a nice voice were right.

At a routine audition in the CBS studio she stood uneasily before a microphone waiting for the control room to give her the starting signal. Then she let go. In the studio you can't hear the people in the control room unless they want you to, so Eileen Farrell couldn't hear the technician mutter "This is the darndest voice we ever auditioned." The CBS Music Director asked for another song. Miss Farrell obliged. The director got an orchestra, and put her to singing on a sustaining program at once, and a month later gave her her own program. Then she was signed up as an exclusive CBS artist.

Today Eileen Farrell sings every Sunday on the *Prudential Family Hour* (5:00-5:45 p.m. EWT); every Tuesday night at 7:30 p.m. EWT on CBS' *American Melody Hour*. Dr. Artur Rodzinski, conductor of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, listens to her programs regularly. A pretty good singer named Lawrence Tibbett once called her up after a broadcast and said he couldn't believe his ears. The Metropolitan wants Miss Farrell any time she wants to drop around.

The CBS archives are bright with discoveries like that. The part radio plays in developing good music is as satisfying as it is startling.

★

This is CBS the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

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From this point on, my research had to do more with Castleman than with the actual gold. He was fifty years old and Irish, and the world's readiest dispenser of mining lore. He related how in a mine not far distant from my own he had once trundled out a single wheelbarrow load of dirt that yielded fifteen hundred dollars. His narrative carried the strong suggestion that the feat could be duplicated on my property from time to time. I defy anybody, even in the last stages of melancholia, to lose interest in life while listening to such inferences about his own property.

Castleman's almost daily letters, written on lined paper, were detailed reports and abounded with references to dips and strikes, to lava caps and volcanic ledges about which gold lurked in little pockets waiting for the man who knew where to look. Occasionally I received in the mail a little muslin bag containing a fragment of white and gray quartz to be assayed. The unenthusiastic report of the assayer, was, oddly enough, stimulating. This feeling was heightened by the occasional sight of a tiny, gleaming speck of gold in the quartz. I left each specimen with the assayer, sure that the next sample would rate high enough for commercial purposes.

Occasionally Castleman's envelope would contain a little folded billet with tiny flakes of gold dust and a buoyant note announcing larger shipments soon to follow.

Despite the enterprise shown on paper, my unannounced visits at any time of day usually found him just through work and storing up new energy by the simple method of reclining beneath a tree with a book before him. I noted that there were no disturbed tailings at the tunnel's mouth, and no evidences of new earth dug up. Inquiries brought forth the idea that the tunnel could wait, since there were greater quantities of gold to be panned from the creek.

To justify his neglect of the tunnel, Castleman would take up the gold pan and lead me down to the creek. Here he would move the boulders about, as if hunting for crayfish, and scoop up some of the underlying gravel in the pan. Then he would stoop over the stream and swish the pan around in the shallow water so that the water kept lapping over the edge, carrying the larger pebbles and light sand with it. Always a thin floor of black sand remained in the pan, and usually there gleamed from it a spark or two of bright yellow gold. These he picked up with a pair of tweezers and placed in a specimen bottle.

To the person who had always visualized gold in nuggets of pocket-piece size, these little flecks might well have proved disappointing. But I always believed they were merely flakes that had loosened from the larger nuggets hiding near-by.

After watching the gold panning I went home each time confident that the law of averages would take care of the situation. When my letters to Castleman showed signs of disappointment I would shortly afterwards receive in the mail a tiny glass vial containing numerous gold flakes. These, I judged, represented several days' panning, although the accompanying note invariably explained that they were the result of a few minutes' work.

On one visit when my remarks must have suggested that I was dubious of the whole venture, he revived me with the announcement that, the day before, he had panned a nugget that weighed almost an ounce. When I asked eagerly to see it his suspicious look seemed to say I was prying into his personal affairs, and he hastily explained that he "threw it back." My efforts to locate where "back" was produced a series of hazy evasions.

After this I lost confidence in my friend as a miner, but never in the mine itself. Its value has increased; since I bought it the government has well-nigh doubled the price of gold, thereby improving my investment. And its gold is still intact, for practically nothing has been taken from it.

Surprise

***By* WITTER BYNNER**

Most of the time it is forgot,
And he still is twenty-one;
But oh, the times when he is not
A new and eager son!

Although it be a thing not told,
You have seen it in his eyes:
The fact that he is growing old,
The sullen, slow surprise.

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The RED COCK CROWS

By

FRANCES GAITHER

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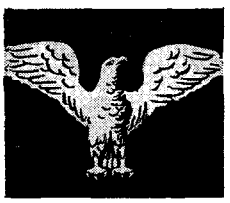

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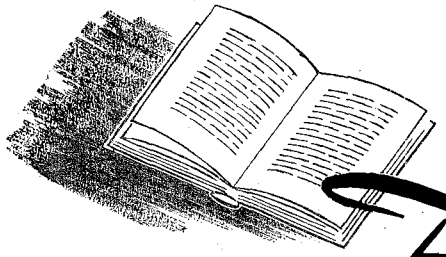

THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

THE slower you travel, the closer you see. This rule of the road applies to birds and bipeds: it means that a hawk sees more than a Thunderbolt; it means that a man tramping takes in more of the country than a man lulled in the back seat; it means that a traveler on a Greyhound gets a better feel of the spring than a traveler on the airways.

In the springtime with the windows open a bus is the nearest thing we have to the old stagecoach. Jogging along at a comfortable thirty-five, it takes you over the mountains, down into the valleys, along the streams, and through those little Main Streets the train never sees. The motion is too jiggly for reading, so you look and talk. The whole bus talks, intimately, comparing destinations, swapping stories and troubles. "How soon do you think It will come?" says the sailor beside you, outward bound for Baltimore, and the talk veers from Invasion to helicopters and the girl on the corner with her skirts blown back. And all the while we take our cue from the leatherneck driver whose even temper and sure hand keep the company in motion.

So I followed the spring north, coming up through the Carolinas, seeing the perennial contrast of the red clay and the first fresh green, the purple iris and the low blue periwinkle, the pink and white dogwood, like spray in the woods, and the young fruit trees, apple and peach, in rows of ballet dancers on the upland slopes. I received the vacant but dignified stares of sitting cows, and I saw the buzzards wheel overhead, and did my best to answer the perplexity of the troubled mother across the aisle. A New England eye misses only the clear, dark water of the Northern brooks. In Carolina the cricks are as red as clay.

Whenever possible, I caught the signs of the times. Here a little country store announces in huge whitewash letters, "Pay less and tote." We jog on into timber country where a town is known by the white paint it keeps. We swing over South Mountain, across Antietam Creek, through Emmitsburg and within musket shot of Gettysburg. "You let *us* worry about the Rising Sun," says the Marine on the poster. "*You* take care of the rising prices." I count the service stars in the farm windows — five was the most I saw in a single house. But I did see several singles in the girls' dormitories of the State College.

Coming at last to Pennsylvania and Fort Pitt, I dismount and stretch my legs for a closer view of LST's, the huge landing craft, built to be rammed ashore, which are now floating down the Ohio on their way to Hitler's fortress.

Flyers who write

Letters reaching my desk from men in Italy, England, and the Pacific frequently bring with them bits of verse which the fighters have found time to write. Never since the Armada have the Navy and Army numbered so many would-be poets as today. So far as I can judge, the men of the

IN THIS ISSUE

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THE LONG BALKAN NIGHT · By Leigh White . . . . . Reviewed by James H. Powers

HOTEL BERLIN '43 · By Vicki Baum . . . . . Reviewed by Phoebe-Lou Adams

WINGATE'S RAIDERS · By Charles J. Rolo . . . . . Reviewed by Richard Ely Danielson

CHARLES LAMB AND HIS FRIENDS · By Will D. Howe . . Reviewed by Clifton Joseph Furness

WHILE STILL WE LIVE · By Helen MacInnes . . . . . Reviewed by Robert W. Anderson

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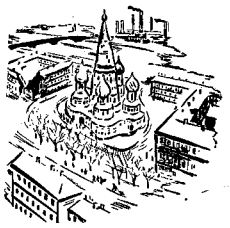

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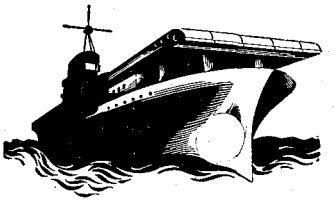

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Air Corps, ground forces included, are more articulate about their work than those of the other services combined. Perhaps it is the nature of their experience. Perhaps it is because the Air Corps has in its ranks so many young college men who would have been writing anyway. When the heat is off and the planes are grounded and the rain pours down, some of these men have the ability to draw apart and catch on paper something of the exaltation, the high loneliness, the silent fraternity, and the nervous exhaustion which are the elements of a pilot's life.

You see this in *The Lafayette Flying Corps* — the first work on which Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall collaborated in the Paris of 1919, directly after Hall's return from a German prison camp. Before his capture, Hall had found time to write *High Adventure*, which told of his training as a pilot and of his first patrols and dogfights, and it was more than coincidence that one of the pilots who escaped from Germany with him was to write years later in Boston a story with the same intense spirit of the Lafayette Flying Corps. I mean Charles R. Codman, author of *Contact*. Beside these books, I should put that more brooding and nervous novel, *Winged Victory*, by V. M. Yeates. Yeates was a pilot of the RFC who was prodded into writing by the combined efforts of T. E. Lawrence and Henry Williamson. The war was over and he was dying of consumption when he began it, but in his prose he lived again through those harrowing days of strain and loss when the Fifth Army was retreating before the Germans in the spring of 1918.

During the Long Armistice, it was a Frenchman who kept the standard high. *Night Flight* and *Wind, Sand and Stars* by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry were classics of peace by a man of action. Though he was over-age for a fighter, Saint-Ex did his tour over the crumbling French front in 1940, survived, and finally escaped to this country, where he wrote that panorama of defeat, *Flight to Arras*, which is poignant when it is not too mystical.

Pilots and ghosts

All those books were by pilots, by men who flew and then wrote. But in this war, with men flying under the low ceiling of the Aleutians, down the whole length of the Pacific, over the Hump and the Alps and the Andes, in Africa, in Italy, and over the Boche, the sky is literally the limit. There are stories beyond number to be told, and some of them of necessity come to us secondhand. Books like *Queens Die Proudly* and *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo* have been strained through the intelligence of the earthbound. I feel myself that something is missing from these secondhand chronicles. They catch the flavor of the talk, the modesty and masculinity, but they miss the lift, the sense of flying, which the pilot himself does give.

I value a book like ***Torpedo 8***, by **Ira Wolfert**, the chronicle of Swede Larsen's Bombing Squadron, for its racy lingo. "I guess you guys are all going chicken on me," says the C.O. when there are no volunteers for a crazy mission. "There's a blue plate special coming up on your port quarter. Get it!" "Then the Japs would stream over and throw rocks. They'd walk their shells up and down this area." And that reflex action known as "Guadalcanal twitch" — such phrases sum up the arithmetic of death, and when Swede Larsen's nerves are beginning to fray out, he gives us through his collaborator a mental picture which is unforgettable. In one of the last of the big fights over Guadalcanal, a burning plane went by him very close. "It came so close that he could see the pilot with his forehead resting peacefully on the instrument board — dead, probably, but looking like a man sleeping. (The odds are it was a Jap.) The tragic picture of the man resting peacefully through the last moment before a crash into the sea clung in Swede's mind tenaciously through the whole assault, no matter how he tried to throw it off."

Of the books by the airmen themselves, the first in point of time and distinction is ***Falling Through Space*** by **Richard Hillary.** He was a young volunteer pilot who would almost certainly have written without the stimulus of the war. He fought through the Battle of Britain, crashed, and was badly burned. Then in the long period of convalescence while his skin was being grafted, he began this book which exposes more sensitively than any other the unsentimental devotion and the nervy hypnotism of death which characterized those few survivors to whom Britain owed so much. His prose is strongly tinged with the influence of T. E. Lawrence, and in it is the same fatalism of a man under sentence. Hillary rejoined his squadron, but with not enough resilience to survive his second crash.

In this fateful year, I would single out three airmen deserving special attention. First, Lieutenant Colonel **Bierne Lay** of the Eighth Air Force, whose account of the Fortress raid on Regensburg was by all odds the most graphic American narrative to reach us this fall. The second is a poet, **John Pudney** of the RAF, whose verse, ***Flight Above Cloud,*** says obliquely and with that sudden thrust the truths which any squadron knows. Third is the chronicler of the most famous, least publicized transit line in Hitler's Europe, the French Underground, which restores to England night after night the bombing crews and the buzz-boys — the

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The Royal Game

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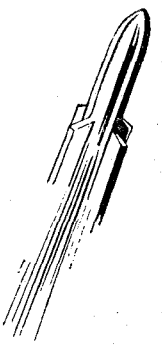

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fighters — forced down in enemy country. ***Fair Stood the Wind for France*** by Squadron Leader **H. E. Bates** is a novel about an English bombing crew, which begins in mid-flight and which comes down to earth with that shock and anxiety possessing all men reported as Missing. Bates's prose shows us the surpassing loyalty which knits a crew together, and it deepens our understanding of what men are good for in the miasma of pain and suspicion.

Woman in the cockpit

In our generation there is a love of the air comparable to what Conrad's characters felt for the sea. Women are as addicted to it as men, and the first American woman to write of this passion creatively is **Anne Morrow Lindbergh.** In *North to the Orient* and *Listen! the Wind* she wrote of actual pioneering flights which she made with her husband before the war. The itinerary of their travel was lifted above the usual level of flight by her love of the air, her feminine sensibility to the hazards involved, and her poetic feeling for words. This experience she has now sublimated in a short novel, ***The Steep Ascent,*** which she rightly says is neither fiction nor biography but "a fictional account of an actual incident. . . . Fundamentally it is simply a woman's story, the story of a woman's ordeal"; in this case the ordeal of a wife — she is pregnant — flying in a two-seater with her English husband (a member of the Schneider Cup team, a daring flyer) on their way from England across the Alps to Italy. Within the plexiglas of the cockpit, her mind lulled by the motor, she relives her life in reverie. In the hazardous moments above the Alps, the two planes of her existence, the trivial and the tragic, come to their point of intersection.

This, then, is an explorer's book, about a woman in a new element. It is instinctive in her farewell with Peter, the five-year-old; it is sentimental, as in her thought of the tanks at Cambrai; it is apprehensive in its undertone of what the coming war will do for the earth below; and, best of all, in its sensuous details it is a woman's reaction to the power and beauty of flight.

The widow bird

From out of the past and from a different London come these posthumous stories by **Virginia Woolf.** ***A Haunted House and Other Stories*** sounds a far cry. "All through her life," says her husband in his Foreword, "Virginia Woolf used at intervals to write short stories. It was her custom, whenever an idea for one occurred to her, to sketch it out in a very rough form and then to put it away in a drawer. Later, if an editor asked her for a short story, she would take a sketch out and rewrite it, sometimes a great many times." Possibly this method of her writing restricted the nature of her work. For these stories are the swift projection of a mood, and one feels that, at times, where a story such as *The Shooting Party* bears evidence of having been fussed over later, the mood becomes diffuse and the narrative soon loses its quick, piercing power.

As the title suggests, the prevailing mood of this book is one of loneliness. The opening story, *A Haunted House*, gives you the feel of the thing in the first two sentences: "Whatever hour you woke, there was a door shutting. From room to room they went, hand in hand, lifting here, opening there, making sure — a ghostly couple." And then, in fewer than 1500 words, by the deftest of clues and the least tangible of emotions, Mrs. Woolf leads you into the heart of the old house, to show you the two couples, the one living in, the other haunting, the bedroom. By such fourth-dimensional writing is a lifetime reduced to ten minutes.

Loneliness is the theme she plays again and again, with variations. It may be the solitude induced by music, as in *The String Quartet;* or the pathetic isolation of the gawky woman in *The New Dress;* or the frozen antagonism of *The Man Who Loved His Kind.* Mrs. Woolf has caught her people in moments of sharp revelation, and the memory of them, hurt and exposed, returns as if we had known them. In the background, one occasionally sees Mrs. Dalloway — and her presence, as always, lends grace and warmth to the page. But in only one story, *The Legacy*, — and my favorite, — are there both narration and surprise. For the rest, these are beautifully set interiors from whose windows we catch a glimpse of that appealing, frightened countenance, "of what momentarily she called the soul — a widow bird, a bird perched aloof. . . ."

Zweig's last novelette

The Royal Game, a short novel of power and distinction, has been published together with *Amok* and *Letter from an Unknown Woman*, Stefan Zweig's earlier and unforgettable masterpieces. Any one of these three is an anthology piece; together they stand as a memorial to that great talent which was wasted when, a refugee in despair, Mr. Zweig took his own life in South America last year.

It may be morbid, but it is also natural, for us to see in Dr. B., the hero of *The Royal Game*, a resemblance to Zweig himself. Dr. B. is a Viennese refugee, a lawyer who once held quiet power and distinction in the Vienna of Franz Joseph. Now, driven into exile, he has taken ship for the Argentine. Notable in the ship's company is Mirko Czentovic, the stolid Yugoslav genius, the world

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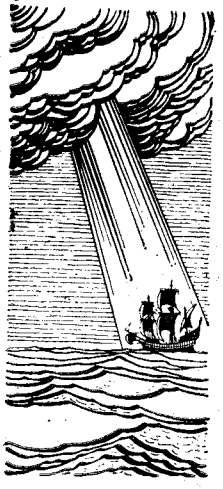

ADVENTURES in SYMPHONIC MUSIC, written with wit and gaiety by the former music critic of the Boston Transcript, Edward Downes. He discusses some two hundred musical compositions in the symphonic repertory, representing the work of fifty-eight composers—music heard constantly over the air, in concerts, or on records. (All compositions mentioned are available on discs.) Will delight music lovers and become an integral part of their listening pleasure. *Decorations by John O'Hara Cosgrave II.* $2.50

ADVENTURES IN SYMPHONIC MUSIC

By Edward Downes

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chess champion, on his way to a South American tour. In a manner so swift and explicable that you cannot lift your eye from the page (and mind you, I don't know a single move in chess), these two are pitted in an antagonism across the chess table which mounts as you understand the psychology behind it.

Dr. B. has learned his chess the hard way, as perhaps Schuschnigg might have learned it, in solitary confinement, as an exercise for the mind and a sanctuary for sanity. Zweig's description of the torture of the doctor has the macabre quality of Poe at his best. Watching him in the ship's cabin as he fingers the scar on his hand with that nervous impatience which sends him pacing around and around the table, we know that he is playing for his life.

Canal Town

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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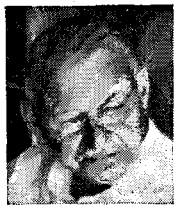
S. H. ADAMS

At the core of Mr. Adams's story lies one of those freaks of nature so strange as almost to defy credence, even though its exact parallel occurred over a century ago in upstate New York. But the book is a first-rate mystery story in itself, and it would be unfair, therefore, to give away the secret, particularly as the entire plot leads carefully page by page to final revelation of it.

The plot, however, is the least important element of the novel. What counts is the elaborate, colorful, and affectionate portrait of a canal town in its growing pains. Obviously Mr. Adams has not only gone back to the sources but has lived with them for a long time before writing his account of a young doctor setting up his practice. The canal created boom towns exactly as oil has in our own day; the pattern is much the same, except that for Dr. Amlie the job of bringing health to the community was harder than it would be for his modern counterpart. There was more filth for him to contend with, and more ignorance and prejudice in the upper strata of society.

It was the middle classes, the workingman, and the poor of the town who first came to appreciate Dr. Amlie, as opposed to his superstitious, bloodletting, bigoted fellow-practitioner. Mr. Adams can raise the reader's pulse with an account of saving the life of a child who has the croup — and here I think he is even more successful than he is with the more melodramatic adventures on which the plot is cast. He has made himself thoroughly familiar with frontier medicine, rudimentary surgery, and backwoods specifics, as well as the simples of the old women living on the fringes of society.

It is genuine fun these days to find a book packed so full of color, lore, and historical information about the way our ancestors got to work in the dirt and set up a living for us. For the book is a big one and jamb full of all sorts of people: canallers, artisans, bankers, lawyers, preachers, immigrants, and a heroine who is genuinely fetching. It sprawls all over the place, but so did Palmyra and its sister towns. If you consider such things dull, this is not your book. But if you enjoy finding out that the pompous claim of Cooperstown to the game of baseball has been a fake these many decades, read Mr. Adams. He can tell you different — about that and a lot of other things. *Random House, $2.75.*

WALTER D. EDMONDS

The Long Balkan Night

By LEIGH WHITE

+ + +

LEIGH WHITE

The Balkans are Europe's perennial crossword puzzle. They bear the ominous distinction of exacting periodic penalties of war from all governments and diplomatists who fumble the correct answers. Since the failures have been consistent throughout the better part of the past seventy-five years, and the scale of penalties assessed has reached the dimensions of world war twice within a generation, common sense suggests that a new approach may be in order.

This book is enormously helpful to an understanding of Balkan realities. It is pervaded by the same sense of history and human struggle which one finds in Rebecca West's *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon,* though it is far less ambitious. Dispatched to Europe in the spring of 1940 to represent the *New York Post* and the Jewish Telegraph Service, with an assignment directing him to pay especial attention to persecuted minorities and to the plight of the Jews in particular, Mr. White had experiences that swiftly broadened the scope of his task. What began as a somewhat restricted exploration in the darkest byways of this notoriously turbulent peninsula became at last a panoramic study of Balkan history, social currents, personalities, fluctuating governments, and war.

Mr. White's thumbnail portraits of Hungary and Rumania on the eve of the Hitlerian descent are most revealing. The eyewitness accounts of the Greek people struggling against the German avalanche, of the Yugoslavians in their desperately bold challenge of what was then the world's mightiest machine, are in a class by themselves. He minces no words in exploring Allied policy and attitude. His warning against further attempts to foist unwanted dynasties upon the seething Balkan peoples from the outside are as grim as his matter-of-fact analyses of the attempts of an archaic feudalism to maintain itself in the economic and social life of the Peninsula.

His suggestions have to do with the grouping of the peoples there according to ethnological status, the erasure of frontiers as hitherto conceived, and a federation of the whole area. But *The Long Balkan Night* is not a labored

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YANKEE FROM OLYMPUS

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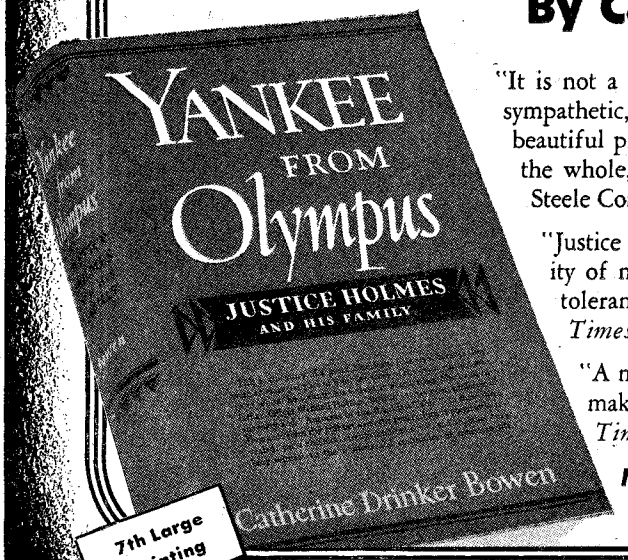

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dissertation on these points. The conclusions are implicit in the stimulating narrative of Mr. White's adventure, and are mentioned only when his vigorous and exciting chronicle brings them inescapably to the fore. For the rest, he sets down such a report and record as one might expect from an alert Vermonter, whose flair for hard facts does not blind him to the purport of the drama he is witnessing. *Scribner, $3.50.*

JAMES H. POWERS

Hotel Berlin '43

By VICKI BAUM

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VICKI BAUM

SET in the German capital, *Hotel Berlin '43* covers the incidents of twenty-four hours in a smart hotel where Gestapo agents rub elbows with anti-Nazis, officers on leave pursue pretty women, and the next air raid is seldom mentioned, but never forgotten.

The story does not move out of the hotel, but the people who meet there reflect the whole cruel, bewildered, tottering society to which they belong. There is Lisa Dorn, the actress, who saves a member of the Underground from arrest, because no stage heroine ever turned a fugitive over to the police, and who presently finds herself seeing the Nazi world through the eyes of this Corporal Richter, and thinking about the Party, for the first time in her thoughtless life. There are Lisa's lover, General Dahnwitz, a Prussian militarist for whom nothing remains but death with dignity; the slick, cheerful Gestapo officer, Helm; Oberleutnant Kauders, hysterical, adolescent, and a hero; Tilli, the prostitute, whose chief desire in life is for new shoes; Nichols, the English writer who broadcasts Nazi propaganda in exchange for the medicine which keeps him alive; the shrewd brat of a page boy, whose mother mistakenly named him Adolph; and policemen, officials, party war horses, foreign bankers, and the decorative members of the Rumanian Military Mission.

These people, honest or opportunist, cynical or disillusioned, living in fear of the war and each other, unravel their affairs between the nightly visits of the Allied bombers. Or rather, Miss Baum unravels their affairs, dovetailing chance, luck, and character with an expert hand. The hotel houses violence within, and is battered by violence from above. With each raid, Herr Hitler's portrait falls off its nail in the lobby. But regardless of murder and a sharp drop in the quality of the liquor, the Hungarian orchestra plays on.

Although Miss Baum makes an occasional attempt to explain "the German people," the chief interest of *Hotel Berlin '43* lies in its profusion of incidents and coincidences. It may be argued that too many people have too violent crises in their affairs. Perhaps the escape of Richter, in a comic-opera uniform, is excitement enough for one book. Perhaps one spiritual awakening a day is all that can be expected in any group. But Miss Baum maneuvers her people with such skill, and relates their adventures with such energy, that only the most ungrateful of readers would refuse to be entertained. *Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.*

PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS

Wingate's Raiders

By CHARLES J. ROLO

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C. J. ROLO

THE recent death of Major General Orde Wingate in a plane accident will be appreciated as a severe loss to the Allied armies by all who read this book. It is almost more an appreciation of Wingate as a man and a soldier than a narrative of his forces' operations behind the Japanese lines in Burma a year ago. Of strong religious convictions, of curious learning and tastes, Wingate was so unconventional as a military leader that the Brass Hats feared him. However, he managed to convince them that it was possible for highly trained jungle troops to operate in mobile columns in enemy territory and to depend on airplanes for supplies. Planes and radio eliminated those military bugbears, bases and lines of communication.

The story is one of great heroism and endurance on the part of all hands, but the bold conception, the necessary training, and the essential coöperation which made the operation a success were due to Wingate's original genius and untiring zeal. Perhaps he had the answer to the whole perplexing Burma problem. Others will learn from his pioneer work, but his own personality will be sadly missed.

It is not always easy for the reader to follow all the peregrinations of the various columns in this expedition, but the author tells his story with as much clarity as is possible under such confusing conditions, and definitely establishes the claim that Wingate's small army performed a splendid feat of war. *Viking, $2.50.*

RICHARD ELY DANIELSON

Charles Lamb and His Friends

By WILL D. HOWE

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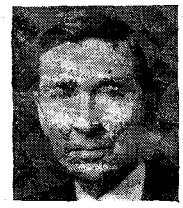

WILL D. HOWE

THOUGH advertised as "a labor of love," *Charles Lamb and His Friends* is a professorial product, didactic and pedestrian. Yet Will D. Howe himself is by no means your mere pedant. He made the dry bones of Transcendentalism live again in the graphic lectures I heard him give in Indiana University in the midst of the hurly-burly of World War I. He is responsible for the Howe Readers of my first schooldays,

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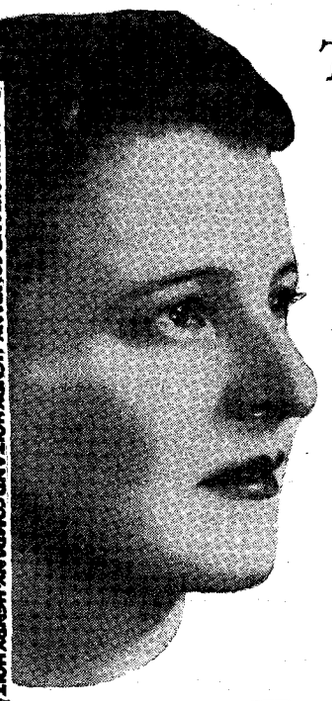

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as well as for the Rhetoric from which the fundamentals of the writing craft were taught to me. Yet the Lamb served up by the former Professor Howe needs to be vitamin-enriched for the modern taste.

It is hard to understand why so experienced a writer, critic, editor, and publisher has offered us adulterated scholarship geared to the general public, instead of evoking the spirit of "Elia" in the round. In spite of his declared intention "to see Charles Lamb as he was to himself, and to those who knew him," he has failed by trying to make his book both scholarly in tone and popular in appeal. He accomplishes neither. He exposes himself in the ungrateful role of a researcher trying to masquerade as a *vulgarisateur*.

He has muffed the opportunity to create an integrated portrait combining humor and whimsy with the more profound appeals that make the stammering little scrivener of the East India Company an ideal subject for the modern biographer's technique. Dignity and authenticity could have been attained without sacrificing the anecdotal element upon which the reputation of Lamb largely thrives.

As in the case of Boswell's Johnson, the abundance of quotable stories and sayings keeps Lamb alive in common memory more than his actual literary accomplishments. This legitimate and irreplaceable quarry lies largely unworked until the scrapbook of quoted matter that forms the concluding chapter.

Among specific weaknesses, one is struck by flimsy plays to the public's appetite for "love interest": "Dorothy [Wordsworth] came to have great admiration for Coleridge. Perhaps it might have developed into something more. . . . It is futile, but interesting, to conjecture what . . . might have been." Or such maudlin twaddle as this: "Charles came under the spell of the 'fair-hair'd maid.' . . . The boy and the girl knew well 'the winding wood-walks' and the 'shady pathways sweet.' . . . It was a lovely dream, but it was not to become reality."

There are frequent digressions and distortions to relate the story to topics of today, such as paralleling the Napoleonic wars with the present war, and opening the book with a lead about "unbelievable atrocities of a vicious and determined enemy" in London in 1940, without any evident motivation. The illusion of Lamb's living presence is sometimes created in spite of the clutter of scene-shifting, but it is almost invariably chased off the stage by irritating asides such as, "The most painstaking research has so far failed to reveal information." Even William Lyon Phelps would hardly have pointed a moral to adorn the tale of mad sister Mary's murder of her mother so unctuously as does Howe: "Most of us know a day when a decision is made by us that sets the direction for the rest of our lives. This was the day for Charles Lamb."

What are the redeeming features? Sister Mary emerges a personality more vivid than Charles. We catch glimpses of irresistible eccentrics, such as John Rickman, whom Lamb cherishes because he "thoroughly penetrates into the ridiculous wherever found . . . *up* to anything, *down* to everything," and Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet to whom Lamb wrote some of his best letters, revealing his sympathy with the Quaker "way of life." Frequent quotations from Lamb, judiciously pointed up, are inevitably the chief source of pleasure in the book, especially in the chapters on "His Letters" and "The Theatre." Nineteen unusual illustrations jog the interest. Finally, we have the satisfaction, rare in these days, of handling a book that is printed and bound with superior workmanship. *Bobbs-Merrill, $3.50.*

CLIFTON JOSEPH FURNESS

While Still We Live

By HELEN MACINNES

+ + +

H. MACINNES

WHEN the Hollywood producers film this novel, as they undoubtedly will after their success with the same author's *Above Suspicion* and *Assignment in Brittany*, they will probably start the picture near page 200, for it is there that the story gets under way. Up to that point Miss MacInnes's narrative does not carry much conviction or real interest, for she is working out an elaborate exposition and a rather unconvincing background of war-torn Poland. But then suddenly she doffs pretentiousness and gets down to the hunter and the hunted, a type of tale which she tells with consummate skill.

Sheila Mathews, an orphaned English girl, finds herself in Poland when the Germans march in. She is deeply, almost mystically, attached to the country, and rather than take the easy road of escape opened to her, she accepts an offer to become part of a Polish underground movement being organized to harass the Germans occupying Poland. Her missions are various and dangerous as she tries to play both ends against the middle. Through her work she becomes involved with the Gestapo, with the destruction of a little village similar to Lidice, and above all with a sort of Polish Robin Hood, Captain Adam Wisniewski, a dashing guerrilla. The excitement is complete with shots and screams in the night, suspected and unsuspected spies, and headlong escapes through menacing forests.

Like a well-dressed bride, Miss MacInnes's story wears something old and something new — with just enough of the new to keep the reader moving on through a great deal that has become old hat to followers of spy romances. The characters are well known and well worn, the action unashamedly melodramatic. It is a personal story of an individual's adventures, and it is at its best when it is not making pretenses at representing the indomitable spirit of the Poles. The tragedy of Poland and her people has been so expertly and vividly presented to the world by factual accounts that Miss MacInnes's somewhat generalized panorama suffers by comparison. But if you accept the novel for what it really is, a romping, melodramatic tale, there can be no quibble about its effectiveness. *Little, Brown, $2.75.*

ROBERT W. ANDERSON

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The World of Washington Irving

BY *Van Wyck Brooks*

FOREWORD In *The Flowering of New England,* Van Wyck Brooks conceived and animated a new form of literary history. Perceptive and illuminating, his studies of our nineteenth-century authors are a skillful blending of the individual essence with the temper of the times. In this new book, Mr. Brooks turns to New York and Philadelphia to appraise those Americans who were writing some fifty years before the New England renascence, in the period when our republic was still experimental, when Toryism was an active force rather than a quaint survival, and when half the citizens of Philadelphia still remembered what Dr. Franklin looked like.

Characteristically he begins with that traveling bookseller, that shrewd, peripatetic biographer, Parson Weems, whose story of the cherry tree has plagued generations of disbelieving schoolboys; here are the fantastic (and pathetic) *émigrés* from the French Revolution; here is Theodosia, the captivating, ill-starred daughter of Aaron Burr; the naturalist, William Bartram, whose glowing accounts of Florida were to be used with poetic license by Coleridge in *Kubla Khan;* here is the Gothic novelist Charles Brockden Brown, so much admired by Keats and Shelley; here is Washington Irving, the debonaire; Edgar Allan Poe, moody and driven by his debts; Audubon, the all-seeing; James Fenimore Cooper, the frontier squire; and William Cullen Bryant, whose poetry owed little if anything to English models.

Against the background of an eager, adolescent nation, Mr. Brooks shows us these authors of the early 1800's, shows us the statesmen they admired, the painters who painted them, the scientists, native or immigrant, who brought wonder to a society which had already outgrown its provincialism. The world of Washington Irving was far wider than the thirteen colonies, and the people we shall meet in these rich chapters were already, many of them, citizens of the world.

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THE WORLD OF WASHINGTON IRVING

by VAN WYCK BROOKS

ONE day in the year 1800, the Reverend Mason Locke Weems wrote as follows to Mathew Carey, the Philadelphia publisher: "Washington, you know, is gone! Millions are gaping to read something about him. I am nearly primed and cocked for 'em. Six months ago I set myself to collect anecdotes about him. You know I live conveniently for that work."

Parson Weems meant that he lived on the road, as Mathew Carey's vagabond book-hawker, — as a vagabond author also, — and that nothing in the way of an anecdote ever escaped him. He had preached at the Pohick church, hard by Mount Vernon, and once he had even visited the father of his country; and he may have picked up in the neighborhood the story of the cherry tree that soon became so famous when he published his book.

This "ragged Mother Carey's chicken," as Parson Weems called himself, was a familiar figure on the roads of the South. With his ruddy visage and the locks that flowed over his clerical coat, one saw him bumping along in his Jersey wagon, a portable bookcase behind and a fiddle beside him. A little inkhorn hung from one of his lapels, and he carried a quill pen stuck in his hat; and he stopped now and then at a pond or a stream to wash his shirt and take a bath, suspending his linen to dry on the frame of the wagon. "Roads horrid and suns torrid" were all the same to Parson Weems; he was still glad to sell books, though he had to plow through Virginia runs that all but covered his wagon wheels, wet, cold, feverish, and hungry.

A well-connected Marylander, he had been brought up under English tutors and had been sent abroad to study. At fourteen he had been in Edinburgh as a medical student, and later he had been ordained in London. But the Episcopal Church of the South was demoralized after the Revolution, and many of the clergy took to unwonted courses. Parson Weems, born to rove, had given up his parish to become an itinerant purveyor of morals and culture. He had freed his slaves, for he was a democrat also — he had a natural affection for the ignorant and poor; and no one rejoiced more in the triumph of Thomas Jefferson, who was elected to the presidency in 1800. His stock of books was a cross-section of the tastes of the hour, for he knew the interests of the townsfolk, the planters, and the people.

In his breezy letters to Mathew Carey, full of high spirits and bonhomie, the parson recounted his adventures. He was bent on moral-mending, but all in good humor; and, preaching on the village greens, on the courthouse steps, in the parlors of inns, he also played his fiddle at country weddings. He was at home in the grogshops, where he sold *The Drunkard's Looking-Glass*. He was equally at home in the houses of the planters, beside the famous mahogany sideboards, for he was a great fellow for "twigging the tickler"; and he loved the bustle of the races and sittings of the county courts, when the roads were alive with cavalcades of countryfolk hastening to the raree-show. There, among the young men showing off their spirited horses, while the mechanics and tradesmen barked in their booths, and candidates for office shouted on stumps, Parson Weems too cried up his wares.

He extolled the virtues of *Paradise Lost*, Young's *Night Thoughts*, and Thomson's *Seasons*, together with *The Vicar of Wakefield* and *Robinson Crusoe*. He sold Johnson's *Rambler*, and novels by the cartload, — including *Charlotte Temple*, the rage of the moment, and Charles Brockden Brown's *Wieland* and *Ormond*, — Cook's *Voyages*, Voltaire's *Charles XII*, Baxter, Watts, and Bunyan, and *Female Policy Detected; or The Arts of a Designing Woman Laid Open*. Bard's *Compendium of Midwifery* sold like green peas in the spring when he hit on the notion of calling it the "grand American Aristotle"; and he sold Thomas Paine's political works, and he also sold *The Age of Reason*, for his own views were liberal, to say the least.

Then, discussing his stock at Bel Air with his wife, a "good chimney critic," he passed his discoveries on to Mathew Carey. At Richmond, he had sold two trunks of Goldsmith's *Animated Nature;* and Carey must take pains to see that books for the Virginians were gracefully written, fresh, and splendidly bound. As for the Carolinians, they liked light reading, and jokes and songs went well in Georgia also — but no more *Sorrows of Werther*, no more *Eloisas!* They were good for any number of Bibles and were begging for Greek and Latin books for the large academies that were growing there.

Thus Weems admonished Mathew Carey, who replied with violent diatribes against his unbusinesslike ways. The publisher and his hawker upbraided each other: they

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quarreled, they chaffed, they hobnobbed, they consulted, they agreed. The parson was too loose and his chief was too stingy, but they laughed at themselves as much as they laughed at each other; and Carey had good reason to stick to the irresponsible Weems, who was one of his most profitable authors. For the *Life of Washington* was not his only popular book: there were also lives of William Penn, Franklin, and General Francis Marion, the "little smoke-dried French-phizzed" Huguenot who turned the tide against Cornwallis.

At night, or at odd moments, in the confusion of Southern inns, after a day on the road, in a spell of rain, Parson Weems sharpened his quill and let his fancy roam and soar in the realms of history, morals, and hero worship. He wrote as he talked, with sweep and color, buoyant, impulsive, and racy, by turns high-flown, bombastic, sprightly, and brisk, recklessly indifferent to facts but with a full-bodied zest that reminded one at times of Fielding and Smollett. His images were bold and even Homeric, and, along with his unblushing fabrications, much of his writing abounded in life and truth. The *Life of Marion*, his best book, was full of the spirit of the subject. And were not his anecdotes true? Who could ever disprove them?

While, for thirty years, this "Livy of the common people" plodded up and down the Southern roads, Mathew Carey justified the name of Philadelphia as the literary center of the country. An Irish Catholic, born in Dublin, who had been an agitator against the British power there, he had run away to France, where he had found employment in Benjamin Franklin's printing shop at Passy. Disguised as a woman, he had entered the United States and had set up a newspaper in Franklin's town, as William Cobbett also did, a few years later, in defense of all that Carey reprobated. Cobbett was a Federalist, while Carey was a democrat, who rejoiced as much as Weems in Jefferson's election.

2

With this change of the government, the city of Penn and Benjamin Franklin — the capital of the nation for a decade and still the largest of all the American cities — was to lose much of its gayety; and the Quaker simplicity of old returned in part. A few years before, in 1791, Chateaubriand had been shocked by the luxury he found there. This romantic Frenchman had sailed for America in the hope of finding the Northwest Passage. He had expected to go from Albany directly to the North Pole, as one might go from Paris to Pontoise; and he had surrendered this project, when he found it was not quite so simple, to search for the "unknown sylph," the perfect woman. He found her, after many adventures, in the shady groves of Florida, as the readers of his *Atala* were aware, but meanwhile he had been disappointed regarding the early Roman manners which he had longed to find in the young republic. Landing at Baltimore, dreaming of the classic races, he had passed on to Philadelphia, looking for Cincinnatus driving his oxen with a goad and holding the tail of his plow.

There was scandalous luxury on all sides and frivolous conversation, there were gaming houses, theaters, and ballrooms — it might have been Bath or Bristol, Boulogne or Nantes. Joseph Priestley had been similarly shocked when he arrived there in 1794. The discoverer of oxygen, the English Unitarian disliked the extravagance and fashion that he found in the city, at which John Adams also stood aghast — the silks and satins, brocades and velvets, the women's hair piled mountain-high, the prevalence of bright colors and worldly talk. One saw even strict Quakers with gold snuffboxes and gold-headed canes and great silver buckles and buttons.

Over the town still brooded the many-sided mind of Franklin, who had so amplified this creation of Penn — the genius of the colonies whose motto might have been *fiat lux* and who was "all jollity and pleasantry," as Boswell found him. As a bookseller, he had introduced all the great works of the time, before he drew light from the clouds with his kite-string and key; and, while organizing a hospital, a police force, and a fire company, he had brought in the first Scotch cabbage and the first kohlrabi. He had added three fables to Aesop, and, perfecting the musical glasses, for which Mozart and Beethoven wrote compositions, he had all but invented as well the American republic.

There were those who also felt that he had invented American literature, for his *Autobiography*, written to prove that writing should be "smooth, clear and short," was the first American book that was certainly a classic. Penn himself had not invented Philadelphia, for the Quaker family, the Drinkers, had been there to greet him; but Franklin had transformed it, and in matters of science at least the town could claim priority and proudly did so. Its wide, straight, regular streets[1] had been paved and lighted when other towns were dark, malodorous, and muddy; and, just as the stone road to Lancaster was the first highway in the country, so Philadelphia possessed the first museum.

There was the American Philosophical Society, the oldest learned society and the most distinguished; and it was generally known that Franklin had first created, in founding this, the public opinion of the country. He had brought together the leading minds of all the colonies, giving them a forum and a focus, so that a web of correspondence, spreading north, south, east, and west, dis-

[1] "I am clearly of opinion that this humdrum regularity has a vast effect on the character of its inhabitants, and even on their looks, 'for you will observe,' writes Likcum, 'that they are an honest, worthy, square, good-looking, well-meaning, regular, uniform, straight-forward, clockwork, clear-headed, one-like-another, salubrius, upright kind of people, who always go to work methodically, never put the cart before the horse, talk like a book, walk mathematically, never turn but in right angles, think syllogistically, and pun theoretically, according to the general rules of Cicero and Dean Swift, — whereas the people of New York — God help them — tossed about over hills and dales, through lanes and alleys, and crooked streets, — continually mounting and descending, turning and twisting — whisking off at tangents, and left-angle triangles, just like their own queer, odd, topsy-turvy, rantipole city, are the most irregular, crazy-headed, quicksilver, eccentric, whimwhamsical set of mortals that ever were jumbled together in this uneven, villainous, revolving globe, and are the very antipodes to the Philadelphians.' " — Washington Irving, *Salmagundi*.

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tributed fresh ideas through all the regions.[2] Largely by means of this society, the American mind had found itself and knew it was no longer the New England mind or the Southern mind, but the mind of a nation *in posse* and partly *in esse*.

All manner of refugees had sought asylum in Philadelphia, for this was in many ways like the age of Hitler; and royalists and revolutionists, alike unable to live in Europe, fled to the young republic, where all were welcome. Coleridge and Southey, the English poets, had planned for a while to come with Priestley, for the word *Susquehanna* struck Coleridge as metrical and charming.

In the end Priestley came alone to live and die on the Susquehanna; but meanwhile other *émigrés* had come to escape from the French Revolution or the Negro insurrection in Santo Domingo. There were in Philadelphia thousands of French families, with their own newspapers, printing press, and bookshop, many of whom were penniless while some of them were brilliant. Talleyrand lived there, posing as a flour merchant in order to conceal his plans as a secret agent; and Louis Philippe, du Pont de Nemours, the naturalists Michaux, father and son, and the Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt were visitors or residents. Most of them were royalists in their political sympathies; some were traveling observers and men of science, among them Constantin Volney, the author of *The Ruins*. Volney, who had been imprisoned, had escaped the guillotine and hoped to find in America a peaceful refuge; but he had soon returned to Paris, under suspicion of espionage, where Napoleon, shortly after, made him a peer.

3

The Philadelphia boarding-houses swarmed with these French *émigrés*, few of whom knew any English. They supplied the theaters with admirable orchestras and modified the manners of the town. To the Gallic damsels, a traveler noted, the young women owed their graceful mien, that nonchalance, that swimming air with which the French girls moved through the streets, drawing all observers to the windows. Cobbett, who arrived in 1794, had taught these refugees English, Talleyrand among them, and in process of doing this he had written his grammar.

Meanwhile, another immigrant, Alexander Wilson, arriving in the same year as Cobbett, had settled at Gray's Ferry, near the town. A poor young Scottish weaver, who was also a poet, he had lived on a shilling a week to pay for his passage; and, walking up from Newcastle, where he had left the ship, he had seen a red-headed woodpecker in the Delaware forest. Never had he dreamed of so richly colored a bird before — there were no birds like this in the woods of Scotland. He was already making plans for his great *Ornithology*, while he taught in a little stone schoolhouse.

The town was a battleground of the two political parties, with which the refugees ranged themselves: the Federalists, led by Hamilton, who had ruled the republican court, and the official Republicans, who had won at the polls. The Federalists called for "Yankee Doodle" when the "*Ça ira*" was sung at the theater, the song of the French Revolution, which the democrats loved, and which had been suggested by a remark of Franklin;[3] but, whatever else was sung or played, the orchestra struck up "Hail Columbia" before the rising of the curtain.

Already Philadelphia had the finest American theater, gilded and frescoed and carved by artisans from England, where excellent companies of actors performed the plays of Shakespeare, Sheridan, and Garrick. It had also the best and for years the only museum. This was Peale's Museum, at first in the Philosophical rooms and afterwards in Independence Hall, where it occupied the second floor of the Building. It was the creation of Charles Willson Peale, the foremost Philadelphia portrait painter, since Benjamin West had gone to England and Robert Fulton, now in Paris, devoted more of his energy to engineering. The great hall, with a skylight above, was lined with historical portraits, and there stood a waxwork image of Peale himself.

An enthusiast for natural history, Peale established his museum in the purest Philadelphia spirit of science, in order to exhibit specimens of the three kingdoms of nature in the classical order of Linnaeus. It was he who originated the habitat arrangement that Audubon developed years later, and to give the muscular forms of the animals he carved them in wood before mounting the skins, placing the figures in natural postures and painting backgrounds for them. The wild ducks swam in mirror ponds, there were animals in the branches of trees, and many of the birds were suspended flying; and there were mounds of green turf, thickets, a grotto, fishes in pools, and a beach with turtles, lizards, shells, and frogs. It was an unheard-of show, and it drew naturalists from all quarters, while every curious traveler stopped to see this famous "world in miniature" of the painter Peale. The most eminent men were proud to contribute to it. Franklin had given Peale the corpse of a French angora cat, and Jefferson sent the museum tomahawks, scalps, and belts of wampum, spoils of the expedition of Lewis and Clark.

Peale was himself a lover of both art and science, as one saw in the names of his seventeen sons and daughters, among whom were Linnaeus and Benjamin Franklin, Raphaelle, Rembrandt and Rubens, Van Dyck, Rosalba, Angelica Kauffmann and Titian. Like his brother James Peale, two of these were painters, while others engraved or botanized or assisted their father; and Rembrandt Peale never forgot the year in which the museum was founded, when he was a little boy of eight. It was 1786, and one hundred and thirty Italian paintings arrived in the city to be sold, the first group of so-called old masters that had ever been seen there; and these pictures were deposited in his father's exhibition room, where they were shown to the public.

[2] It was largely for this purpose that he also developed the postal system. He wished to facilitate correspondence between "ingenious men" and draw the scattered colonies together.

[3] When Franklin heard in Paris the disastrous news of Valley Forge, he exclaimed: "This is indeed bad news, but *ça ira, ça ira*, it will all come right in the end." The remark, spreading through Paris, re-emerged in the song.

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Rembrandt raced home from school to watch his father stretch them and mend them, while he pored over the strange designs and subjects, snuffing the new varnish and ravished by the Venetian colors, determining then and there to see Italy himself. Father and son were both enraptured in the presence of these pictures, and, drawing out their Pilkington's Dictionary, they sat together reading the lives of the painters. Rembrandt Peale became in time a writer as well as a painter, while his father gave the first show of American artists. It was Willson Peale who also formed the first society of American artists, some years before the American Academy was established in New York.

4

Another well-known naturalist lived, just outside the town, on the five acres of his Botanic Garden. This was William Bartram, who had written the *Travels* and whose big stone dwelling stood on the banks of the Schuylkill. His father, John Bartram, the old Quaker botanist, had built this house with his own hands, together with terraces and walls sloping down to the river, and William Bartram had grown up there among his father's friends, who included many of the eminent men of the country. Benjamin Franklin had often been there. He had given John Bartram a Franklin stove, by which they sat on winter afternoons, with mugs of cider drawn from the mill in the garden; and writers, artists, and scientists frequented the spot. Crèvecoeur had described his visit in the *Letters from an American Farmer*, the honest country dinner he shared with the household, the oblong hall, the savory board, at which the hired men were served, with the family and the venerable father at the head of the table.

John Bartram recounted to Crèvecoeur the story of his youth. Weary one day at the plow, he had stopped to rest in the shade of a tree when his eye fell on a daisy. Plucking it mechanically, he began to study this flower, observing its various parts, and he said to himself what a shame it was that, in tilling the earth for years, he had destroyed so many plants and blossoms of whose structures and uses he knew nothing. Back at the plow, at supper, in bed, he was possessed with this thought, and, hiring a man to plow for him, he made his way into the city and sought out the house of a bookseller, whom he consulted. He returned to his farm with a Latin grammar and learned enough to read Linnaeus, and then he began to botanize all over the farm. He became acquainted with every plant in the region round and ventured into Maryland, stopping with Friends, and, before many years had passed, he knew every tree and plant in the Eastern country.

Such was the beginning of the Bartram Botanical Garden, which soon became known to naturalists all over Europe. For no one had explored the flora of America, and this was a great age of gardening and gardens. Moreover, English gardening was tending away from the formal style, and the gardeners were in search of natural effects; and John Bartram, who had begun to send his collections abroad, was employed by various English noblemen to gather exotic plants and trees. First or last, he was responsible for the naturalization in England of more than a hundred and fifty American plants, and among his correspondents were Linnaeus and Sir Hans Sloane, Scottish, French, and Russian botanists, and Queen Ulrica of Sweden. Some of these correspondents financed his journeys. The British king employed him to visit the two Floridas — "the very palace garden of old Madam Flora," as Bartram wrote, for he was in raptures there; and he also visited Canada, the Great Lakes, the Ohio River, herbalizing and journalizing, keeping records of all these travels.

In his *Observations*, he described a journey northward to Lake Ontario through the woods, during which he slept in traders' cabins, talked with the Indians round their fires, and paddled down the streams in bark canoes. He fashioned cabins of his own and lived on dried eels and Indian fare, observing the soil and the rocks as well as the plants, for, as a searcher of the forest, he had an omnivorous eye and was interested in minerals and fossils, insects and birds, in frogs, lizards, sea shells, turtles and snakes. Withal, the Quaker Bartram was a mystical deist. He felt that animals had ideas of a more exalted kind than the mystery-mongers had ever been willing to allow them.

Under this father's tutelage, William Bartram had come of age, far less robust but far more sensitive. Though the elder Bartram had freed his slaves and was equally pious and simple, he was more downright and assertive, — his notion of dealing with Indians was to "bang them stoutly," — while the younger Bartram, adventurous and courageous, was gentle and passive. The Indians for him were the moral equals of Europeans — he believed that men were superior in the primitive state; and the mystical strain in the father became in William Bartram a pantheistic feeling for the animal creation. He found a certain magnanimity even in a rattlesnake, as animals in general for him were benevolent and peaceful, and he felt the life in trees and plants — was it sense or instinct that, as he observed them, influenced their actions? He embodied these speculations in his beautiful *Travels*, the book that largely suggested to Coleridge and Southey their plan of emigrating to the Susquehanna; and he took Alexander Wilson under his wing and helped him with his first drawings of American birds.

Bartram's Garden was a haunt of all the illuminati, and Charles Brockden Brown was often there, the Philadelphia Quaker novelist who had something in common with Bartram, for both were ardent believers in the natural man. Brown had learned French from the refugees, with whom he spent much of his time, and he knew the *Encyclopædia*, which they brought with them; and, influenced as he surely was by Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, he had shared their preoccupations before he read them. As in the case of Thomas Paine, Quakerism had predisposed him to the new humanitarian views of life, and Mary Wollstonecraft's *Rights of Women* and Godwin's *Political Justice* only confirmed his way of thinking. He knew the Utopias of Sir Thomas More and Harrington, and his early journals abounded in similar plans,

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dreams of perfectibility, abolition, the reform of education and the relations of the sexes, while he had been stirred as well by the Philadelphia men of science and their interest in medical studies and the powers of the mind.

Brown dwelt much in his novels on the rights of women. The heroine of *Jane Talbot*, whose lover was a disciple of Godwin, demanded the right to determine her own life, while the noble Constantia Dudley, in *Ormond*, who struggled with a malignant destiny, was another character after the heart of Mary Wollstonecraft. This novel was a curious parallel of the life of Shelley, who was deeply impressed by Brockden Brown and borrowed the name of his heroine for the poem "To Constantia, Singing." Ormond himself, the hedonist, had little in common with Shelley, but his deserted mistress Helena, who committed suicide, reminded one in certain ways of Harriet Shelley, just as the accomplished Constantia, the daughter of an unfortunate artist, also recalled Mary Shelley.

Charles Brockden Brown, at the age of eleven, had read both Greek and Latin. He had planned as a boy three epic poems on Columbus, Pizarro, and Cortes, themes that were later adopted by Washington Irving and Prescott, who wrote a biography of Brown. He had had an unhappy love affair with a young girl from Connecticut, who had given him lessons in Italian, while he taught her Greek. She had played the harpsichord, he the flute, and his letters overflowed with Wertherian sorrows and the sentiments now of Richardson, now of Rousseau. The Gothic Mrs. Radcliffe had also filled his fancy with her ruined castles, secret vaults, sounds of horror, and desperate villains. The president of the Belles Lettres Club, where the Philadelphia writers gathered, Brown at the turn of the century was publishing the novels in which Keats, like Shelley, discovered a "powerful genius."

Hastily written as they were, the novels of Charles Brockden Brown — admired by Shelley, Scott, Keats, Cooper, and Poe — were singularly original, poetic, and impressive, dim as they seemed to readers of the far-away future. Much of their machinery was hollow and factitious, and there was little visible in them, though the forest scenes were graphic enough and the plague scenes were especially vivid in *Ormond* and in *Arthur Mervyn*. Brown had witnessed the panic of the plague in both Philadelphia and New York — he was even smitten himself, though he recovered — and he drew memorable pictures of the deserted city, the roads covered with refugees, the hearses in the stricken street, the ghostlike figures that scurried away, wrapped in cloaks that were sprinkled with vinegar. Poe, who read Brown in his boyhood, was impressed by these scenes, the pillage, the delirious victims rushing from their doors, the half-decayed corpses that were left in the abandoned houses, the sufferers who were sometimes buried alive. There were many images in these novels that reappeared in Poe's tales, and even perhaps in some of the poems of Poe; and vivid too were the scenes in *Wieland*, the mansion on the Schuylkill and the little temple on the knoll in its tangle of wild grapes and woodbine.

Brown added a third dimension to the Gothic novel; he suffused his mechanical devices with true horrors of the mind; and, analyzing human emotions after the manner of Richardson, he further explored the inner world of man. He was able to claim with a certain justice that, as a searcher of the depths, he had used means unemployed by earlier writers; and he was a precursor, in more than one respect, of Poe, Melville, Hawthorne, and Henry James. Brown represented, in other words, the native American wild stock that produced these splendid blossoms in the course of time.

5

The stage from Philadelphia that ran to New York — a row of backless benches mounted on wheels — passed through a land that was peopled largely by Quakers. Dotted here and there with villages and little towns, New Jersey was almost wholly a pastoral region, and the traveler John Davis, who walked across it, — remembering the exploits of Goldsmith and Rousseau as walkers, — observed that the New Jersey farmers were strict and grim. Unlike the Virginians, they were not given to smiling and talking. They went on foot to their fields or the village, counted their pennies and held their tongues, and they had no use for the peddlers whom the Southerners encouraged. They had few words of welcome for passers-by, and they seemed to have little concern for enlarging their minds.

But there was, at the turn of the century, no little interest in books and learning in the Quaker valleys of New Jersey. Parson Weems found a market for his wares in Elizabeth, Morristown, and Trenton; and it was a New Jersey farmer, as Thomas Jefferson pointed out, who invented the modern wagon wheel, of which he had found an exact description in Homer. This was the wheel with a circumference made from a single piece of wood. American farmers, Jefferson added, when the invention was claimed for an Englishman, were the only farmers who could read Homer. As a land of farms and farmers, where a measure of education prevailed, and in large measure a knowledge of Latin and Greek, New Jersey was a typical American region.

New York was a little London. The taverns were informal clubs, like the older coffee-houses, each with its special circle of clever men, who met around the tables on the sanded floors and discussed books, plays, and politics over jugs of punch. Actors and journalists filled these taverns, and most of the talk was political and largely of the Federalist way of thinking; for, while the Republican Party was strong and had even won over the Livingstons, the Federalists controlled the mass of respectable opinion.

For New York was more aristocratic in tone than any other Northern state and had naturally given birth to Federalism; although everywhere the upper classes retained control of the popular mind and the leaders were men of social standing. The Revolution had been fought under the guidance of the gentry, who possessed most of

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the learning, talent, and wealth, and the people still thought they were safer in the hands of these tried leaders, who had been trained for public life. Even the election of Jefferson meant a change of policy only, not a change of personnel, and the upper classes retained their dominant role.

New York had a system of large estates, in which the masses were tenants of a few great landlords, and the Federalism of Hamilton combined the interests of these landlords with the financial interests of the mercantile class. Hamilton's great political service consisted in forming a single nation out of a loose union of sovereign states, and his treatise, *The Federalist*, had placed him in the front rank of the world's political writers for an age to come.[4] Direct, forceful, lucid, learned, Hamilton was acknowledged by all — even his bitterest opponents — as a maker of his country; but he was also a careerist who had no inherited understanding of the nation he had set out to make and govern. That he was "not the man for America" he saw and said before he died, as John Adams said he was "ignorant of the character of this nation"; he had no ties of sentiment with it, no knowledge of the long generations that had made the American people different from the English. He hoped and wished to see in America nothing new under the sun, but merely a larger and possibly a better England.

Literature was represented in two or three clubs, the Drone, the Friendly Club, and the Calliopean, at which the members read papers and acclaimed their favorite compositions, passages from Addison, Shakespeare, and especially Pope. These clubs "for improvement in literature" throve in all the American towns — in Hartford, Boston, Baltimore, Wilmington, Charleston; and the little groups of lawyers and doctors and other professional men discussed and even imitated their chosen authors. They composed dissertations on wedlock and recited the speech of Coriolanus or *Orlando Furioso*, as translated by Hoole, while they compared notes on *Roderick Random* and *Joseph Andrews* and the wit, humor, or pathos of Richardson and Sterne. Dr. Johnson was a favorite topic of conversation, and there were those who could relate every Johnsonian anecdote, from the time when the doctor trod on a duck till he purchased an oak stick to repulse Macpherson. Everyone read *Tristram Shandy*, and the sensibility of its author was a topic discussed in New York and all over the country, in clubs of a similar kind; while no one thought of boggling at the bold and masculine language that was the native element of Sterne and Smollett. This squeamishness came in with a later generation, for the American books that were written at this time were as frank as the novels of the English writers.

There were no professional men of letters, nor had there ever been one in New York, save possibly Lindley Murray, who had gone to England. Lindley Murray, the Quaker lawyer, whose father was a West Indian merchant and after whose family Murray Hill was named, was an old friend of John Jay and an invalid of large means who had devoted himself to the study of grammar. Retiring from his legal practice, he had gone abroad for the sake of his health and settled near York, like John Woolman, where he lived and died. For the Quaker school at York he had written the *English Grammar* that remained for two generations the standard textbook throughout the English-speaking world, and he had followed this with an *English Reader* and a *French Reader*, intended to promote correct reading and elegance of style. But the town had no other professional authors until Washington Irving began to write, and the most interesting things that were written, outside the political sphere, were diaries and letters that never reached the public. Gouverneur Morris's *Diary of the French Revolution* was a work of extraordinary interest, and Aaron Burr's letters to his daughter were exceptionally fine at a time when there were many good writers of letters.

6

This was an age of letter-writing, pre-eminently so. Many novels were written in the form of letters. While Richardson had set the pattern, which the American novelists followed, — Brockden Brown, for instance, and the author of *The Coquette*, — the art was so universal and exercised with such conscious care that novels assumed this form in the most natural fashion. The highest of female accomplishments was to write a fine letter, and there were many male masters of this art as well, one of whom, Aaron Burr, excelled in the letters he wrote to his daughter, largely to instruct her in letter-writing. Burr, in these years of his glory, before the fatal duel with Hamilton and before his escapade on the Mississippi, lived when he was in New York — for he was Jefferson's vice-president — in a large and luxurious house on Richmond Hill. There he kept his chariot and his small coach and five horses, with his liveried flunkies and cellar of excellent wines, and his little French girls "behind the bookcase"; and there, a patron of the arts and a man of fashion, he watched over Theodosia, the apple of his eye.

This grandson of Jonathan Edwards had risen early to high place. Like Hamilton, his rival, he had been one of Washington's aides, and, as a brilliant New York lawyer, he cherished Napoleonic ambitions, which he attempted to realize a few years later. He hoped to be emperor of Mexico, as he wrote to Theodosia, and she, with her beauty, was to adorn the court, where her son was to be the heir-apparent; and he had prepared her for some such role when she was a girl of fourteen who already presided at his table. As courtly as Talleyrand, and as devious also, with something serpentine in his gifts of enchantment, the charming, lively, high-spirited Burr was a lover of style and ideas alike, with a passion for books and for pictures and especially sculpture. He had numbers of natural children, whose parentage he accepted gladly, for, like Pierpont Edwards, his uncle, he was

[4] The influence of *The Federalist* was universal for generations; when the Japanese constitution was framed, it was constantly referred to as the greatest existing authority on constitutional subjects. It was also much used at the time of the unification of the South African colonies. Much as Jefferson disliked Hamilton, he described *The Federalist* as "the best commentary on the principles of government ever written."

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proud of his conquests, and blackmail had no terrors for him — he was ready to pay any sum rather than lose the compliment of an imputed triumph.

But the lovely Theodosia absorbed his attention, and when anything amused him his first thought was whether it would not also amuse her, and from a distance as at home he followed with a jealous eye the progress of her accomplishments and her studies. He offered her the model of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whom he thought she could easily surpass with a little more pains, and, directing her study of languages, he corrected her carriage, her manners, her temper — she must always be calm and serene and never in a hurry. The daily ride with her groom must never be forgotten, nor her hours at the piano and the harp, and her dancing and her skating were as much to be considered as the correctness and fluency of her Italian and French. Under Burr's instruction, she had read Plautus and Terence at nine and was well advanced in her Greek grammar, while she spoke her modern languages without an accent, and he set for her two hundred lines of Homer every day and four and sometimes nine pages of Lucian. Reading her Quintilian, she was to take the utmost care never to miss the meaning of a word or a sentence, and he required her to visit a Catholic chapel once — she must be prepared to meet with a certain understanding the foreigners of eminence who appeared at the table.

Theodosia had read Gibbon and discussed with Burr the various ancient histories and the modern novels — of which, on the whole, he thought little; for he hoped that she would be realistic and free from the kind of romantic fancies that filled the heads of young girls with visions and delusions. He preferred Voltaire and Chesterfield, but he had brought her up on Sterne and also recommended Fanny Burney, urging her to describe a ball with all the little details that Miss Burney used in her novels. As for the *Edinburgh Review*, she must not miss a number of it — indeed she must have it at hand from the very first issue; and he begged her to read Bartram's *Travels*, after his flight from New York, when he was wandering in Georgia, to follow his movements. Under whatever stress he was living, Theodosia was never out of his mind, nor were her progress and skill in the art of writing; and he was prodigiously pleased at last with the manner of her letters and their sprightliness, ease, and good sense.

7

Meanwhile, the Hudson River valley and all the country about New York teemed with the legends of the Dutch. At Hell Gate a black man known as the Pirate's Spook, whom Stuyvesant had shot with a silver bullet, was often seen in stormy weather in a three-cornered hat, in the stern of a jolly-boat, or so it was said; and from Tappan Zee to Albany, especially in the Highlands, every crag and cove had its story. The Zee was supposed to be haunted by the storm-ship of the Palisades, whose misty form blew from shore to shore whenever a gale was coming up, as well as the ghost of Rambout van Dam, the roistering Dutchman of Spuyten Duyvil, who had desecrated the Sabbath on a drunken frolic. Rambout had never appeared again, but the muffled sound of his oars was heard on evenings when, among the shadows, there was no boat to be seen, although some people thought it was one of the whaleboats sunk by the British in the war, haunting its old cruising grounds. Point-no-Point was the resort of another storm-ship, often seen towards midnight in the light of the moon, when the chanting of the crew was heard as if they were heaving the lead; and the Donderberg and Sugar Loaf, Storm King, and Anthony's Nose bristled with legends as with trees and rocks.

The captains of the river craft, when they approached the Donderberg, lowered their peaks in deference to the keeper of the mountain, the bulbous Dutch goblin, the Heer, with the sugar-loaf hat, who was supposed to carry a speaking-trumpet. With this, when a storm was rising, he gave orders in Low Dutch for the piping up of a gust of wind or the rattling of a thunderclap. Once he was seen astride of the bowsprit of a sloop, which he rode full butt against Anthony's Nose; and once the dominie of Esopus exorcised him, singing the hymn of St. Nicholas, whereupon the goblin threw himself up like a ball in the air and disappeared as suddenly in a whirlwind. He carried with him the nightcap of the dominie's wife, and this was found on the following Sunday morning hanging on the steeple of a church that was forty miles off.

Sometimes this foul-weather urchin was surrounded by a crew of imps who, in broad breeches and short doublets, tumbled about in the rack and the mist. They buzzed like a swarm of flies about Anthony's Nose when the storm was at the height of its hurry-scurry; and once, when a sloop was overtaken by a thunder gust, the crew saw a little white sugar-loaf hat on the masthead. This, everyone knew at once, was the hat of the Heer.

All these legends had long been current when Washington Irving, in 1800, made his first voyage up the Hudson. Irving, a boy of seventeen, the son of a New York merchant, sailed up the river to visit his sisters, who were living west of Albany. Although he was a town boy, he already knew Westchester County. He had gone squirrel hunting in Sleepy Hollow and stayed at Tarrytown with James K. Paulding, whose sister had married his brother, and there, in the region where he lived in later years, he had steeped himself in the poetry of the old Dutch life. He knew every spot that was famous in history or fable, and he listened, ascending the river, while an Indian trader told him legends of the Hudson.

The Hudson River sloops, in one of which Irving sailed, carried furs from Albany and ruled the stream, and every river town had sloops of its own to convey the local produce to the New York market. They were sometimes as long as seventy feet and painted like Italian carts, with gay stripes of gold, red, green, and blue, and the forecastles were stowed with chicken coops and boxes, and often with carriages and horses. One had to wait in New York till a sloop was ready to sail, and provide one's own supplies and bedding for the voyage, and this was often a voyage of a week or longer.

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Some years before, the "American Farmer," Saint John de Crèvecoeur, had picked up the legends of the Hudson. He was told by the skipper of one of the sloops that the high hill walls were inhabited by wood nymphs. In fact, the skipper had hailed them from the river and seventeen lovely creatures had appeared at once. Crèvecoeur himself had had several farms, but the house he built was behind the Highlands, and it was there he planted his orchard and observed the wasps, as he described them in his *Letters*. This was in 1769, the very year in which Rip Van Winkle, who lived in the village of Catskill, began his long slumber, and when Rip awoke to the bustle of the young republic, Crèvecoeur had already left the region. He had gathered in seventeen harvests during these years, and his picture of the life of the American farmers had carried his name all over Europe.

Crèvecoeur depicted in detail an early American farming community — the plows, barns, wagons, hog pens, root cellars, and cornerbs, and the rustic abundance and good cheer; and he was a naturalist also, a lover and student of birds and bees, who delighted in the bloom of his orchard and its splendor and perfume. He rose before dawn, entranced by the warbling of the birds; he followed each succession of their tuneful notes, and he watched the hornets building their nests and observed the blackbirds and kingbirds and the clouds of wood pigeons obscuring the sun in their flight. Some of his longer pieces — the battle of the two snakes, for instance — were as fine as anything in Audubon or Bartram.

The happy farmer Crèvecoeur had vanished from this region, although he had returned to America as consul in New York. He sent American trees to France and encouraged correspondence on French and American ways in agriculture, and he led scores of French families to settle in the country "west of the bridge," as people said of all the region that lay beyond the outlet of Lake Cayuga — the Genesee valley, Buffalo, and Niagara Falls. This was the country through which Chateaubriand had passed on his way to Niagara, where the primeval forest was all but unbroken, the home of the wildcat, the panther, the wolf, and the bear; but even here one found settlers, plowed fields, prosperous farms, the sign of an inn hanging from the bough of an oak, the spire of a church shooting up in the midst of the trees.

Indian wigwams were scattered in clearings that were covered with stumps and rude fences and piles of charred or half-burned logs, and sometimes one encountered the dwelling of a planter with carpets, a piano, mirrors, and mahogany chairs. Chateaubriand had listened while the daughters of his host, with their fair hair dressed in ringlets, sang the songs of Cimarosa to the murmuring sound of a waterfall. Wandering with joy from tree to tree, saying to himself, "There are no roads here, no towns, no monarchies, no men," he had suddenly come upon a score of painted savages dancing quadrilles to a violin. It was played by a frizzed little Frenchman, with powdered locks and muslin ruffles, whom the Indians had retained as a dancing master in exchange for the hams of bears and beaverskins.

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All this now seemed remote enough from the quiet old settled villages of the Hudson valley, the smiling Dutch farms with their snug stone cottages that clung to the verdant declivities of the peaceful stream. Dutch was spoken in all these towns, at least as much as English, which had been quite recently only a sort of court language. In Albany, the housewives consulted Mother Doortje when spoons or sheets were lost through the pilfering of servants, and everyone knew the Schuylers there and recalled old Madame Schuyler, about whom Mrs. Grant of Laggan wrote a book.[5] In the days when Anne Grant had lived in the manor house, Sir William Johnson was active in the Mohawk valley, the Anglo-Irish border baron, the sachem of the Indians under whom Natty Bumppo had fought in the French and Indian war. He had built Johnson Hall near Schenectady and he had been the first white man to taste the medicinal waters of Saratoga Springs, the fame of which had since been noised abroad, together with the fame of Ballston Spa near-by. The young men of Albany had begun their careers with a trading voyage, a sort of ordeal of manhood, among the savages of the borders. Setting out in canoes laden with goods, they had returned with furs from the Western Lakes.

The Mohawk valley now was full of busy settlements, where one heard the sound of the hammer all day long, cottages, barns, flourishing orchards, waving fields of corn, and roads that wound their way through the depths of the forest. Albany was a-bustle with settlers and squatters footing it through the woods with pack and axe; and the highways were thronged with sleighs in winter, bearing piles of furniture, and wagons returning to the town with loads of produce.

Such was the road to Cooperstown, — traversed by six-horse stages and fleets of wagons bearing grain and farmstuff, — the pioneer village where Judge Cooper had just built Otsego Hall beside the lake whence sprang the Susquehanna. Judge Cooper, a member of Congress whose portrait was painted by Stuart and Trumbull, owned a vast tract of the virgin forest; and, while he was also a land agent for the Frenchman James Le Ray, he had settled more land of his own, he said, than any other American living. The Hall, in which he installed his family, bringing them up from New Jersey, where his son James Fenimore was born, was a large, square mansion built of homemade brick, the most imposing west of Albany. In the ample drawing room, with its heavy mahogany chairs and tables, its chandeliers and ivory-mounted piano, stood five busts in blackened plaster of Paris and an urn that symbolically held the ashes of Dido. Four of the busts

[5] The *Memoirs of an American Lady* remained the classic picture of the life of the northern Dutch settlements of the late colonial time. It later formed the basis of many historical novels, beginning with Paulding's *The Dutchman's Fireside* and Cooper's *Satanstoe*. Anne Grant's father was a British officer, and as a bright little girl she won the regard of Madame Schuyler, with whom she lived for several years. She left America in 1768 and wrote the book many years later in Scotland.

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represented Homer, Shakespeare, Washington, and Franklin, and the fifth, which might have been Julius Caesar, was also said to be Dr. Faustus. The wallpaper depicted Britannia weeping over the tomb of Wolfe.

The Coopers were Quakers who had turned Episcopalians, as befitted a landowning family of the State of New York, and the manly, calm, and cheerful judge kept open house and superintended the village that he had created in the forest by the lake. Talleyrand had visited him and written a poem for his daughter, and there were settlers already of four or five races — English, Irish, Scotch, Spanish, and French. The grocer, M. le Quoy, was one of those mysterious persons whom this epoch of revolution scattered through the woods — he had been, and was to be again, the governor of the French colony of Martinique. There was an academy, used as a courthouse, ballroom, and church, where a sermon was read on Sunday, usually from Sterne, and an inn, a whipping post, a jail, and stocks; and, what with logging and sugar-making and sending cartloads of potash to Albany, the village throve and grew by leaps and bounds. There were deer in the hills and bass in the lake, — one haul of the net caught a thousand, — and wood pigeons were so abundant. Already the settler saw in the forest bridges, factories, canals, and mines.

Two decades later, Fenimore Cooper — eleven years old in 1800, a ruddy boy who delighted in hunting and skating — described this life in *The Pioneers* and so described a thousand towns that were springing into existence on all the frontiers. There, by the "Glimmerglass," where the wail of the panther was heard in the woods, one might also have found the characters whom Cooper imagined: the wilderness hunter Natty Bumppo and old Chingachcook, "Indian John," — the white man who had adopted the Indian ways, and the Indian who had accepted the creed of the whites.

9

Following the shore of Long Island Sound, one crossed the Connecticut border beyond the Huguenot village of New Rochelle, and there one entered the land of the Yankees,[6] who were famous for their schools as well as the stones in their fields and the stiffness of their necks. The most literate of all the Americans, the toughest-minded, the most contentious, they had the cleverest fingers and the sharpest wits, and, while they were the most homogeneous, — of almost purely English stock, — they also revealed the greatest variation of types. Rebels and dissenters, inclined to "differ from all the world, and from one another and shortly from themselves," they were profounder students than others, more adventurous, more inquiring, and also the keenest mechanicians and the shrewdest traders.

Yankees were restless, ambitious, lovers of perfection, given to improving themselves and improving others, and, cunning as many of them were, they were industrious and orderly — only one capital crime was committed in New England during the whole eight years of the Revolution. They had a marked regard for both principle and law. They were not universally loved — indeed, they were often detested; but those who had little affection for them recognized their virtues. New England was called the "land of steady habits."

While most of the Yankees were farmers still, they were far behind the Pennsylvanians in their agricultural methods and the richness of their crops. Even the country ministers tilled their own fields. But the soil of New England was hard and stony, and many of the farmers were going West, to the regions of the Muskingum and the Scioto. Others took up manufacturing, while, for the rest, the Yankees were perhaps more at home on the sea than they were on the land.

The long New England coastline bred thousands of sailors, and every boy in a score of ports knew how to make flat knots and bowlines before he could read the Bible or *Robinson Crusoe*. The whalers of Nantucket and sealers of Stonington had visited the South Shetlands and Palmer's Land, and, with little science and few charts, they had called at antarctic islands and headlands which the navigators of Europe had not yet discovered. They sailed around the globe and stopped at Madagascar, and many a Yankee boy had been to Canton who had never seen a city block at home; for as early as 1792 there were Yankee ships in the China trade, taking their peltries thither by way of the South Sea islands, where they paused for pearls and sandalwood to be exchanged for tea.

In times past, the Yankees had also moved in the realms of thought with a comparable adventurousness and vigor. They had produced three men of literary genius: Cotton Mather, Jonathan Edwards, and Franklin. But while there was in the region still a measure of intellectual life, the prevailing tone of mind was conservative and sterile. What Charles Francis Adams, a century later, called the "ice-age" of Massachusetts retained its grip — and Connecticut was almost as cold. The thirty years 1790 to 1820 were singularly barren and dark. By the end of this period the great age of New England letters was already beginning to appear, especially in Boston, as before 1790 the orators of the Revolution had filled the Boston air with life and hope. But this was the time when, as Emerson said, looking back upon Massachusetts, there was not a book, a speech, or a thought in the state; and, while this could not have been said of Connecticut, where there were poets of a sort, the heavy hand of reaction lay over all.

Joseph Dennie, the Boston essayist, had just gone to Philadelphia to edit *The Port Folio*. The author of *The Lay Preacher*, the most popular work on the continent, and the best of American writers, as many believed, he was interesting in later times as a spokesman of the Anglophiles who could never forgive their country for breaking with England.

Dennie, a precocious boy, the child of a Boston loyalist

[6] Americans in general were often called Yankees abroad, and in Europe they accepted this appellation. But they insisted upon regional distinctions at home. The Yankees were the people only of New England.

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family, had never found anything good in the American scene. He had grown up at Lexington, surrounded by "wretched and ignorant cottagers," as he described them to a friend, on the green where the "rascal populace," with their "natural malignity," had declared themselves in favor of "this execrable country." His family had lost its wealth, and he was determined to raise himself from the "mud and dust and ashes" of this village existence.

There may have been some personal pique in Dennie's discontent, for he was too poor to cut a figure in Boston. His spirit disdained a residence there, he said, "without pluralities," a "glossy vest," and guineas for the tavern; and, as he further observed in a letter, he had found Harvard a "sink of vice" — it was a "temple of dullness" and a "roost of owls." Settling in Walpole, New Hampshire, as a country lawyer, he had established a paper, *The Farmer's Museum.*

The lawyer Jeremiah Mason said that Dennie's legal knowledge consisted of a collection of phrases merely, which he used for the sole purpose of ridiculing law, but his two series of essays, *The Farrago* and *The Lay Preacher*, soon won him a great reputation all over the country. He had no illusions about his talent, which he called showy and superficial, but his classical form and his constant vivacity appealed to thousands of Federalist readers who praised him for his buoyancy and freshness. Eager for this national fame, he had gone to Philadelphia, where, as the "American Addison," he fell in with Cobbett, and there he became another Peter Porcupine, "with a little more tinsel," as one of his enemies said. He abused the "loathsome" Thomas Paine and the "hoary traitor" Samuel Adams, while he haunted the British embassy and dreamed of England, where he felt that he might have had a great career; and Cobbett encouraged him in this and drew a brilliant picture of his literary future in England if he chose to go there. He thought of joining Cobbett when the latter returned in 1800, but he founded *The Port Folio* instead; and although he all but ceased to write and never forgave the "swindling pedlars" among whom he was obliged to pass his days, he produced the ablest magazine — for a decade — in the country. It surveyed the theater, law, and literature, and it had subscribers from Maine to Kentucky, and even in England and Scotland, although it was keener all the time for English recognition and fell back more and more upon English authors.

10

The bright little sophomore Dennie was not the only man who felt there was really some physical cause in the air that prevented the existence of a writer on American ground. Fisher Ames held much the same opinion, and indeed there were few enough writers to disprove the point. The leading Boston poet, Robert Treat Paine, a glass of fashion, was also a minikin wit who wrote satirical verses in the manner of Churchill. Jedidiah Morse, the father of Samuel F. B. Morse, had written his famous *Geography*, a standard work, and the founder of the Massachusetts Historical Society was the only other eminent Bostonian of letters. This was Jeremy Belknap, whose history of New Hampshire was "the first," as the poet Bryant said, "to make American history attractive."

But who had not read *The Coquette*, the work of a lady of Boston, and who did not know *Charlotte Temple?* Susanna Rowson, the author of this popular classic, had lived at Nantasket as a child. She had had a career as an actress in England before she returned to the region of Boston, where she conducted a well-known school for young ladies, and she wrote *Charlotte Temple* to warn her dear girls against the seducer who lurked in the scarlet coat. Charlotte was an English young lady in a boarding school at Portsmouth, a tall and elegant creature with lovely blue eyes, who was led astray by one of the teachers, a Mademoiselle La Rue, and listened to the voice of a soldier with a smart cockade. The little French schemer had a soldier of her own, and the four sailed off to America, where the tragedy began, for the artful Frenchwoman captured a general while Charlotte's lover deserted her and left her to perish with her child.[7]

The Coquette, by Hannah Foster, was a similar tale, although Eliza Wharton, the heroine, had only herself to blame for her fall, for she was not only gay but volatile also. She despised the contracted ideas of her circle and liked a man of show and fashion, and she knew that Major Sanford was a second Lovelace. What if he was a notorious rake who practiced the arts of seduction? She loved the festive haunts of fashionable life. She was charmed by the major's rhetoric and captivated by his address, and she would have none of the minister who tried to save her. Eliza was a minx, in short. Her heart warned her against the seducer, and inwardly she disapproved of his "frothy and illiberal sallies of licentious wit." But she heard him gladly, and gladly fell into his toils.

So in New England, after all, there were a number of writers, aside from the Connecticut poets whom everyone knew — Timothy Dwight, Joel Barlow, and Trumbull; and this Puritan region produced the best novels, after Charles Brockden Brown's, although Puritanism was supposed to frown on fiction. It produced some of the best plays, the drawing-room pieces of Mercy Warren and, above all, *The Contrast* of Royall Tyler; for, while Puritanism was not dead, as Robert Treat Paine averred, it was moribund or mixed in certain circles, and the worldly society of little Boston, retaining the traits of the old court life, was even reflected in Hartford and New Haven also.

While the *Memoirs* of Stephen Burroughs could not be described as a novel, it had the same scandalous interest, and there were novels enough to worry Timothy Dwight, who inveighed against their influence

[7] This vastly popular novel was allegedly based on a real story, and the actual Charlotte Temple was supposed to have died in New York, where she was buried in Trinity churchyard. Her grave was marked with a white stone with a broken rose carved upon it, and for many decades passers-by peered through the railings to see it. Her house was pointed out on the Bowery. According to another version, she died in Greenwich Village, and her life and death have been said to mark the beginning of the bohemianism of that region.

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on the minds of the young. If one believed the novelists, they wrote to foster virtue only, but they filled the heads of girls with notions, airy delusions, and dreams of rapture, as many an anxious father and mother complained. These were the novels that Aaron Burr discouraged Theodosia from reading, for he wished her to be cool and realistic. But the novels, after all, were few, — ten a year at most, — while poetry was all but universal.

The country newspapers bristled with poems — every accomplished young woman wrote them, and where was the young man of education who could not produce a few elegiac stanzas? Rural doctors encouraged their sons to paraphrase the Psalms and even translate the *Aeneid* into English verse, while poetry possessed a public function, in the years round 1800, that was unparalleled later in the days of real poets. No bridge was opened without an ode, and the Fourth of July resounded with poems. The newsboys on New Year's day saluted their patrons in doggerel lines, a custom that was maintained for another generation, and the "foolish songs and ballads" that Cotton Mather censured were hawked and sung in every town. An adroit man of the world knew what was expected of him when a lady gave him a rosebud at a concert. He had to be ready to write on the back of the program a few impromptu verses in the gallant style.

The modes of Queen Anne's day ruled the poetasters, and Pope, who had fathered the willow trees along the Housatonic, was father and despot also of the minds of the poets. Pope swayed them for a century, as Addison ruled the prose writers from Franklin to Joseph Dennie and Washington Irving, although here and there an occasional voice had begun to suggest already the strains of the later poetry that was called Romantic. In the little town of Cummington in Western Massachusetts lived William Cullen Bryant, six years old, the son of a cultivated doctor who delighted in the poets and wrote many a verse himself in the good old style. Bryant, in a few years, was to write poems in the new manner, and a young man in Walpole, New Hampshire, had written numbers of natural verses. This was another minister's son, Thomas Green Fessenden, who grew up in the Walpole circle of Dennie and Tyler. He had sent poems from Dartmouth to the *Farmer's Museum* that were wholly new departures in American verse, sprightly colloquial Yankee ballads, "The Country Lovers," "The Rustick Revel," that anticipated James Russell Lowell by fifty years.

Philip Freneau, the New Jersey Huguenot, abhorred by the Federalist tribe, — the Jacobin and friend of Jefferson, — produced a handful of lyrical poems so lovely in their feeling that there was no contemporary to be placed beside him. These were "The Wild Honeysuckle," "The Indian Burying Ground," "Eutaw Springs," and two or three other pieces, from which Scott and Campbell borrowed lines, for Freneau had numbers of readers and pilferers in England. There were fine imaginative passages in "The Beauties of Santa Cruz" as well, and in the "Ode to Fancy" and "The House of Night"; and Freneau introduced into his poems the pumpkin and the honeysuckle, the whippoorwill, the katydid, the blackbird, and the squirrel. These American plants and living creatures were all new in American verse, and some of Freneau's sea poems were also stirring, but he had given up poetry for political satire and propaganda and had all but ceased to write by 1800.

In the circle of the "Hartford wits," the name of Freneau was anathema, for the brothers Dwight, Trumbull, and Lemuel Hopkins were Calvinists and Federalists who detested the Jacobin brood as libertines and mockers. All these bright Connecticut men had met at Hartford for a while to combat the French-infidel democrats and their rowdy ways; for they had grown up on Hogarth's prints of Industry and Idleness and they meant to have no nonsense in this orthodox region. They represented an oligarchy of preachers, professors, and politicians who ruled their little world with an iron hand, though, unhappily, the brightest of them, the author of *The Vision of Columbus*, had himself gone over to the devil. Joel Barlow, a friend of them all, a chaplain during the Revolution, had revised Watts's hymns for the Connecticut churches, and yet he had cast in his lot with the infidels Priestley and Thomas Paine, and had even abetted the latter and his *Age of Reason*. It was known that Barlow in Paris had rescued the manuscript of this book and placed it in the hands of the printer.

The "Hartford wits" no longer spoke of Barlow. But Paine was the arch-infidel, and no one liked to recall in Connecticut that he had been a great man once, admired as much by Washington as by any of the others. In the times that tried men's souls, the spare, athletic, bright-eyed Quaker, with his snuff-colored coat and bony nose, had "crystallized public opinion," as John Adams said, and had been "the first factor in bringing about the Revolution." Even the "sunshine patriot" and the "summer soldier" were convinced by his great pamphlet *Common Sense* that the birthday of a new world was at hand, and the first issue of *The Crisis*, written on a drumhead, had rallied the reluctant colonials like martial music. The grand phrases of Thomas Paine, expressions of courage and principle, rang through the country; and he had used first the greatest phrase of all, perhaps, — the United States of America, — in one of his papers.

(To be continued)

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